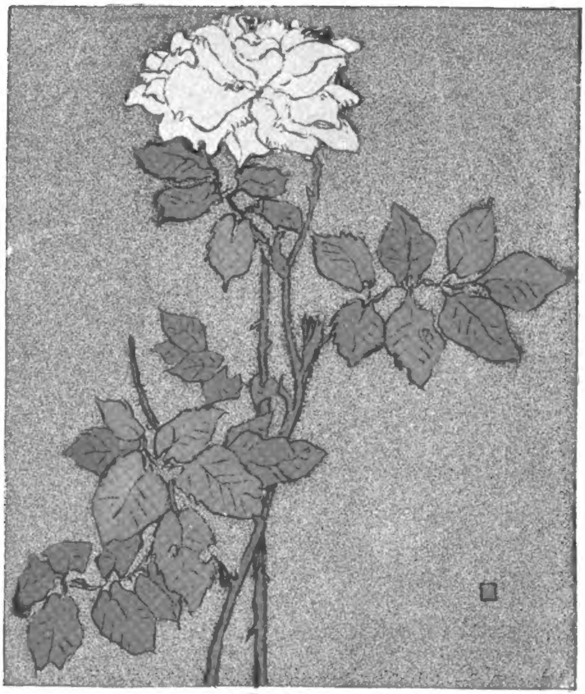

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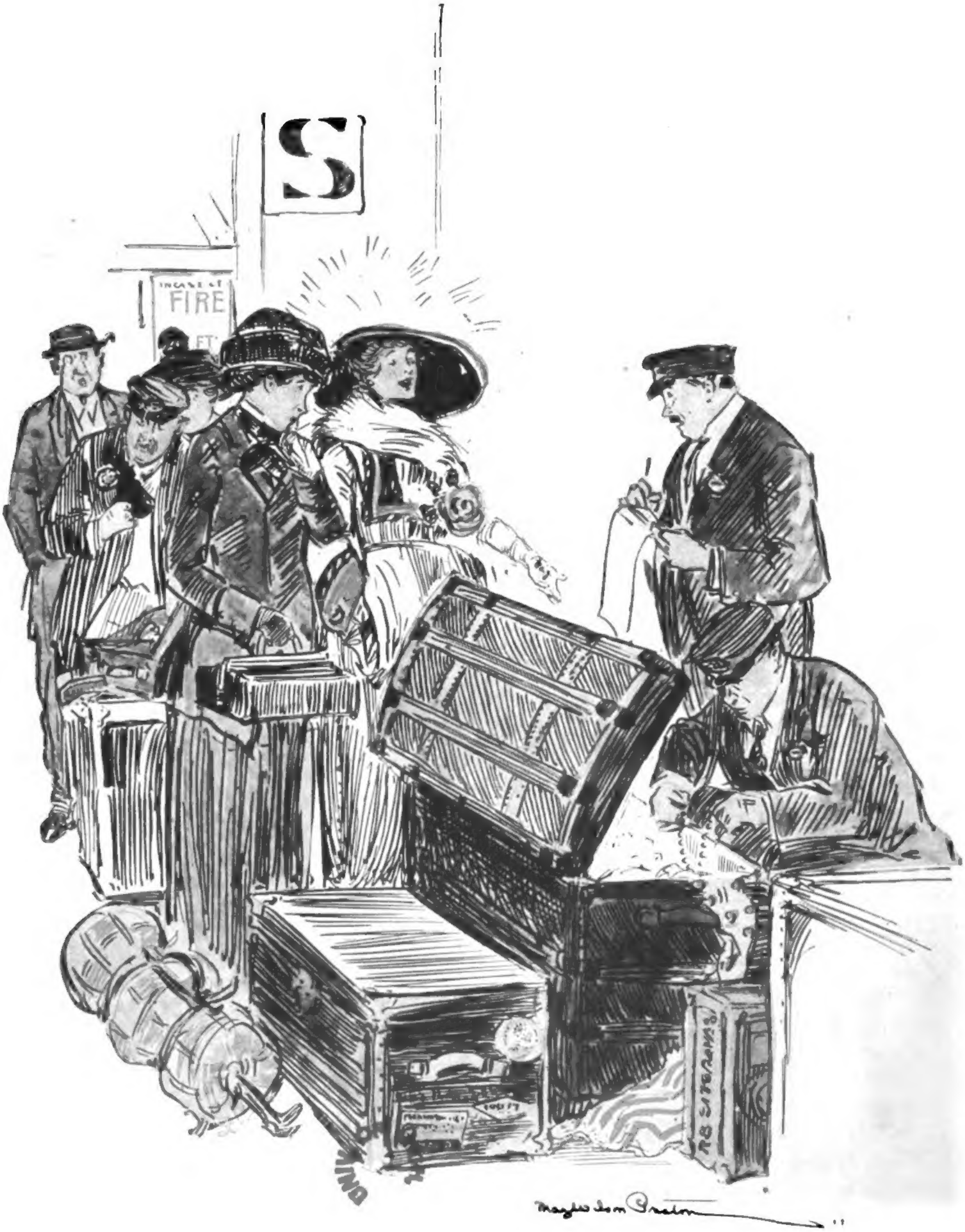

THE SPOTTER IS "A PERFECT DEAR," AND THAT IS HOW YOUR WIFE COMES TO LOSE TWELVE DRESSES AND A TWENTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR NECKLACE AND HAVE HYSTERICS ON THE DOCK.

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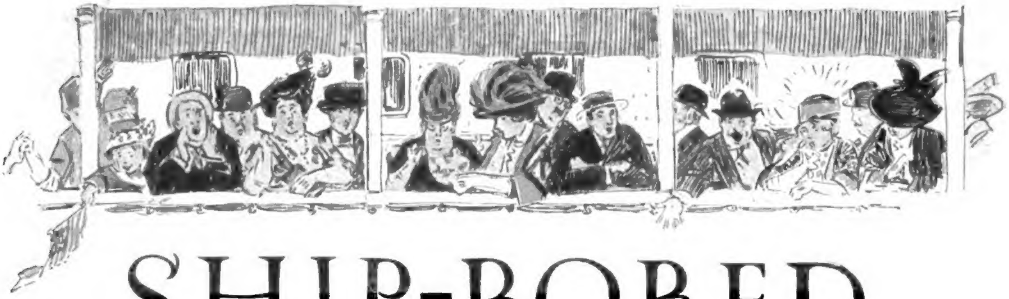


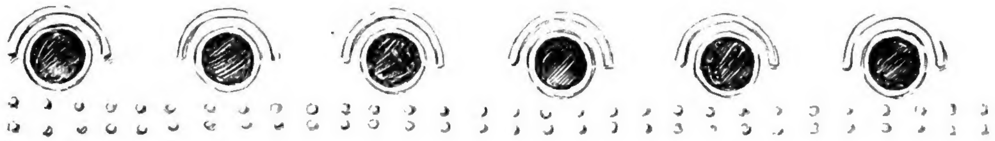
SHIP-BORED

by JULIAN STREET

Author of "THE NEED OF CHANGE," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

> When the cabin portholes are dark and green
> Because of the seas outside;
> When the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)
> And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,
> And the trunks begin to slide;
> When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,
> And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,
> And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,
> Why, then you will know (if you haven't guessed)
> You're "Fifty North and Forty West!"
>
> *Just-So Stories.*



NOW run, dear! That's the gangway! You take the baby, and I'll take the fitted bag! Yes, I have the seasick tablets; they're here in my pocket with the tickets and the travelers' checks and the baby's mittens and the trunk keys and the—Well, I don't care *who's* here to see us off! People ought to know better! Now hurry up! There goes the whistle!"

It is an awful quarter of an hour, that quarter of an hour before the liner sails; that worrying, waving, whooping, whistling quarter of an hour through which you stand on deck like a human centerpiece loaded with candy, fruit, and flowers, surrounded by a phantasmagoria of friendly faces, talking like a dancing-man and feeling like a dancing dervish. Small wonder that the deafen-

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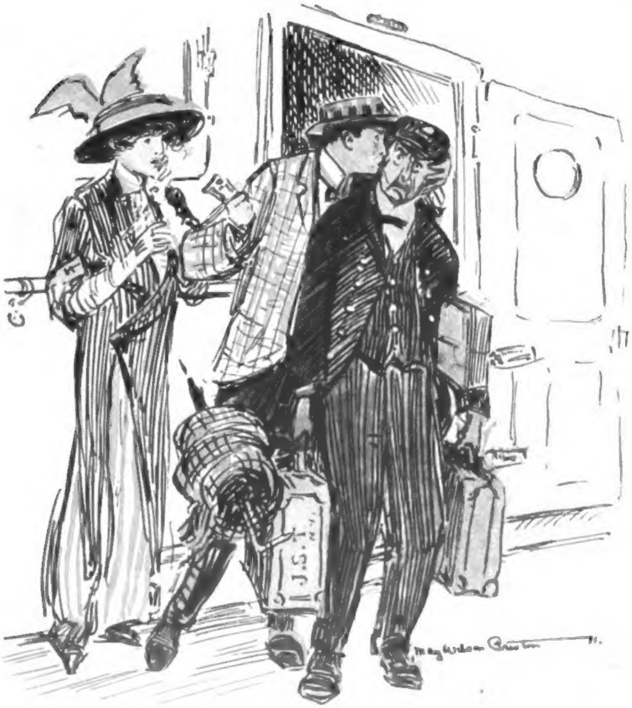
ing whistle-blast and cry of "All ashore!" smite sweetly on your ears. Small wonder that you hand a dollar to your sister and kiss the porter who has brought your steamer rugs.

Ah, blessed moment when the dock begins to move away with all those laughing, crying, waving, shouting people; when snub-nosed tugs begin to warp the ship into the stream; when the final howlings of the megaphonomaniacs sound dim. ("*Bon voyage*, Charlie!" "Take care of yourself, old man! Think of me in gay Par-ree!")

You lean, in a dazed way, upon the rail, turning on maudlin grins and waving your cap at no one in particular, until the crowd becomes a moving blur upon the dock-end. The liner's nose points down the river; gentle vibrations tell you she is under way; small craft dip flags and toot as they go by; the man-made mountain of Manhattan's office buildings drops astern; the statue of Liberty, the shores of Staten Island, the flat back of Sandy Hook run past as though wound on rollers; the pilot goes over the side with a bag of farewell letters; the white yacht which has followed down the bay blows a parting blast, dips her ensign, and swings in a wide circle toward New York; the pursuing tug comes up and puts a tardy passenger aboard. Then, suddenly, like a sleep-walking dragon that wakes up, the liner shakes herself; her propellers lash the sea to suds; a wedge-shaped wake spreads out behind her. The voyage is on in earnest.

Roosevelt, Reno, Trusts, Wall Street, High Buildings, High Tariff, High Cost of Living, Graft, Yellow Journals, Family Hotels, the Six Best Sellers, the Sixty Worst Writers, the Four Hundred, the Hundred Million, all the things which go to make home sweet, lie astern, enveloped in the haze at the horizon. You are on the sea at last!—the sea which has been the inspiration of painter, poet, and pirate; the cradle of Columbus, Nelson, Paul Jones, Dewey, Schley, and Annette Kellerman!

What is there like the sea? What is there like the free swing of a gallant ship breasting the Atlantic? Nothing! Let's sit down. No, I don't want to go and get my coat. The stateroom smells of rubber and fresh paint. I like it better up here in the air, don't you? I'm very fond of the fresh air. Besides, we can watch the people.



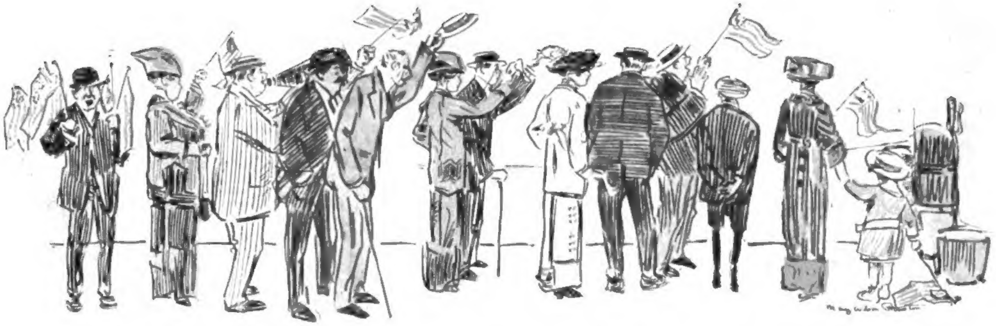
SMALL WONDER THAT YOU HAND A DOLLAR TO YOUR SISTER AND KISS THE PORTER.

But how they've changed! Where are all those pretty, fashionable women who were on deck before we sailed? Where, for instance, is the adorable blonde with the seal coat, orchids, low shoes, silk stockings, and cough?

A certain cynical friend of mine would answer this inquiry by declaring that all the attractive women go ashore, having only come to see their homely relatives and friends depart. But I don't think so. I believe the pretty ones are here, though in seclusion or disguise.

> Nothing of them that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change

at the first touch of Neptune's hand. Only the professional mermaid can look well at sea. The other women either lie on deck in pale green rows



BLESSED MOMENT WHEN THE DOCK BEGINS TO MOVE AWAY WITH ALL THOSE LAUGHING, CRYING, WAVING, SHOUTING PEOPLE.

and live throughout the voyage on sea biscuits and sherry, or, giving up completely, seek burrows in the ship and hibernate like animals awaiting spring. Yes, even now I think I recognize the blonde divinity. She's the third one from the end in that row of steamer chairs in the wide part of the deck. Her orchids lie disconsolate upon her chest, her eyes are closed, her hair blows in straight, strawlike strings across her colorless face, her hat is on one ear, and she is wrapped like a mummy in an atrocious rug of pink and olive plaid.

Of course there's always the exception: the rosy-cheeked, plaid-coated creature who walks the decks without a hat, and lets the ringlets blow about her face. Her hair curls with the dampness. Her color heightens with the seas and winds. You might suspect her of a golden scaly tail and fins, excepting that you see her tiny, well-shod feet as they step out firmly on the deck. They never step alone. There are lots of other feet, and larger, that delight in stepping with them. The very wind that loves her wafts her friends—wafts them with tobacco smoke, as like as not:

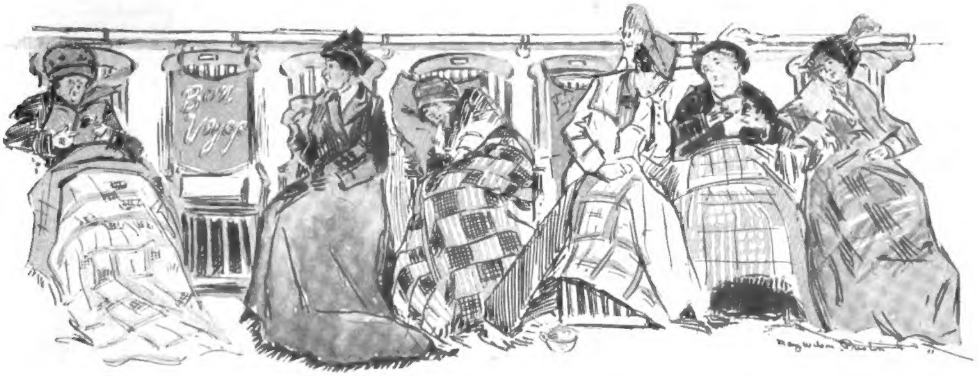
"I beg your pardon, does this smoke trouble you?"

"Oh, no! Not in the least.
My brothers all smoke. I ⎧ Cigar
adore the smell of a good ⎨ Pipe
Keep right on, *please*." ⎩ Cigarette

"Thanks awfully. Perhaps you'd like to walk around to the other side and see the lightship?"

"Oh, *thanks!*" She thanks him for the lightship as if it were a bunch of roses.

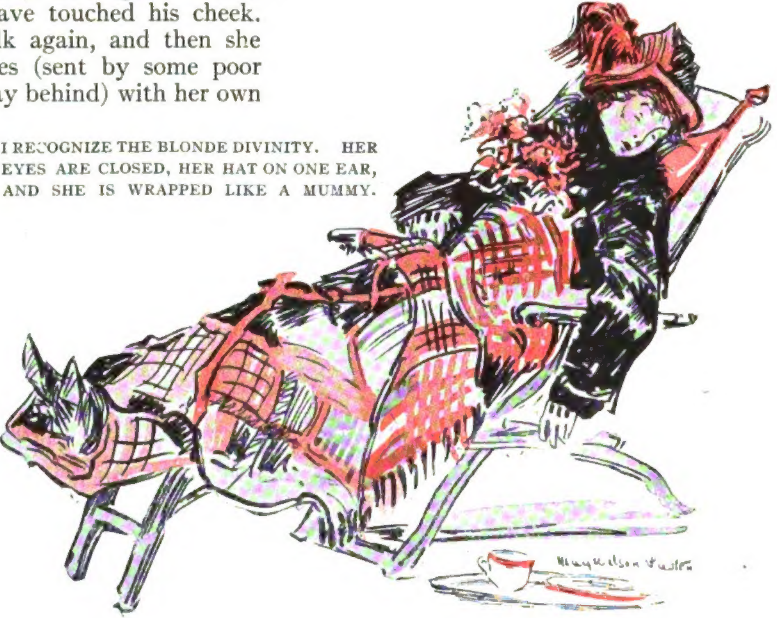
And so they walk, and walk, and walk, and walk—she near the rail, he careering on beside her, hurdling over the foot-rests of the rows of steamer-chairs, and tripping now and then upon the feet extending from them. And sometimes she sits down and shows him magazines which he has seen before, and he leans over very far, and points



BUT HOW THEY'VE CHANGED! WHERE ARE ALL THOSE FASHIONABLE WOMEN WHO WERE ON THE DECK BEFORE WE SAILED.

to things, and she points, too, and his hand touches hers, and he begs pardon, and she excuses him, of course, and laughs—and little locks of hair have touched his cheek. And then they walk again, and then she feeds him chocolates (sent by some poor chap who had to stay behind) with her own rosy finger-tips, and then another light looms up ahead, all golden, and then—How short the voyage has seemed!

Ah, feet that twinkle, cheeks that hold your roses when the world is tottering and green! Ah, youth! Ah, blowing curls! Ah, Delta Kappa Epsilon! Ah, Alpha and Omega! Ah, snapshots, shuffleboard, and sea! Ah, confidences beside a life-boat on the upper deck! . . . "And I was taken with you from the second that I saw you!"



I RECOGNIZE THE BLONDE DIVINITY. HER EYES ARE CLOSED, HER HAT ON ONE EAR, AND SHE IS WRAPPED LIKE A MUMMY.

"And I with *you—!*"

"*Were* you—honestly—?"

"Yes, dear—!"

"*Dearest*—!"

Of course we didn't overhear them; it was the third life-boat on the port side of the ship that overheard, as it has overheard so many other times on other voyages.

As for ourselves, we were not even up there, but were sitting in the lounge, trying, as I recollect, to match passengers with names upon the sailing list, and failing very badly. The woman whom we picked for Mrs. H. Van Rensselaer Somebody (traveling with two maids, two valets, one Pomeranian, one husband, and no children) proves to be a Broadway showgirl; and the one we dubbed a duchess, the proprietor of a Fifth Avenue frock-foundry. Showgirls, milliners, and dressmakers are very often the "smart" people of the ship, and it must be regretfully admitted that duchesses too often fail to mark themselves by that arrogance and overdress which free-born American citizens have a right to expect of them.

It always seems to me they ought to put the peers and persons of interest at the head of the passenger list; but they do not. The first place on the list of every liner is reserved for Mr. Aaron, precisely as the last place is invariably held for Mr. Zwissler. But though the alphabetical roller irons out our names in rows, it does not iron out our tastes and personalities. We may still be quite as common or exclusive as we wish. Take, for instance, the H. Van Rensselaer Somebodys (of New York, Newport, and Paris). Low down on the list, they are up high on the ship. They will remain throughout the voyage upon the topmost deck (cabins de luxe A, B, C, and D) in a state of exclusive and elegant seasickness. You will not see them. They have "absolutely nothing in common" with any of the other passengers—unless perchance a wife or husband, ex-officio.

Of course we have an opera singer on board—a lady with a figure like the profile of a disk record. No home on the rolling deep can be complete without one. You feel as if you really knew her personally, having heard her voice so often upon your coffee-mill at home. And of course we have an actor or an actress with us. A liner might as well attempt to go to sea without a rudder as without them.

Also, if we are to have full measure, there must be on board a playwright or a novelist, a scientific man, an absconder, a transatlantic sharper; a group of nasal people "personally conducted" by a man with a sad, patient face; a lord, or, at the very least, a baron and some counts. The other passengers are, for the most part, colorless and quiet people like ourselves.

The men upon a liner are divided into two broad classes: the deck crowd and the smoke-room crowd. I can not tell you much about the former, as I see them only now and then at meals; but the smoke-room is always full of pleasant chaps. You see, the smoke-room on an English liner is made (like English law) for men only, and, being made for men, it is the most comfortable place upon the ship. It is my habit to make for the smoke-room as soon as I decently can (or even sooner), there to lie upon a leather couch, feet up, back propped against a cushion, and smoke, or doze, or read, or talk, or think about the endlessness of transatlantic trips. Only two things can drive me from the smoke-room: one is the smoke-room steward, who closes up at night; the other is my own sense of shipboard duty toward family or friends. Occasionally one has to go and see how they are faring.

How the ship rolls and lurches the moment that one rises from the leather couch! How cold and damp and windy is the deck, how desolate the ladies' cabin when one comes from the snugness of the smoke-room! Upon a narrow seat just inside the cabin door, an indelicate old person lies, eyes closed and jaws agape. Across the room, a book turned downward in her lap, sits the forlorn object of your fond solicitude. Her eyes are gazing straight ahead, at nothing.

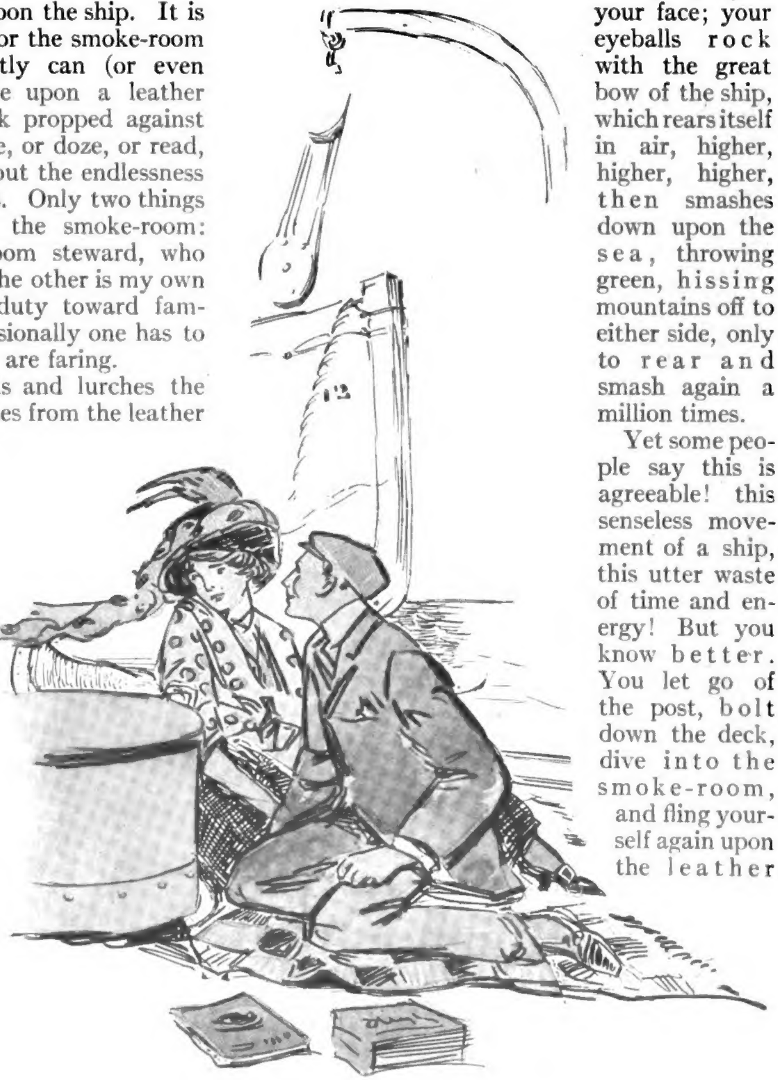
"Ah, dear," you say, approaching with the best show of gayety that you can muster, "here you are, eh? I thought I'd come and see if you wanted me."

"Oh, no."

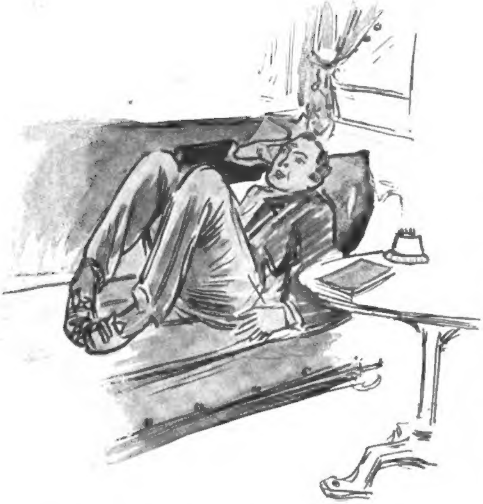
"Did that canned pineapple disagree with you? I'm glad *I* didn't touch it. Well, then, I'll run in and see them auction off the pool. You won't mind? By-by, dear."

You think that you want air. Reeling to the wind-swept deck, you cling unsteadily to an iron post at the fore part of the ship. Your cap goes flying overboard, carried, like an aeroplane, upon the gale; your cigar is blown to shreds; you feel the sting of cold salt spray upon your face; your eyeballs rock with the great bow of the ship, which rears itself in air, higher, higher, higher, then smashes down upon the sea, throwing green, hissing mountains off to either side, only to rear and smash again a million times.

Yet some people say this is agreeable! this senseless movement of a ship, this utter waste of time and energy! But you know better. You let go of the post, bolt down the deck, dive into the smoke-room, and fling yourself again upon the leather



AH, CONFIDENCES BESIDE A LIFE-BOAT ON THE UPPER DECK!



QUITE THE NICEST PLACE ON THE WHOLE SHIP IS THE SMOKE-ROOM.

couch. As you touch it, a magic calm o'erspreads the sea. Then all is well until your sense of duty pricks again.

That the smoke-room is iniquitous, I own—as iniquitous as a comfortable club, with nice dark wainscoting, leather chairs and couches, and little bells to touch when good cigars and other things are wanted. It is, therefore, quite the nicest place on the whole ship.

My deck-walking friends will not subscribe to this, of course. They call my smoke-room views and habits anything but healthy, and urge me to come out upon the cold and slippery decks, and get the chilly "benefits" of being on the sea. Alas! there is but one benefit for me, and that is Europe. I detest the sea. I abhor it with an awful loathing. It offends alike my physical system and my sense of proportion. It is too sickeningly out of scale, too hideously large!

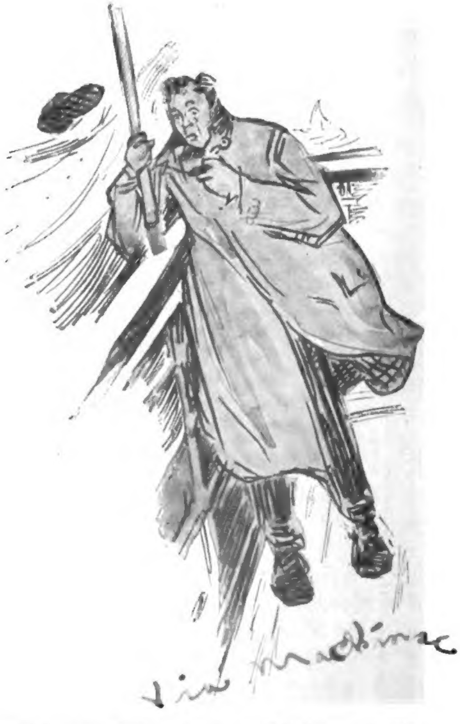
Do not fancy that I object to water, as such. In glasses, in bath-tubs, under bridges, or trimmed with swans and water-lilies, water is all well enough. But to put so much of it in one place is a wasteful, vulgar show!

You see that I am telling you the truth about the sea. I am not one to sit upon the shore and write you poetry (of the kind that is described as rollicking) about it. What occupation could be more despicable than that of making sea-songs to mislead the public?

The sea! The sea! The open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more.

Do you grasp the ambiguity, the subtle trickery of that last line? What does it really mean? It means that Bryan W. Procter, who wrote it, had to be upon the shore to love the sea; that the more he was upon the shore, the more he loved the sea, and that the more he was upon the sea, the more he loved the shore. In other words, he loathed the sea, as I do. And I am told he hardly left his native England for dread of the Channel trip.

As for Coleridge, Cunningham, and Campbell, it is only too evident that they wrote sea-songs in vain celebration of their own initials. Byron and Wallace Irwin were probably bribed by the transatlantic steamship companies and the Navy Department. And not one of them is a realist. There have been two realists who have written poetry of the sea. One is Shakespeare, who wrote: "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground." The other is James Montgomery Flagg, who in his



YOUR CAP GOES FLYING OVERBOARD; YOUR CIGAR IS BLOWN TO SHREDS.

"All in the Same Boat" exposes the sea down to its very depths. The sea treated him abominably. He retaliated by throwing a book. If the sea had any sense of shame it would dry up, and so would certain of the passengers upon it. The Cheerful One, for instance:

> He sees you are dozing, he knows you are ill;
> But he *will* sidle up, just to say,
> As he crowds his gay person on half of your chair,
> "Well, how's the boy feeling to-day?"

Don't ever fancy that the Cheerful One among the passengers inquires thus because he cares a whit. He only wishes to emphasize his own immunity from *mal de mer*, and blow the smoke of his disgusting pipe into your face. Neither his stomach nor his intellect is sensitive. He has a monologue on seasickness: It is all nonsense, imagination. It denotes weakness, not so much of the stomach as of the mentality, the will, the character. And besides, you don't call *this* rough, do you? You ought to have crossed with him in the old *Nausia* in 'eighty-nine. Fourteen days and the racks never off the table! Only two other passengers at meals, and—don't you feel it coming?—the captain said it was the—but you fill in the rest. Ah, if the *Nausia* had only sunk with all on board!

When the voyage is smooth and the Cheerful One is denied the joy of making seasick folk feel sicker, he is disappointed but not idle, for he may still extort confessions from untraveled persons. You know him: the solid, red-faced man who dresses for dinner and sits at the head of the table eating fried things loud and long when it is rough. He wears travel as though it were the Order of the Garter, and tells you, between mouthfuls, about all the ships that sail the seas. "No, sir! Pardon *me!* The table on this ship can not compare with that of the old *Gorgic*. The *Potterdam's* the only ship for table outside the Ritz-Carlton boats, though Captain Van der Plank's a personal friend of mine. He knows what eating *is*, sir! Still, I like the small boats—no elevators, gymnasiums, and swimming-pools for me. I like to know I'm at sea, sir." And all the time he's casting round for a victim who has never been across before.

You see, there is something very ignominious in making a first transatlantic trip. No one should ever do it. Everybody should begin with the second or third trip. Yet I remember a little Kansas City lawyer I met on the *New Amsterdam*, who didn't seem to be ashamed of owning up. He was bald-headed and, despite the twinkling eyes behind his spectacles, solemn-looking. His bald head felt a draft from an open porthole during dinner on the first night out, and it was when he asked the "waiter" to "close the window" that the "seasoned traveler" (as they love to call themselves) snapped up his cue. Turning in his seat and bringing his wide white shirt-front to bear full upon his victim, he raised a fog-horn voice and asked the dreaded question:

"Ever been abroad before?"

We all squirmed with sympathy for the little man.

"No," he replied, looking up with a mild, innocent expression.

The shirt-front bulged; the watery blue eyes looked up and down the table for attention, then:

"That so?" with a patronizing air of feigned surprise. "*I've* been over thirty-four times!"

"Ever been in Omaha?" returned the lawyer blandly.

"Why—no."

"That so?" replied the lawyer, with fine mimetic quality. "*I* go there every week!"

Oh, Innocents, as you set out on your first trip abroad, don't let yourself be bullied by the boastful! Call the steward a waiter, call the porthole a window, call the promenade deck the front porch, but call, oh, call, the transatlantic bully down! Be ready for him the instant he bawls that he's a member of the Travelers' Club. For the rest, be the ingenuous traveler, if you like. Be the man who has a mania for sitting at the captain's table, the man who goes abroad to get a lot of labels on his suit-case, the man who buys a set on Broadway (for two dollars) and sticks them on at home, the man who howls when bands play "Dixie," the man who wears the Stars and Stripes upon his hat, the man who gambles with the racy-looking stranger underneath the warning smoke-room sign (and stops payment on the check by cable), be personally conducted, be anything you like; but if you ever get to patronizing people who are seasick, if you ever get to being proud of having crossed the ocean oftener than little Kansas City lawyers, do this:

Wait until the ship is settled for the night, go out on the dark deck, step over to the rail, and place the left hand lightly but firmly upon it. Then give an upward and outward jump, raising the feet and legs to the right, in such manner as to permit them to pass freely over the obstruction. When they are well over, remove the left hand from the rail. This is called vaulting. The water may be cold, but you won't mind it very long. And one word more: Don't gurgle; somebody might hear you and stupidly spoil all by crying out, "Man overboard!"

If you decide to "end it all"—which, I believe, is the expression adopted by the best authorities—there is one humane suggestion I would make. End it before the ship's concert. There's absolutely no use in just living on and saying you won't go to the concert, for that is just what everybody else says, yet everybody always goes. There is a horrible fascination about a ship's concert, something hypnotic that draws you, very much against your word and will. I always think of it as a sort of awful antidote that is given to the passengers to counteract the poison of the steady boredom of the ship. It is an event in the voyage, just as the appendicitis operation is an event in life. And as the only people who enjoy the appendicitis operation are the doctors, the only people who go gayly to the concert are those who go there to perform.

The chairman, for instance, enjoys it very much. He is a peer, a member of Parliament, or the United States consul at Shepherd's Bush, and he begins his speech by stating that the proceeds of the entertainment will be equally divided between the Seamen's Funds of New York and Liverpool, or somewhere else. It is then necessary to explain what seamen are. They are "these brave, watchful fellows who have our lives in their hands." At this, the chairman looks at the table stewards, who stand about the walls with their napkins and their middle-class grins; brave, watchful fellows trying to look as if they really held our lives and not our dinners in their hands.

His duty to the Seamen's Funds accomplished, the chairman passes on to other things. Just what they are depends upon his nationality. If he be a British chairman, his speech will be composed of throaty sounds, coughs, clearings of the throat, and mumblings, through which the quick ear of the auditor may catch the following remarks:

"As a matter of fact——"

"Don't you know——"

"I mean to say——"

Now and then there comes a British chairman with a wide oratorical scope. In his case these additional expressions will occur:

"After all, now——"

"You Americans——"

"Eh, what?"

With the American chairman it is different. You understand his speech and only wish you didn't. After telling you that "it is a great pleasure," he continues through allusions to:

"This international occasion——"

"Our English cousins——"

"Hands across the sea——"

"Blood is thicker than water——"

Then comes a humorous story about an Englishman, an American, and an Irishman, at which the English passengers laugh, having a tradition that "you Yankees are such droll chaps!" The chairman now switches quickly from the quasi-ridiculous to the pseudo-sublime, and works up to his big moment, which has for its climax the table-pounding statement that "the Anglo-Saxon race must and shall predominate!"

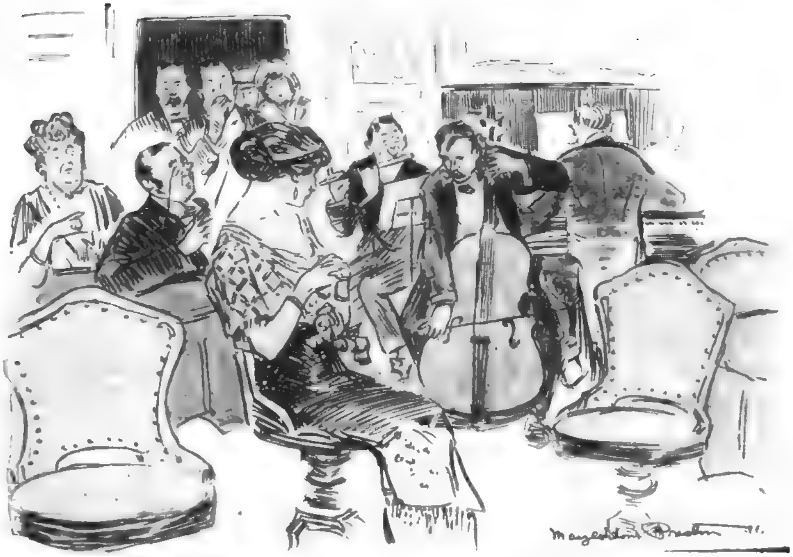
This is violently applauded by everybody but a Frenchman, who writhes horribly and Fletcherizes his handkerchief.

When the applause is over, the entertainment begins with the announcement that the Opera Singer and the Polish Pianist are unable to appear, owing to indisposition—which really means an ingrowing disposition not to do so. They have, however, sent "liberal donations" to the Fund. We then find that "we are nevertheless so fortunate as to have with us to-night" a young actor. The Actor gives a serio-comic recitation. But his encore is his *pièce de résistance.* It proves to be a vivid verse about marine disaster, a form of selection obviously suited to the occasion. Where, except at a ship's concert, can one get the full value of such lines as

"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stair—

By turning one's head only slightly, one can actually see the stair, all ready for the captain. Suppose we hit a derelict at this very moment! We might see the whole thing acted out!

After this recitation some one tries to play on the piano. In the middle of the piece the



THERE IS A HORRIBLE FASCINATION ABOUT A SHIP'S CONCERT, SOMETHING HYPNOTIC THAT DRAWS YOU, VERY MUCH AGAINST YOUR WORD AND WILL.

ship gives an obliging lurch, but to no purpose; for, though the performer slips off the stool, striking with his hands something that sounds like the lost chord, and with his body two ladies who are waiting for their turn, he is picked up and put back on the stool to finish.

When he has done so, his rescuers spring blithely forward, one playing the accompaniment very badly while the other renders "Araby." "Araby" is always sung at a ship's concert. Likewise a young Englishman invariably sings "The Powder Monkey."

The English have peculiar views on singing. Mere matters of voice and ear make not the slightest difference to them. It is like going to war, or playing on the flute: one can't refuse, I mean to say, if one is asked. Eh, what? The only man in England who has a right to say he can not sing is one who is literally dumb, and as he can not say it, it is never said. And so, you see Britannia Rules the Waves, and all that sort of thing.

At the end of the concert, "God Save the King" strikes up, and everybody rises and lifts such voice as he has in song, the American passengers laboring under a conviction that the words begin "My country, 'tis of thee," until the Britons drown them out.

But we have our turn, for "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played immediately after. The words of this excellent song (as Mr. Rupert Hughes has pointed out) begin with something of this sort:

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
How the la ta-ta ta, and the ta-ta ta tum-tum.

So we proceed until we reach the spirited "ba-a-an-ner ye-et wa-ave," and the shrieking climax of "the la-and—of—the—free-e-e-e!" The object of the game is not to let the British find out that we don't know the words.

On German ships, particularly those in the Mediterranean service, the gay occasion of the voyage will be the Captain's Dinner, a function which doubtless draws its name from the fact that the captain is invariably absent from the table. But if the captain doesn't come, everybody else does, and there is more dress than usual, and there are lights inside the ices. After dinner, the deck is illuminated with colored electric bulbs, the band plays, and the people "trip the light fantastic toe," as country papers put it. On German liners it's not always light, but it is frequently fantastic.

There are two great events that occur on this occasion. Some young men from the section which is the backbone of our country—if not it's fashion center—appear on deck in dinner coats and derby hats. They have read somewhere a fashion note stating that "the derby or bowler hat is the one headpiece *de rigueur* with the Tuxedo or dinner suit," and they mean to be *comme il faut* upon their trip abroad, or "bust." The other great event is the ship's belle in her pink chiffon. It makes you almost wish you were a dancing-man, to see her. But there are dancing-men enough—among them the ship's doctor. He leads her in the mazes of the waltz and, while dancing, is given an anesthetic, in shape of a languishing glance or two. Before he comes to, his partner has performed a minor operation on him—the amputation of a button. Ah, youth, pink chiffon, buttons made of brass!

You overhear her on the tender, as you leave the ship next day: "Oh, yes, I love the sea. You can let yourself go and be sure of getting out of everything in a week!" Perhaps you see her in Paris, with new escorts. Perhaps she is on the same boat when you go home again. And if she's not, there's some one else just like her. And also there is some one just like each of the other passengers with whom you left New York.

But for all that, there are differences between the voyage east and the voyage west. Letters of credit have shrunk, wardrobes have increased, and the handiwork of the European bill-poster may be seen on trunks and bags as that of his American confrère is seen at home on ash-barrels and fences. And there's more to talk about when you are going west: Paris dressmakers, European hotels, and the American custom-house. If you talk with Europeans, it is always nice to give them fresh impressions as to what's the matter with their country and with them.

So the gray, dismal voyage passes. At last there comes the morning when you wake to see the sunshine streaming through your porthole; when, though your clothing and the flowered cretonne curtains of your berth are swinging freely back and forth in time with creaking sounds which chase each other through the bounding ship, you do not care, because your heart is glowing with an unaccustomed happiness.

"Fane brate day, sir," says the steward, in a cheery voice, as he brings in your hot-water can.

"A little rougher, isn't it?" you return, as if you hoped it was.

"A bit *fresher*, perhaps, sir," he corrects. "She did put 'er foot in a few 'oles lahst night. See the land, sir?"

Ah, that's why you're so gay!

"Land! Where?"

You leap from your berth to the porthole in one bound.

A schooner and a coastwise steamer are in sight, gulls are swinging in long circles with the ship, and far away on the horizon lies a haze which is America.

You dress with care and hurry to the deck. You bow and give a gay "Good morning!" to some people you've not spoken to before. You even have a word for the man who always walks with a pedometer, and the one who is coming back from Germany after having put a noiseless soup spoon on the market. The deck is all abloom with pretty girls in pretty hats and pretty suits.

Even the ship is making ready for the shore. Hatches are off, busy donkey-engines are hustling mail-bags up from dark recesses within, stewards are smiling as they rush about with trunks and rolls of rugs.

"I'm Boots, sir. Don't forget Boots, sir."

Ah, no, good Boots! Thrice welcome, Boots! And here's thy toll, already set aside, like all the other tips, in envelopes.

Land ho!

The world is blithe and gay—except for one depressing thought. The nearer you get to the New York custom-house, the heavier becomes the load of luggage on your mind. Dresses, hats, wraps, lingerie, so gayly bought in Paris, lie withering like Dead Sea fruit in the forlorn cold storage of furiously labeled wardrobe trunks.

"*Must* I declare that Paris motor-coat? It never fitted, and it's fairly worn to shreds!"

"Yes, dear, everything. And sh-h! There are spotters on the ships, you know."

The United States custom-house spotter ought to look like a detective, but he doesn't. Instead of playing Foxy Quiller, he plays bridge, and probably with you. He adores the ladies—the dear ladies, God bless 'em! For it is the ladies whom the spotter mostly spots: the pretty ladies with big staterooms and big trunks and big hats; the pretty ladies with the little maids and little evening gowns and little pearls. The spotter has to be the sort of man these ladies like, or else the Government will change his spots. In short, he is a perfect dear! So when, at bridge, he makes the coy confession that he's taking French silk stockings over to his sister and wonders if he'll "have trouble on the pier," your wife tells him just what she is doing. ("One can't mistake a gentleman!") She tells him that she's going into her stateroom to sew some New York labels into Paris gowns and hats—and that is how she comes to lose twelve dresses and a twenty-thousand-dollar necklace, and have hysterics on the dock, and how she never sends that dinner invitation to him at the club in Forty-fourth Street.

The PASSING of the WAR GOD

by

Donal Hamilton Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

When I walked through the Champs Élysées this morning, I passed an old ragpicker, pottering about in the gutter. He was stabbing stray bits of paper and cloth with a bayonet of the latest pattern, spliced to the end of a wooden rod. Three months ago, Monsieur, that bayonet was in one of the government arsenals; now it is too dangerous a weapon for even a gendarme to carry—and it is become the working tool of a ragpicker! And they are even tearing down the fortifications, because there are other—and maybe better—uses now for the bricks! I watched them, no longer ago than this afternoon. As I watched I saw one of the workmen outlined for a moment against the sky. Where he got them, I do not know, but he was wearing a pair of the flaring, scarlet trousers of the Second Empire, worn one time by some bearded young fellow who scratched "*À Berlin!*" in white chalk on a black knapsack that never saw the Rhine!

If I were an old man, Monsieur—but I am not. I am young, and the love of the things I loved three months ago is with me yet, and they are gone. Maybe I shall turn ragpicker that I may carry a bayonet. There is no other way! Or even work on the fortifications that they may give me a pair of the glorious old red trousers! A sorry jest—this, but it may turn out a sorrier fact, for what is there left for a soldier when his very trade, which is the breath of his body, has become the one great blot that all humanity is scrubbing to wipe out? For the great War God is dead, Monsieur, and I, who saw him die—must live on and remember!

Surely I will tell, Monsieur, for hope does not die in me; but it is hard! If any of us had guessed that day last June what we were setting out to do, we would have broken those engines into tiny bits no bigger than so many peas, and torn those great white wings into shreds! But we did not even dream of such things.

All in a minute we knew that the men in spiked helmets were coming again, but that this time we would tumble them back into the Rhine. Ah, well, we did tumble them back, but when I think of the ragpicker I saw this morning, I almost wish that their blue bands had played Schubert's march under the Arc de Triomphe again, for then there would have been another chance! Now there never can be another!

Monsieur remembers how it was: one day—peace, and the May sun shining on Paris, and the army stewing in barracks and marking time on the packed ground of the parades. The next day that sudden sputter of rifles on the border, the headlines in the journals, the clatter of telegraph keys, and the wild crowds in the Place de la Concorde! There was no cause, the world said. Well, that is true. But do two bulldogs need a juicy bone to make them bare their teeth?

And those silent men of the government—they made the war because they knew it would be the last.

How well that last mobilization moved! In an hour after the declaration, the cavalry regiments had dented the hot asphalt of the pavements, and there were batteries parked in the Place! They said it would take five days to mobilize, and the army of France was ready in two! The lesson of '70 had been well learned!

I was a captain then, Monsieur—I may rank as captain now in some musty pigeon-hole—but then I was captain in the Third Chasseurs à Pied, as trim a lot of infantry as ever wore shoe-leather. When the news came to us there at St. Denis, we could not believe, but we packed our knapsacks and oiled the bolts of our new rifles—they are selling those rifles now, Monsieur, to hunters of big game! And that very night, the Third Chasseurs started for Verdun by rail. I remember that ride—all of us talking, talking, talking as the wheels clicked over the rails, and guessing how soon we would be making roads through the Black Forest. And none of us knew of what they had been doing all those months in that long, sheet-iron shed on the sands of Algiers, and only one of us guessed. For it was Boult, my own lieutenant, who started talking of the aeroplanes.

"How will you like it," he asked us, leaning back in his seat, and shaking those long fingers of his with the machine-oil thick under the nails, "how will you like it when you have to burrow into holes like rabbits, when the German Zeppelins begin dropping grenades on your heads? Eh? But wait—those aeroplanes of ours—ah, they will be enough for the Zeppelins!"

And then he talked to us of gasoline engines and air-planes, and recoil-absorbers and dirigibles, and whether you could fire a machine-gun from an airship—but I did not listen, for I am no engineer, and besides all that, I did not believe him. I had seen aeroplanes, little flimsy things that almost fell down when the wind blew. Fight with those? Ha! And the Zeppelins—I had seen them, too, so big, Monsieur, that a child could hit one with a stone as it went over his head.

It was hot on the train, so I slept with one arm hanging out the window. And we were clattering into Verdun when Boult's voice woke me.

"You have shot at a duck?" he was bellowing. "You do not point at the bird; you point well ahead of him, and you swing your gun as he flies. Well, you can not pick up a cannon in your hands and swing it—and these aeroplanes go a hundred meters in three seconds!"

I was very angry with Boult for waking me, and I thought him more than ever a fool.

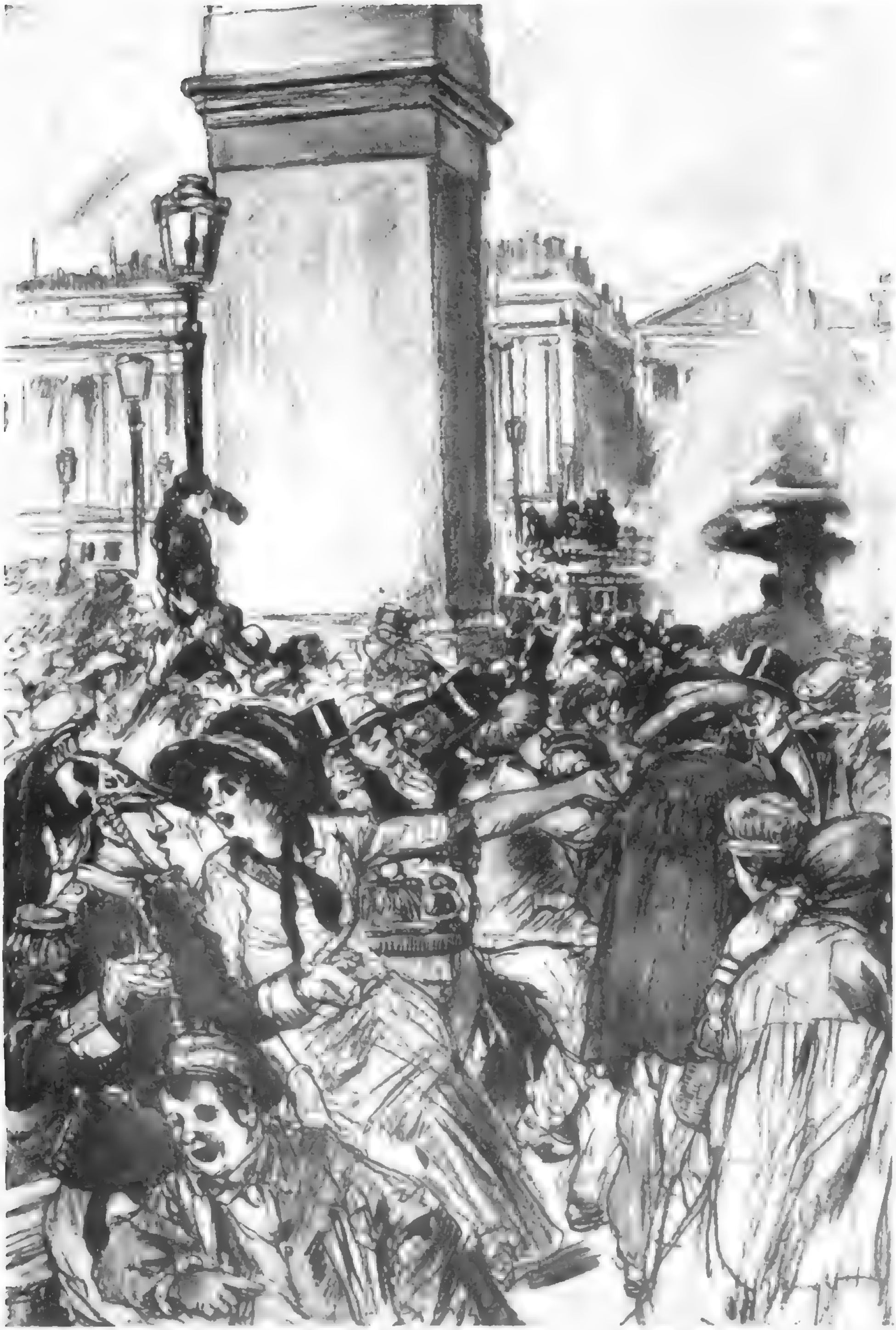
"Boult," I said, "they sent you to their shops and made a fair soldier into a very poor and very greasy mechanic! Besides, you are a fool! I can take my pistol and shoot your whole fleet of aeroplanes into little pieces—one, two, three—like that, as fast as they come!"

But Boult only shrugged his ugly shoulders.

All that night the noise of the gathering army kept us awake. We pitched our tents and listened. Now it was the steady plump-plump of infantry boots, now the clatter of cavalry, and again the strange chugging of an auto-battery. All night they poured in from the railways and by the roads, and the good people of Verdun kept watch with us and saw them come. And what fighting men they were! It was not like the old days; there were no red trousers flapping above white gaiters, no long blue coats. Every regiment looked like every other in the plain, blue-gray uniforms, and you could tell one from the other only by the numbers on their caps. But the glitter of light on the bayonets was the same, and the confident smiles of the officers as they glanced down the trim lines of their regiments. It was war—good, red war!

You will think, Monsieur, that we talked much of the airships that night, and of the Zeppelin dirigibles. But it was not so. We did not think of them at all until the morning, when our six aeroplanes arrived—and then we laughed. They came in wagons, painted gray, the engines in boxes, and the canvas and steel frames in long, wicker crates. Their crews were with them, riding on the gray wagons. Solemn-looking little men dressed in dirty, oily brown clothes, with the English leggings that wind round and round the leg. They pulled the aeroplanes over beyond the cavalry lines and commenced putting them together behind a cordon of horsemen as though they were ashamed to let us see.

All that day we lay in camp, and Verdun



ONE DAY PEACE; THE NEXT DAY THAT SUDDEN SPUTTER OF RIFLES ON THE BORDER, AND THE WILD CROWDS IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

spewed regiments and batteries out on to the white roads which led toward Metz. Our marching orders did not come, and we watched one regiment after another strike its tents and slip away by rail or road. But the great camp did not grow smaller, for there were always fresh troops to fill the gaps that were left. The men of my company looked at me pleadingly, like anxious dogs, every time I passed through the lines, but always I had to shake my head at them.

And that night they loosed the birds for the first time. We did not know it was to happen, for all day they had kept them hid behind the cavalry lines. I lay in my tent thinking of the long road to Metz, when there broke out a racket as though a dozen of those great racing automobiles had started their engines at once. I got up and went to the door of the tent. The noise stopped for an instant and then ripped out again in the air above. I looked. There was something going over my head; I could not see it, but I could feel that it was there, and I was afraid. An aeroplane was no strange sight; even the sound of one at night in the air was no new thing; but those aeroplanes of Bleriot and the Americans—they were different. They were just a big, clever game; but this was not, this thing over my head. I could hear the roar of the engines in the sky, and it sounded wicked. It was not like a thing made by men—and I was frightened as a little child is frightened when it clings to its mother's skirts. I must have showed my fear, for I heard a laugh, and there was Boult.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well," I answered, "it is all very fine and it makes a great noise, but it is not war. You will see."

He repeated my last words: "You will see: it is the new war!"

Boult went away somewhere, and I stood in the door of my tent, thinking. The Germans had dirigibles; they knew how to make aeroplanes that would fly, but they did not use them. What did that mean? I did not know, but I thought it meant that the aeroplanes were of no use. Also, I knew that at the works of the Krupps they had built a new gun whose muzzle one could point straight up in the air. Well, I said, we will shoot their dirigibles to bits, and they will blow our aeroplanes to flinders, and then we will fight it out on earth as men always will fight. And above me I heard the engines purring, and saw the searchlights of the airships winking at one another in the darkness; but I smiled and went to sleep.

In the gray of the next morning, our orders came. They needed the Third Chasseurs at the front. For after all, Monsieur, those Germans were wonderful soldiers. They found their mobilization had been behind ours, and behold!—every railroad in their country did nothing but carry soldiers. One day Metz seemed easy to our hands; the next day there were 150,000 of the spiked helmets camped around it. We were not sorry, for there were some things we wanted to prove in fair fight.

It was hot all day, that fifth of June, and there was not time to reach for the canteen often. They did not think of us as men, but only as so many rifles which had to be at such a point at such a time. We must reach Mars-la-Tour before the Germans. We did it! The great Napoleon himself would have taken off that cocked hat if he had seen those columns of gray-blue figures swinging along over the dusty white roads, each man with his rifle slanting across his shoulder, and his cap pushed on to the front of his head to keep the sun out of his eyes. He would have seen some strange sights, too: the batteries drawn along the roads by great auto-trucks that the gun teams might be fresh for the actual fighting, the staff officers riding in heavy touring-cars, and the orderlies on swift, throbbing, gray-painted motor-cycles.

The Third Chasseurs were in the advance guard of the Fifth Corps, and before we had gone a mile I had scattered flankers and skirmishers all over the green landscape. My heart leaped as I watched my trim little men poking about the hedgerows and copses and flashing back their signals of clear country ahead. And then, all at once, over the tops of the green trees in front of us sailed two of the aeroplanes, calling information through a megaphone to one of the staff automobiles which raced along beneath them. Then I knew that all the clever scouring of my soldiers was as nothing; these great birds had done the work before us, and they knew where every German soldier stood. Monsieur, they played with us like children!

To have seen those French columns racing along the white roads, you would have thought we were being chased. All day long we ploughed ahead, for we had to go twice as far as the Germans to be first at Mars-la-Tour. I have made many marches, but never such a one as that. We ate and drank nothing but dust—thick, white dust that makes a man march with his mouth open and will not let him spit. Sometimes it seemed as though we would all drop into the ditches, and then a band somewhere would start the Marseillaise, and all along that sweltering column you could see the heads of tired men straighten, and the rifles snap to firmer angles on sore shoulders, and the words came rolling across the fields in one great shout--

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

We could not do it all, but we marched forty kilometers and then fell where we stood. I slept that night in a hay-mow, with the snores of men tired almost to the death all about me. Always, when I opened my eyes, I could hear the faint, far-off snapping of rifles to the east, where the skirmishers were feeling of each other, and always, in the air, my half-opened eyes could see the flying lights of the aeroplanes. Once I saw a sputtering flame leap out of the sky near one of the flying lights, and heard the crackle of a rapid-fire gun.

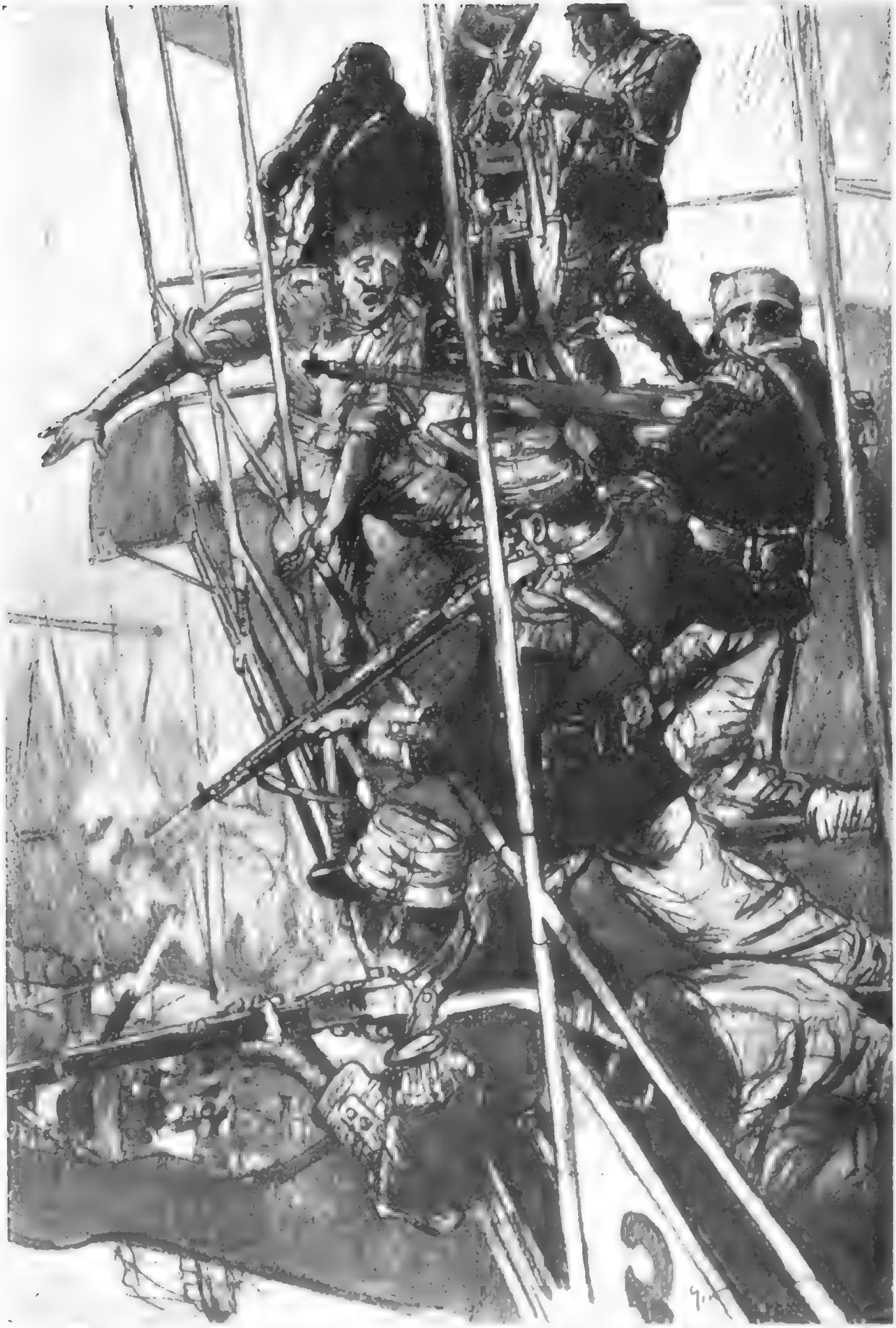
Next day—but where shall I begin?—there is so much! Monsieur, the plan was beautiful! We were to fight the Germans on the old field of Vionville. The French were to take the very position they held on the second of those awful days in August, 1870, one wing resting on the Greyere farm, the front running along through the crest of the high ground near Villers aux Bois, and then curving away to the south until the other wing rested on the Bois des Ognons! Only this time, Monsieur, *the French were to face the other way!* There could have been nothing more perfect.

I have read that it rained the night before Waterloo. The night before this second Vionville, the mists bred a fog. In the morning, Monsieur, it was like two armies in a roll of cotton-batting. One great, white mass, with here and there a tree sticking through into the clear air above. But we could not wait for fog. Long before the sun, the bugles commenced blowing—from every hill and every valley. You would not have thought there were so many trumpets in the world! I do not know how they moved the army through that fog, but the thing was done. You see, we have learned a good deal about war—only to throw it away now. At Inkermann they ran two columns into each other and the English ate them both; that morning of the fifth of June, we pushed forward a hundred columns, and there did not so much as one man tread on another's toes. The aeroplanes? I think not, Monsieur. There were some things they could not do—some things they had to leave to the soldiers.

Every man had to feel his way, but we all moved. In every fence corner there was a little clump of staff officers, on their knees in the wet grass, poring over the topographical maps, with the smoke of their cigarettes mingling with the smoke of the fog. And everywhere the wires of the field telegraph. On all sides we could hear them hurrying up the guns; the great, yellow eyes of the auto-trucks glaring through the fog, and the chains and snaffles of the plodding teams dragging in the roads! And every gunner I passed was praying that the sun would not shine, for the Germans would have it at their backs.

I led my company of chasseurs up the wet slopes of a little hill. On the flank of that hill is the hamlet of Villers aux Bois, and from its top one can look all down the old Roman road which goes through St. Marcel and away to the Greyere farm. We walked up this hill, following the wheel-marks in the wet grass left by the battery we were going to support. There were troops moving on every side of us. Mostly, we could not see them; we could only hear them talk, and hear the tinkle of their canteens and bayonet-sheaths. But now and then a column would swing closer to us, and we could see them faintly—a line of gray ghosts with the shadows of guns over their shoulders!

In a little while we found the stumpy guns squatting in their pits like monsters of the fog. We lay down to wait, some of us between the guns, others as reserve in the dip behind the hill. Off somewhere to the east there came an ugly red spot above black masses that we knew were trees; that was the sun—the sun we prayed would not shine in the faces of our gunners. I talked with the captain of the battery; I forget what battery it was; I only remember that the captain had blue eyes. He said there was a German battery over behind the Jarny road near Malmaison, that he had the range



THERE WAS MARCEL, SCREAMING AT ME AND WAVING HIS ARMS WILDLY IN THE AIR. "SHOOT!" HE SQUEALED, "OH, SHOOT!"

all set on his guns, and that when the fog lifted, he would blow that battery to bits, sun or no sun. I asked him how he had found the range, and he blushed and told me that he had got it from the pilot of one of the aeroplanes. I shook my head and thought a great deal.

I lay there in the wet grass, waiting, knowing that this was the day for which all France had longed for half a century, and that with the raising of that thick curtain of fog we should know whether history would repeat itself or not. I could hear a million sounds, and to my ear every one of them meant a different thing: that little click was the opening of a breech-block, that other was the sound of a lance-butt dropped into the socket on the rider's stirrup. That faint squeak was some gunner nervously turning the elevating screw of his piece. That automobile, its engine purring evenly, was carrying white-faced, eager staff-officers; that other one, farther away and noisier, was pulling field-guns. And so many voices! Not loud—just a murmur in our ears; I could not hear what any one was saying, save the blue-eyed captain at my side, who was telling me about his dog at home.

"He will bring them to me from the water!" the captain was saying, when all at once there broke out far away to the east the strangest firing in the world—rifles and field-guns all mixed together—and the sound of their discharges was not like the sound of ordinary guns. I knew what it was, and so did the captain.

"It is the Germans," he said. "They are shooting into the air at our aeroplanes!"

And after a moment there came the sound of one of those gasoline engines that I had come to hate in those few hours I had heard them, and something very big whirred over our heads—a dim, uncertain something looming through the fog. I heard a man's voice, right above me, say:

"There, in the field there behind that hill! And tell them to send four sharpshooters; we may need them!" And we heard the airship come to earth in the little hollow behind us.

They were going to send soldiers up in that strange craft, I thought, and I pitied them. I was going to tell the blue-eyed captain so, when I felt some one touch me on the shoulder, and there stood Colonel Paray, my colonel, looking down at me.

"Take three of your best snap shots, Captain," he commanded—"men who are used to being in the air, and put yourself under orders to Commandant Marcel of the Air Corps!"

Almost I said "No!" I could have wept. But it was my colonel, and I was of the army, and he was looking at me as though he understood all that I felt. Very quietly I went among my company and picked my three men. We went down the hill, and I saw the blue-eyed captain waving his hand at me in the fog. Down in the valley the fog was stewing like smoke about a dim, white thing spread out on the ground. Marcel, the commandant, was greasy and oily, and he wore no arms. Also, he had on those strange English putties. He returned my salute awkwardly, not like a soldier.

"Go on board at once," he ordered. "You will find extra rifles. Lie down on the deck and wait. I will explain when the time comes. You have been up in the air before—all of you?—You will not be ill?"

I nodded. I did not trust myself to speak. We climbed into the thing and lay down on what they called the deck. The thing looked flimsy. It was a biplane—but the sheets of canvas and metal were larger, far larger than in the usual ones. And they were longer, too, with a little railing so that one could catch hold when they tilted in the air. The pilot sat in front, with two long, wooden levers on each side of him, and beneath his feet were two pedals. On each end of the deck was a rapid-fire gun. Queer-looking things they were, set so that they could fire in almost any direction—up, down, to the sides, and straight. And each of them had a great recoil cylinder. The engine hung between the two planes, supported by wire cables and protected by an armored screen. Behind the planes projected the queer-shaped steering-planes, and beneath the deck were six rubber-tired wheels for moving on the earth.

There were six men in the crew besides ourselves; all dirty-looking men in stained brown clothes, with their sleeves rolled above the elbow, and no hats—like tennis players. They paid us no attention, but puttered about the aeroplane, testing wires and tightening bolts. We four soldiers lay on the deck and stared up into the fog; we did not care to speak. Finally Athis, one of my men, rolled a cigarette. Before he could strike the match, one of the oily men caught his arm.

"Fool!" he said. "Do you want to blow us to bits?" and he jerked his hand toward long rows of black cylinders piled along the rail. "We are saving those for the Germans!" he finished.

Through the thick air to the east came the sound we had waited years to hear—the steady pounding of a hostile battery in action, and mingled with it the crackling shots of the outposts. We could hear the army catch its breath and sigh with relief. All about us were the noises of moving men, the rattle of rifles lifted and dropped on ready shoulders, the cries of the eager troops. The pounding in the east increased; the clatter of the rifles swelled. Then, as though it had been the curtain of a theatre, the fog lifted; not slowly, but with a sudden jump, like a balloon when the ropes are cast off. For one little minute we could see everything: the rows of guns with the waiting gunners, their necks craned forward; the long lines and squares of infantry, breaking now into blue-gray spray and dashing forward; and 'way beyond, the light splashing on cavalry and reserve batteries. And above it all was the steady thumping which we knew came from the throats of German guns.

But there was no time to watch. Marcel came running across the grass, shouting to his men. He vaulted on to the deck, and one of the mechanics set the wicked-looking engines to shrilling. A lean, brown man sat down on the little padded seat between the steering-handles, and worked the cork grips, craning his neck to see that the steering-planes responded to the touch. Then he nodded, and the throttle was opened wide. Monsieur, that motor did not sputter like those you have heard; it yelled and spit, and then it commenced to hum like a giant bee, and all at once the ground dropped away. We flew straight at the hill in front, and my heart came into my throat; but the brown man pulled his lever a trifle, and we skimmed over the crest like a bird. I saw the white faces of the gunners as they looked up, and again I saw the blue-eyed captain waving his hand. I tried to wave back, but he was gone.

As we lifted into the air, five other of the great white shapes shot up from the ground and joined us, skimming along with their engines humming, and their crews skipping about the white surfaces like flies. Now and again they called to one another with pneumatic sirens, sounding like the cries of great birds. Higher and higher we climbed until the country below looked like a child's toy village on the nursery floor. It was hard to make out all the French positions because of the blending color of their uniforms; only where they were moving could I make them out clearly. But off to the right toward Gravelotte, I saw the enemy! There they lay, Monsieur, in great, dark blue patches against the green of the fields and forests, with the sun shining on the brass spikes of their helmets. We could see the flashing of their batteries, the thin, white lines where their shells curved through the air, and the pink and yellow flashes where they burst. I shifted my position so that I could see better, and I touched Athis on the shoulder. Discipline was gone, up there, and we were only two soldiers. He stretched out his hand toward the Germans.

"This is not fair, *mon capitaine*," he said. "We can see all that our enemies design to do; we can meet their every move before it is ready. It is not fair!"

I nodded, for it was true. After seeing what I had seen, I could have gone back to earth that instant, shifted a dozen batteries, wheeled a division, and cut a hole through the German center big enough to let a whole *corps d'armée* through. But I did not have time to answer, for I saw something in the sky to the east that made my heart leap, and the blood jump. It was not an aeroplane, but it was big and black, and it moved toward us. I gripped Athis's shoulder and pointed, and as I did so, Marcel, the commandant, whirled around to us.

"There come the Zeppelins!" he cried in a high, shrill voice. "Now, soldiers of a time that is gone, you shall see the new war!"

Monsieur, do you remember your first trip on the sea? Do you recall your feelings when first your vessel lifted to the waves and then pointed her prow at the bottom of the sea? Yes? You could still see the firm land behind, but you knew there was no turning back and you were afraid and very sick—not so much of the body as of the mind. Sick because of your great terror of the unknown! Well, it was so with me. I wanted to get away—even to jump over the edge and fall. But I could not move nor speak; the blood froze in my body. One of the crew passed me, carrying a webbed belt, full of shells for the rapid-fire guns, and I caught him by the leg.

"You will fight them—up here?" I asked him.

He looked at me as I have looked at a new recruit who did not know how to load his rifle.

"What else?" he demanded, and went on about his work.

The air was full of the piping of the sirens as the aeroplanes signaled to one another. And every instant those shapes in the east grew larger. There were seven of them in sight, and, even at the distance, they looked all of their five-hundred-foot length. It struck me that the advantage would be all with us, for they were so big it did not seem that our guns could miss. Those great aluminum tanks!—it looked as though one man could puncture each of the seventeen compartments that held the air, without taking his rifle from his shoulder. They came closer and closer, until we could count the dividing lines between the compartments, see the spinning blades of the propellers shining in the sun, and the two carrying cars snugged up close under the belly of the great bag.

All at once from the foremost Zeppelin came a flash, and a shell droned through the air close to our heads. An instant later came the crash of the report, and then we understood why the Germans risked combat with these great ships. They were carrying heavy, naval guns which dwarfed our quick-firers to toys! While the thought was slipping into our minds, another and another of the big guns jolted the air with the roar of its fire, and the shells whizzed between our aeroplanes.

Marcel trotted over to us while the aeroplane commenced to slant crazily through the air. He grasped a wire for support and shouted at us.

"Wait until we get close," he cried, "and then shoot at the gas-bags! Never mind the men and the guns—shoot for the tanks. Don't wait for me—I must run my ship!" and he staggered back to the pilot.

Two men went to each of the quick-firers and lashed themselves to the wire stays with straps and snap-hooks. Marcel stood beside the pilot, talking into his ear, and the brown man nodded and kept working the steering-levers until we shot up and down, this way and that, swooping and dipping like a swallow at play on a summer night. The clouds and the sky rocked wildly before our eyes; I did not dare look down for fear of the awful vertigo. It was impossible to stand or sit; we sprawled out on the deck and waited. When the aeroplane dipped to one side, I could see the Zeppelins, riding on even keels, firing steadily and boring straight toward us. And ever about us whipped and screamed their shells. If they had hit us with those shells, Monsieur!—But it was like shooting at a circling bird with your gun screwed in a vise. Again Marcel, white of face and with his eyes sticking out, turned to me.

"A minute and it will be our turn!" he screamed. "They can not hit us!"

And then they took to firing shrapnel at us. I knew what it was when I heard the first shell burst and saw the blue smoke-ring floating above an aeroplane on our left. Closer and closer they came, and all around us was the scrape-scrape-scrape of the German shrapnel. They got so close that we could see the men at their black guns before they struck—and then——

It was the second aeroplane on our left that they hit. The charge was timed perfectly. I saw the pilot slump down between his levers, and the men at the guns go over the side. The pilotless craft shot off at a wild angle, and I heard the faint, thin yells of the Germans.

Well, they were not cowards, those oil-smeared men of the air. As the crippled bird sagged off, another aeroplane shot after it like a streak of white light. I looked, and I did not believe, for there was one of the crew running, clambering, crawling along the thin steel bands that ran below the lower plane. Monsieur, as he came over the wounded ship, he hung by his hands—there, eight hundred feet above the ground, and *dropped!* He struck somehow, anyhow, on the injured craft, lay inert a second on the falling craft, then scuttled to the levers, righted the thing, and waved his hands to us as he went off on a long slant toward the ground!

We yelled and cried—and then all at once we were right among the Germans, and there was Marcel, screaming at me and waving his arms wildly in the air.

"Shoot!" he squealed. "Oh, shoot!"

I do not know how we loaded, for the aeroplane was careening madly, and my hands trembled like a sick man's; but we did it somehow. I saw the men at the quick-firers tearing madly at the cranks, and I heard the snarling, tearing sound of the explosions. Then the great hulk of a Zeppelin came before me, and I raised my rifle. And with the first touch of the iron-shod stock against my shoulder and the curl of my finger around the cool steel of the trigger, the trembling of my body stopped, and I was a man again! I shot at the rubber-coated bag of the Zeppelin as I would have shot at the targets on the range, and I smiled as I felt the kick of the gun. And through all the screaming riot of that fever-dream of noise and motion, I could hear the tinkle of the empty cartridges as they struck the deck!

We played about those great hulks like kingbirds about a hawk. Their guns kept belching into the air, but we were never there when they fired. One instant I was shooting up at the belly of a bag as we slid below it, and the next I was shooting down at its broad back as we swooped above it. And bit by bit the stinging of the little bullets told. We saw black patches on the sides of the gas-bags, and tiny streaks of blue vapor where the gas came whistling out. Once, as we shot so close to one of them that I could have tossed a coin into the car, I caught the odor of the escaping gas and saw the men in the car—the officer standing straight, with his little sword under his arm, the men trying frantically to train the long, ugly naval gun at us as we passed. They nearly succeeded, for it vomited so close to us that the shock of the explosion made us heel over until the brown man strained at the levers to bring us back! And all the time he smiled—not a pleasant smile, but with the teeth showing white at the corners of his mouth like a dog!

Then I heard Marcel cry "One!" and there was a Zeppelin, its gas-bag flaming, pitching toward the earth. It went on and on, it seemed to me, endlessly. The barrel of my gun grew hot, and the breech reeked and smoked when I opened it to jam in a fresh clip. The men at the quick-firers were sweating like coal-heavers, their hands never leaving the cranks. And those Germans! They could not touch us, but they tried. They even tried to ram us when their shrapnel ran short! I do not know how long it lasted; a man lives many years in a few hours like that. I saw one Zeppelin burst with a flare and a roar that made our craft heel over until the pilot only saved us by a hair from the horrid plunge. One by one those black shapes disappeared, and we saw their awful, sprawling shapes on the ground below, until there was but one left, crippled, but still fighting. We circled around it like hounds around a stag, our sirens piping, our men calling to the Germans to surrender. But the German officer, his yellow hair peeping out from under the great helmet, gripped the rail of his craft and shook his head. This last one was the worst of all; it did not settle, it did not explode, but all at once it staggered, lurched, and turned over. We saw it plunge down and saw the little dots of men fall clear of the tangled wreckage and hurtle downward with pitifully twitching arms and legs! I looked away before it struck.

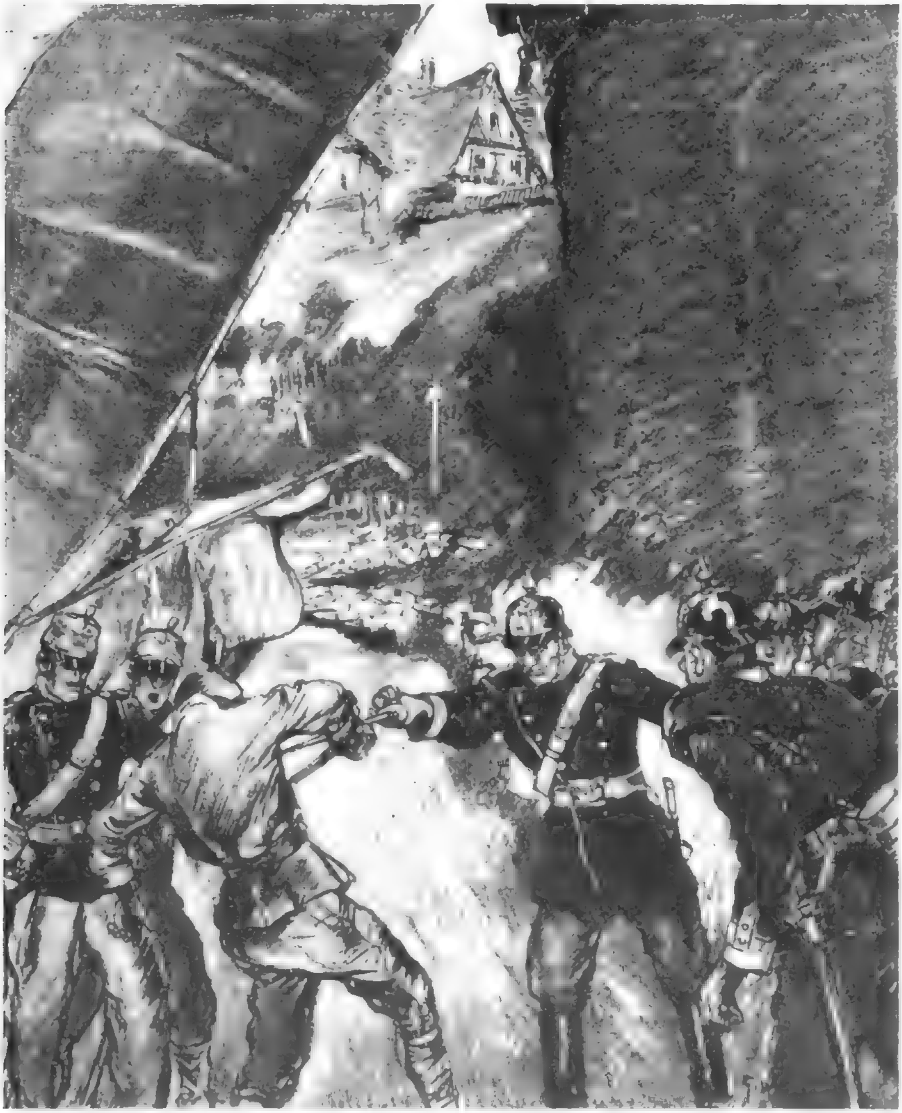
Monsieur, it was very still up there all at once! And then there came to us faintly the sounds of that forgotten battle on the earth! There was an instant when I could think of what I had gone through, and then I sat down limply on the deck because my legs would not support me. It had been sublime—but it had not been war.

I thought it was over, for the five aeroplanes slipped down toward the earth. I did not notice that the crews were poking among those untouched piles of black cylinders along the rails. And then as I looked down at the battle below, my joy in what I saw drove from my mind even the thoughts of what I had just passed through.

We had not been gone from the hill at Villers aux Bois more than an hour, but the battle had grown. Those two armies were so perfectly trained, so perfectly handled that it did not take long. As we purred through the air, I could see the whole scope of operations as though I looked at a map. Off by the Greyere farm on the French left, the steady thunder of explosions and the myriad red flashes showed where at least a dozen batteries were hammering the Germans at Urcourt beyond the Roman road. And even while the guns still bellowed I could see the clouds of skirmishers sprinkling forward, and the heavier masses of the main lines coming up. But on the German side of the valley the blue lines were sagging back in spots, and there were silent gaps in the lines of their batteries. 'Way to the northwest, beyond the actual stretch of the fighting front, there were long, flying masses of French horse and foot, sweeping round in an effort to turn the German right, and I could see the first confused movements of the German effort to meet this new danger.

It was too much. I could not sit still and watch it. I stood up, yelled, and waved my hat. Oh, Monsieur, we were beating them—there in the valley the army of which I formed a part was doing the thing we had dreamed of doing! So surely as the sun shone, we would have rolled them back on Metz with both wings crushed that night if they had let us play it out to the end!

And the crew of the aeroplane! While we four soldiers looked and looked, with our eyes bulging and our hearts hammering like mad, they sailed their cursed white birds above the battlefield and never so much as looked down. I saw Marcel level his glasses at a white farmhouse near Vionville, and from a knoll near by there came three white flashes of light, one after the other. At the signal the shrill sirens all hooted at once, and the five aeroplanes wheeled into



THE STRANGEST SIGHT OF ALL THAT WILD, UNREAL DAY: THAT GERMAN OFFICER, IN HIS GREAT, BLACK HELMET, FIGHTING WITH THIS GREASY, OILY MAN OF A NEW ORDER.

line. I touched Marcel on the shoulder.

"Let us go," I said, pointing to the earth. "Down there our comrades are pushing the Germans into the Moselle. Let us four men go back and fight as we should, with both feet on the ground!"

He looked at me slantingly and laughed.

"Wait," he said. "You have seen but half!"

The aeroplanes lowered until they skimmed over the ground to the left of the French lines, and the din and smell of battle was to me like the scent of a woman's hair to her lover! Then in the air above Vionville there shimmered again the light of those signal flashes, and the aeroplanes leaped up. I saw Marcel studying the dial of the little instrument that measured the altitude, and calling off the figures to the pilot.

"One thousand meters—safe!" he cried, and the pilot swung the wooden handle and we went forward on a level keel. Marcel turned to me as I squatted on the deck.

"I will leave you a handful of Germans to scuttle back across the Rhine, *mon brave*," he laughed, "one little handful!"

Down somewhere in the center of my being there came a coldness which crept up my spine until I could feel the flesh crawl under my clothes and the hairs of my head wriggle and rise, for in the tone of Marcel's words was something sinister and inhumanly cruel. He and his men went to the edges of the deck and stood there, each of them holding two of those strange black cylinders in his hands.

We shot over Doncourt, where white-faced crowds stared up at us, and into the haze of battle to the west where, a moment before, the attack on Urcourt had been plunging forward. With a choking sensation I saw that the French attack, which had been tearing relentlessly toward the bald hills, had stopped, like the blow of a boxer checked close to the face of his staggering opponent. The French batteries had fallen strangely silent; the sweeping flanking columns had halted; the thin lines of skirmishers were falling back out of touch, and the solid masses of the supporting columns stood motionless. What must those Germans have thought of that sudden silence?

I stood up, horror-struck. We had had our armed fist raised to smash the German right, and at the moment when we could have sent the blow home with bayonet and magazine-fire, the engulfing masses of blue-gray had halted. Then the oil-smeared figure of a man by the rail of the aeroplane stirred; I watched his bared, brown arm as he stretched it out and dropped one of the black cylinders. . . . An instant we waited, the skin of our cheeks stretched tight, our eyeballs aching with the strain. Then from the crest on which stood the foremost of the German batteries came a purplish flash, a pall of blackish smoke, and a crash, Monsieur, such as you might expect to hear on that last of all the days! Before the smoke had cleared, another of those black missiles struck, and then another. The landscape beneath us was blotted out by the black smoke, through which the purple flashes showed like the mouths of pits! But between the crashes of those horrible detonations, I heard one great, many-voiced cry. It was not the terror-stricken shriek of those brave Germans, struck down by a death they could neither face nor dodge; it was not the cry of those waiting Frenchmen, whose souls turned sick at the sight of such death meted out to the sturdy foes who had faced and fought them under the hot June sun! Monsieur, it was the death-cry of the stricken War God as the first of those black missiles pierced him!

I can not tell you of those next minutes. The fair countryside beneath us seemed stricken with an awful black and purple rash, as the aeroplanes rained down those deadly missiles. Through the smoke we caught glimpses of the futile efforts of the Germans to reply, and then the spectacle of their destruction—now infantry fleeing in maddened terror, now a battery blown to atoms, now the stricken horror of a galloping regiment of horse, gutted by one of those black things from the skies.

Slowly the aeroplanes, like white vultures, moved across the long line of the German front, while the piles of cylinders grew smaller, and the pall of black smoke beneath thicker. And the sounds— Ah, Monsieur, it is not right that a man should hear the death agony of a god!

Finally those three flashes winked through the sky again, and I heard Marcel, his voice thick as though he had plunged bodily in the slaughter, crying—

"*Assez, mes enfants*—enough!"

When it stopped, I was on my knees, my very being sick, my hands gripping the metal rail until the cords showed black through the skin on which the sweat stood cold. Through a rift in the smoke, I saw the ramparts of Metz, and high above the city, where the fluttering, three-colored standard was dropping, a great, white flag of surrender was sliding up the staff!

What happened next was like a fairy tale, and it would brand two men as traitors were it all known. We must have dropped below the safety zone, for a shell, zipping through the air from somewhere, burst squarely over the craft. It slit the planes, and I heard the snap of parted stays and the clink of broken metal. Marcel flopped down where he stood, two of my men jerked and straightened out, and all that oily crew save the pilot pitched over the rail. By the mercy of Heaven, we had dropped the last of those cylinders! I thought we should plunge down as the Zeppelins had fallen, but the craft only lurched, and then the pilot caught her, and sent us off on a long slant toward safety. As he jerked frenziedly at his levers, I looked down and saw, through the wraiths of smoke, a German lieutenant whipping a knot of demoralized infantrymen into shape and pointing up at us. At the moment, their rifles popped, the pilot wrenched his steering-gear free, and we commenced to rise again.

I think the same thought—the soldier's tremendous longing for one instant of fair play in all this nightmare—must have struck Athis and me at the same moment, for I saw him reach for his rifle as I caught up mine. I put the muzzle of my weapon against the pilot's neck.

"Go down!" I commanded.

The man was soldier enough to know the meaning of that circle of cold steel against his neck. He turned a scared face to me, and his fingers trembled on the handles.

"Monsieur—the Germans!" he gasped, but I cut him short.

"Go down!" I repeated, and the slow raising of Athis's rifle lent force to my words. The pilot made a clucking noise in his throat and we slid down. The little, pink faces of the staring Germans grew larger as we swooped. For a moment they held their ground and their bullets spat around us, but their new-learned terror was too great. They turned and ran, and the officer beat them in vain with the flat of his sword.

"Land fifty yards ahead of those men," I ordered.

We shot through the air not twenty feet above the heads of the Germans, who were scuttling off like rabbits. The aeroplane struck hard, and the shock threw us on our faces and jolted the pilot from his seat. The Germans stared at us, bewildered, raising and then lowering their weapons in uncertainty. Without waiting to see whether they would fire or not, I plunged into the wreck of the aeroplane, and dragged out the trembling pilot by the neck. And all the time those Germans stared at us—motionless as their own toys.

"Here, Monsieur," I cried to the astounded German, giving the pilot a push that sent him staggering to his knees, "is one of the Thirty-Six who have wiped out your army—and our trade! You have crippled his big bird—see if he can fight with a man's weapons!"

I ripped out my sword and tossed it to the pilot. Then I bowed to the German lieutenant and stepped back. That German! His face had been the color of paste, but now it flushed red, and his own blade flashed out.

And there, Monsieur, was the strangest sight of all that wild, unreal day! That German officer, buttoned to the neck, with his great, black helmet straight on his head, and the strap tight under his chin, fighting with this greasy, oily man of a new order in his English leggings, while a white flag flapped above Metz, and the four great, white birds circled above the fleeing wreck of what had been an army! And when the German ran his thin blade through the pilot's neck, we saluted each other like seconds at a duel, and Athis and I turned our backs and walked away—and those Germans did not fire at us, Monsieur!

I do not need to tell you how we of the army crawled back to Paris with our heads hanging—*victors!* There were no crowds in the boulevards. There was no shouting; only silence, broken by the dull ringing of church bells—for some one had to be glad, Monsieur!

They have killed the War God! Their science has made it so awful that we shudder and draw back. Ah, well, Monsieur, who knows? Will it come again—or what? Can they make such figures as we were out of those mechanics in their oily clothes? Can they put their science in the place of the god they have struck down? Monsieur, I think not!

The QUEST of the PERFECT ROSE

By Franklin Clarkin

THERE it stood on its almost thornless stalk—what the minds of rose-growers had dwelt on as the end, the limit, the Ultima Thule, terminating half a century of devoted experiment in innumerable greenhouses and gardens throughout the world: The Blue Rose!

Its tag said: "*Allerneueste Schlingrose 'Veilchenblau,'* J. C. Schmidt, Erfurt."

Made in Germany—the supreme achievement so far in breeding the national flower of England, made in Germany!

My friend the rosarian had been intensely curious about Herr Schmidt's wondrous production. Here it was, in bloom, stout as a young tree, blossoms clustered as formally and gracelessly together as an old-fashioned nosegay.

He was silent before it. But you know of the bitter jealousies, contests, imprisonments, persecutions, political tragedies, which attended the production of a black tulip when Holland was crazed over tulips? Then you will understand. Some one had originated a blue rose, the despair of years, and I imagined my friend saying over and over to himself with agonies of hopelessness: "What's the good of anything?"

He had been trying with exhaustless patience for new roses. Some had been effected. He had planned and plotted and prepared till three or four times he had treated the world to surprises which would be thundered in italics down through the selectest catalogues. But he had produced no blue rose. . . .

You think of this age as the age of materialism. It is the same age that occupied itself with developing the rose.

Well within a century Byron wrote, "As soon seek roses in December" as "constancy in wind, belief in women," and other acknowledged marvels. We have gained roses in December. Despite old Omar, spring no longer "vanishes with the rose," or it would never vanish. Breeders multiplied petals; they have varied colors and shades till color-nomenclature has been virtually exhausted; given climbing habits to staid, long-stalked, majestic forms; brought scent to the scentless; negatived the saying that "there's no rose without its thorn"; conquered the seasons by inducing "perpetual" blooming.

Miracles have been wrought year after year, yet two achievements remained beyond the efforts of the hybridizers who were laboring in their glass houses with the patience of medieval chemists. These elusive things are:

The Blue Rose.

The Perfect Rose.

If they could get the one, they could get the other. This double purpose, one of the fascinating, beyond-the-horizon quests, engaging the imagination of generations of rose-growers, has driven them to enormously expensive and prodigiously patient trials.

Not for profit have they striven—as in the efforts to gain Nature's secret formula for making gold or diamonds. Nor for the satisfaction of rousing elemental instincts, as in orchid-hunting, which appeals to hardihood, daringness, the joy of testing one's self against unseen perils. Rather, the lure for the rosarian has been the quiet enchant-

A NEW TEA ROSE TO BE BROUGHT OUT THIS YEAR IS THE "MRS. AARON WARD."

THE "LADY DUNCAN" ROSE.

ment of the magics of science—the same which impels highly studious minds to adventure into the mysteries of how Nature carries on creation in her occult laboratories —and to go her one better.

My friend had been continually laying a train, hoping for a flash that would turn out a classic illumination. I was to learn that rose-breeders and hybridists have "the true soul of Adam in them." They may be so supernally sensitive about roses that they will pile labor on labor to remove some fancied taint in the gold of a yellow, and even "get chilblains from merely looking at a snowdrop"; yet they will brave any sloughs of despond in chase of that will-o'-the-wisp, perfection.

"Why should any one want a blue rose, anyway?" I asked, by way of easing off his seeming disappointment. "Who cares for the green carnation? Doubtless science could make a violet of any deviation of color to be seen in the spectrum. But doubtless science would have its labor for its pains—as it would if it made an unsweetened sugar."

His answer came, with no discouraged tone in it:

"Of course there's nothing beautiful about a blue rose. The effort for it is simply one of those strivings for the always-desired—for the impossible."

He called it the "impossible"—yet was not the attainment here? He made me wait for an answer to the riddle, while he talked of roses and rose culture.

There are florists who maintain that a rose of true blue, of legitimate growth, which will reproduce its kind, is neither naturally nor scientifically feasible.

"In spite of legends, travelers' tales, and catalogue announcements, the law governing the colors of flowers renders blue roses an iridescent dream," declared the rosarian. "Blue, yellow, and red are never seen in the same species of flowers.

"Any two of them may appear, but never three. There are red and yellow roses, but never blue; there are blue and yellow pansies, but never red; there are red and blue verbenas, but not any yellow.

"Besides, in all floras blue is rare, as are blondes among human beings. In Europe there are found 1194 white flowers, 951 yellow, 823 red, and 594 blue. There are 308 violet-blues, so-called, sometimes carelessly regarded as blues.

"All tales of blue roses have been fanciful, including that of the 'blue rose of the Moors.' Chemicals will make them to order—like the green carnation; but chemical agencies applied to the root render them, like the mule or the mulatto, impotent. There are bounds fixed."

One instance of a chemical blue rose was that of a Tartar khan who demanded a blue rose or his gardener's head. Out of the consternation there was born, so he was told, the issue he required. It pleased him to think that despotism could so splendidly coerce advancement—as many rulers have fancied since. But when that gardener died, not another blue rose was to be had from the wondrous bush which had been bearing them year after year. Nor would its slips or seeds bring forth blooms of the desired color—which is what a rose-bush must do to perpetuate a new variety.

Nowadays all gardeners know that by inserting a strong blue pigment under the pellicle that covers the roots, binding them in oil, and sprinkling well with indigo water, new shades will come. That has been known since the Middle Ages.

The first good roses arrived in the Occident during the Crusades. By the delicate hand of Peter the Hermit, who preached the Crusades? No. By the mailed fists of those boldly chivalrous spirits who cut a swath to the East to search for and protect the Holy Grail.

The redoubtable crusading Thibault, Comte de Brie, took the pains (more than carrying a lance) of bringing from Damascus a rose, and planting it in Provence, France.

In this place the second son of Henry III. of England found it growing. He carried it home, took it for his device, became the first Earl of Lancaster. Thereafter rival claimants to the English throne adopted the rose as their emblem.

There were wars—Red Rose of Lancaster against White Rose of York—and they never ended till Henry VII. of the Red took Elizabeth of the White as consort. Then, to indicate that the "Wars of the Roses" were over, the adherence of those of the White of York to the Red of Lancaster was to be attested by the payment to the throne annually of a white rose. Thus what the Crusaders brought back from Damascus became the tutelary flower of England, soon symbolizing its vigor, its full-blooded dominance.

Further solemnly certifying the union, in the next century came the Rose of York and Lancaster—striped red and white—as

THE "VEILCHENBLAU"—THE NEAREST APPROACH TO A BLUE ROSE THAT HAS YET BEEN PRODUCED.

long as roses blow the symbol of that peace.

The English oak, the English yew, the English rose—there you have the qualities of the Englishman set forth by a form of elective affinity; his staunchness, the droop of melancholy to his spirits, his susceptibility to sentiment, which led Chesterton to call the English one of the emotional races. Everywhere in England the rose received affectionate and proud nurture. Above the humblest cottage threshold it was made to clamber. It served in kings' gardens and queens' palaces. Often it was used as the most delicate of delicate considerations; as when the Bishop of Ely leased Ely House to Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor, and stipulated only that a "red rose be paid for it on Midsummer's Day."

William Penn, turned out of doors because he would not be compelled to doff his hat to a king, brought the sentiment to America. In the colony he founded, he granted land for a tavern at Bethlehem to be known as The Rose; the yearly requital simply one red rose.

Rose Tavern itself and the roses have disappeared from sight under the belching chimneys of Schwab's immense steel works; for one thing a rose can not endure is smoke. But until the state of Pennsylvania bought up all the tremendous proprietary rights of Penn's heirs for $500,000, no other rent was accepted. Then the compensation was changed to hard coin.

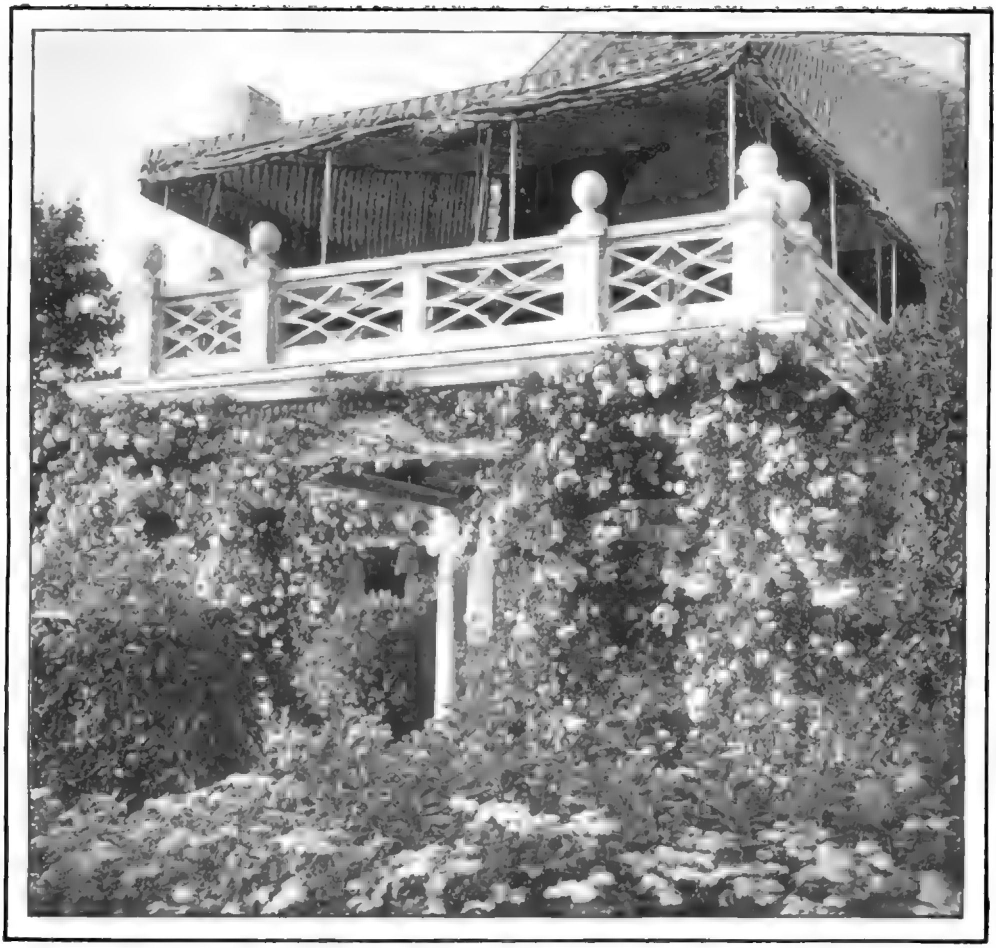
But the custom survives, and if you entered the Pennsylvania town of Manheim on the second Sunday in June, you would witness one of the prettiest spectacles of the times—the ceremony of the payment, by the Zion Lutheran Church, of one red rose for the land Baron Steigel gave to the congregation two centuries ago.

He had come to the colony seeking greater fame, fortune, and liberty. He married the daughter of Huber, the ironmaster, bought his foundry; set up also the first great glass factory. Sundays he taught a Bible class in his mansion; then gave to the people land for a church.

He gave it with these words in the deed:

> **Yielding and paying therefor unto the said Henry William Steigel, and his heirs or assigns, at the said town of Manheim, in the month of June, forever hereafter, the rent of One Red Rose, if the same shall be lawfully demanded.**

THE "APPLE BLOSSOM" ROSE, SHOWING THE TAMING OF THE "WILD SWEET BRIER."



A BOWER OF EIGHT-YEAR-OLD "DOROTHY PERKINS" ROSES AT "DREAMWOLD," THOMAS W. LAWSON'S COUNTRY PLACE, NEAR BOSTON, WHICH IS FAMOUS FOR THE BEAUTY OF ITS ROSE-GARDENS.

There is nowadays a liturgical service attended by all the countryside. The governor of Pennsylvania comes with his gold-laced staff and makes an address; there are sermons, a distribution of roses to the sick; then with solemn pageantry, out of the millions grown in the village, one red rose is paid to Baron Steigel's descendant, Miss Martha Horning of Newport, Rhode Island.

To deserve the title "rosarian" one must be oneself a high type of development. Otherwise, the graces of character which gardening gives will succumb to pride and vainglory. The causes lie in the power that the work puts in the rosarian's hands.

Hybridization is intermixing wild natural species, or crossing hybrids already produced. In either case, the method is the same—enormously careful transference by hand of the pollen of one kind of rose to another. Thus:

Enclosed by the petals are hollow tubes called pistils, in the bottom of which are unfertilized seeds or ovules. Bending toward the tips of the pistils are the stamens, on the points of which are borne little sacs, called anthers, where the pollen, the fertilizing element, is formed. Left to themselves, the stamens will shake the pollen from their anthers on to the apex of the pistil, through which it reaches the ovule and fertilizes it.

If you wish to breed together two different sorts, you must first snip off the anthers

THE BOSTON-BRED "SARGENT" ROSE, WHICH HAS WON A SILVER MEDAL.

—or perhaps an unconscionably ugly mongrel!

Such is the innocent magic that often gives a perilous pride to the inventive rosarian. I have it from good authority that if he be at this hybridizing long enough, he runs the risk of losing his humility. To him sooner than to others "a primrose by a river's brim" ceases to be a primrose, becoming "a mere aggregate of possible points for the next show," which he himself may excel by an artificial loveliness of his own devising. The state of mind he thus drifts into, that of a competitor with the source of life, leads to

of one flower, thereby making it solely feminine, instead of double-sexed. This putative mother-flower is then to have its pistils dusted by the pollen taken with a soft brush from the anthers of the flower selected to be the father.

If the day be bright, with plenty of electricity in the air to make all life lively, and if pollen and pistils are ripe and ready, and if the chosen plants are not too remotely different and antipathetic, and if you cautiously protect the flower from insects and winds by tying a bag over it, why, then, D. V., the seeds will form. And if you plant them carefully, about two per cent. of them will spring up and bloom, and you will have produced perhaps a new marvel of creation

what Dean Farrar called "moral esthesia and damnation."

If there is anything in heredity, it explains Jackson Dawson, of the Arnold Arboretum, at Harvard University, and why he is among the foremost of rose hybridizers.

Born in a gardening family, he came from England when a child. What was to be his future in the new country was settled offhand one day when his mother found that he had stained most of her books by pressing flowers in them. He was packed off to his uncle, a nurseryman at Andover. Before he became of age, he was well known to florists, and the then celebrated "Hovey's" at Cambridge took him up. War came on; he interrupted his career to join the Federal army. After three years he returned with two honorable wounds.

Still "hardy" and "perpetual" he seems at seventy, when you come upon him in the yard of the small white cottage in which he has dwelt forty years, just outside a corner of Harvard's tree-reservation: hale, husky, wide-shouldered, deep-chested, eyes like those of youth, skin tanned by sun and rain but scarcely lined, the calmness of his life giving cheer and pleasant character to his face, and in his walk only a hesitant limp as a reminder of the splintering shot he got in the leg forty-seven years ago.

When Dawson received, as his nineteenth medal, the George Robert White medal of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Professor Sargent, of the Arboretum, gave this view of him:

"Dawson seems to be able to look at a plant and tell you what its affinities are. He is a wizard. He seems to know the art of grafting by intuition—what stock to use, in what condition to use it, and how to use it. His intuition has been strengthened by patient practise and by loving the things with which he works. Plants seem to respond to affection."

When you glance over the "works" possessed by others, it astounds you to see that Mr. Dawson's laboratory is just a small room in the cottage, opening upon the ordinary New England back yard—a plot, say, sixty by one hundred feet.

Here is where he had his dismal, innumerable defeats and his brilliant, celebrated victories.

"Tell about the failures," he was urged; for dealing with the inexplicable caprices of Nature has left at least this rosarian humbly chastened in spirit.

"Failures? Why, this business is one blessed failure after another—I couldn't count 'em. We don't know what cells or what conditions change a breed. We only know some general principles of nature.

"I went at rose-breeding as other men go at horse-breeding. If you want to combine certain qualities, you cross those that have them. But there may be the faintest taint in the blood of one of the parents. Then it's like a white man's marrying unknowingly an octoroon: The first issue may be white, but the second may be black.

"Flowers skip generations; sometimes comes a reversal to type. This is why hybridizing is full of the unexpected. I've been twenty years at this byplay, and what have I brought out? Five or six good roses."

By calling his rose-breeding "byplay" he meant that his real occupation is growing trees and shrubs for the Arboretum—the most remarkable park of varied trees anywhere. Trees now sixty feet high Mr. Dawson himself raised from seedlings collected in forests, or from seed obtained from the farthest corners of the earth.

His problem in roses was to produce a rambler or climber, with color, that would endure the blustering east winds of New England; that would bloom in late fall or early spring.

"First," he went on, "I took the 'Wichuraiana,' which I had just introduced from Japan, and crossed it with the Chinese 'Multiflora.' Both wild, both trailers or climbers, neither feared any sane or reasonable climate, but both were white. I started to put color into them. I couldn't make a break from the originals for years. Then came a pink bloom. After many experiments I induced this to mate with the scarlet-crimson hybrid perpetual—'Général Jacqueminot.' At last, after numerous seedings, there came the 'Dawson.' This remains the earliest and hardiest of this clan of roses and is widely popular in England."

"How is color put into a rose—how would you go to work to make one blue? By chemicals?"

"Not by chemicals! You don't use chemicals, do you, if you cross a Jersey cow with a brindle, or if you cross a razor-backed hog with a Suffolk? You just wait and trust to Fate; and you get what you get. A dyed plant won't reproduce its dyes any more than a painted donkey will bring forth a zebra.

"Many real hybrids are 'mulish' barren. I crossed the red 'Dawson' with the white, vigorous hybrid perpetual 'Madame Luizet.' Strange to say, the result was a half-climbing plant bearing large single white flowers. It was infertile; would never bear seeds. So with crossing 'Wichuraiana' by 'Jacqueminot'—result very pretty, but lacking power to continue itself; and the same occurred by crossing 'Wichuraiana' with 'Belle Siebricht,' a tea; the lovely offspring was salmon, but tender, and ended there.

"'Crimson Rambler' is a famous multiflora parent, so I tried it with 'Dawson.' That lately yielded one plant of deep old-rose blooms borne in clusters. When I joined the Austrian brier 'Harrison,' raised in America from seed, with 'Dawson,' hoping for a yellow, the offspring were mongrels of the worst sort."

He keeps his pedigrees carefully. The "family-trees" he sets forth in this way:

"Wichuraiana" × "Crimson Rambler"; progeny × "Baroness Rothschild" = "Sargent" rose.

"Multiflora" × "Dawson" = "Minnie Dawson."

"Crimson Rambler" × "Wichuraiana" = "Farquhar."

"Wichuraiana" × "Jacqueminot" = "William Egan."

"Rugosa" × "Jacqueminot" = "Arnold."

"Dawson" × "Wichuraiana" = "Daybreak."

"Rugosa" × "Wichuraiana" = "Lady Duncan."

Because it is the hard-nerved, hard-headed, sometimes hard-hearted persons who have most appreciated that most fragile of flowers, the orchid, I suppose it would be small wonder if the more cloistered and shut-in and introspective should be the ones to take the chiefest delight in the sturdier, more flamboyant rose.

It does not so happen. In this country, besides Baron Steigel, the glass and iron manufacturer, and William Penn, there have been, or are, such men as these among American rosarians: Francis Parkman, who explored the North American wilderness; George Bancroft, historian; Admiral Aaron Ward, in command of the Dreadnought *Utah;* H. O. Havemeyer, T. A. Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust; Senator H. A. Dupont, of the Powder Trust; Colonel William Barbour, thread spinner; George B. Post, architect of skyscrapers; Colonel Herbert L. Camp; Spencer Trask, the banker, whose rose-garden at Saratoga may become a park; H. B. Plant, builder of the Florida West-Shore railway.

For Bancroft's services in rose-culture a variety of rose was named for him—"The Honorable George Bancroft," produced by Bennett in 1879 by crossing "Madame de St. Joseph" with the namesake of another historian, "Lord Macaulay."

Admiral Ward's garden at Roslyn, Long Island, is known everywhere for its tea roses.

I have said that the pursuit of the rose is less physically perilous than the pursuit of the orchid. The exception is when it is not only the growing and the hybridizing that occupy one, but also the gathering. In the Arboretum the purpose is, under the direction of Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, to assemble from all the ends of the earth plants which will thrive in the climate of eastern Massachusetts.

For five years the Arboretum has had two explorers in the hinterland of China, getting seeds of trees and shrubs and flowers. Some traveler's tale mentioned that there was in this region a mountain, called the Mountain of the Moutan, "covered with a much-desired wild peony." William Purdom, an Arboretum explorer, was commissioned to find that mountain and send back that peony. E. H. Wilson, another staff explorer, was handed a list of trees and plants likely to thrive in northern United States, among them several roses, and told to seek them over toward Tibet, among primeval forests, and on the slopes of peaks in an untraveled country.

Wilson chartered a junk, went a thousand miles up the Yang-tse River, was hauled through gorges by gangs of coolies, through rapids and fierce contrary currents; trudged afoot to Sachien-lu, the gate to Tibet, "crossing," he wrote back, "through passes of 10,000, 14,650, and 15,000 feet, where we had to hew our path; wading wild torrents; sleeping in the forest under spruce boughs; climbing mountains up to the Forbidden Land."

On this frontier, he was caught in a landslide. His days as an explorer were thus ended; at this writing he is in San Francisco on his way home. What he suffered was written to his friend, Lauriston Bullard:

One leg was badly broken; both bones were fractured above the ankle. Crude splints were improvised, and he was carried to Chengtu, spending two nights at Chinese inns on the way. A medical missionary set the bones. Three days had elapsed since the accident, the leg had swollen greatly, and blood-poisoning had set in. For four weeks the leg was not out of splints. Amputation was narrowly missed, and Mr. Wilson was laid up four months.

He had already sent back an immense number of new rose seeds.

"Many are of strange, unknown genera, and we don't yet know just how to class them," declares Mr. Dawson, to whose ingenious hands the raising of the seeds has been entrusted.

One of the *bons mots* of the late Bishop Potter was that "actresses will happen in the best regulated families." So may gardeners. Lord Penzance was an eminent English counselor. During a score of years he had used his skill to put into effect the law decreeing the separation of unhappy human couples. Unlike Dawson, he had shown no early proclivity toward plants. Perhaps it was an untraced strain in his blood; perhaps, and more likely, it was a sudden balking at his occupation that drove him, in the last years of his life, to devote himself to the happy marriage of roses.

G. Jekyll put him in a book. Howevet high he stood in legal practise, to-day he is known more widely for the work that placed him in the annals of the rose; for what he accomplished in seven or eight years was the supreme example of the right sort of novelty—that derived from wild species. He toiled over the "Sweet Brier," sweetest of all wild flowers; and his gift to floriculture was the series of useful, beautiful, scented roses known as "Penzance Briers."

They were obtained, some eighteen years ago, by mating the "Sweet Brier" with descendants of the "Damascus," brought to England in the Crusades. To the full fragrance of the "Brier" he added the fuller bloom, the habit of flowering again and again, possessed by the "Damascus" tribe.

Hybridists who have no means of distributing their product, sometimes sell it outright to nursery men. It was thus that R. & L. Farquhar, of Boston, acquired from the Arboretum Dawson's "Farquhar." His "Sargent" has not yet been marketed. Prices are seldom made public. The consideration may be a royalty, as for a book or a play. When a Chicago alderman a few years ago produced "Mrs. Marshall Field," he refused fifty thousand dollars for it. At Hildersheim, Germany, there is a "thousand year" rose-bush for which an Englishman offered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in vain.

It is figured that profits from rose culture in England are ten per cent., whereas in America they are fifty per cent. Still, Americans sell plants for one fourth what the English charge. This is explained by the circumstance that American labor conditions compel growers to apply the economic principles of large industries to their enterprises, and cut loose from many established rules with which many English florists are, by tradition, stupidly trammeled. What Americans do with a plow most English gardeners do with a spade; while they hew stakes by hand, we saw them by machinery. A new rose in England brings at retail one pound one shilling (about six dollars), while here the first sales are two and three dollars a plant. In Germany only two marks each were charged for the "Veilchenblau."

Professional growers on a large scale are captains of industry. At North Wales, Pennsylvania, there is a "works" occupying 70,000 square feet, and its annual 227,000 blossoms are calculated to yield $113,000. At Cromwell, Connecticut, A. N. Pierson's place consists of eighteen acres, over which, perpendicularly and at angles, there are 800,000 square feet, or nearly nineteen acres, of glass. Ellwanger and Barry, at Rochester, have laboratories covering five hundred acres. They grow 300,000 hardy roses a year, yielding $175,000. Jackson and Perkins, originators of "Dorothy Perkins," have at Newark, New York, 1,000 different varieties in specimen grounds, their extensive establishment being the consequence of Mr. Perkins's love of roses as an amateur.

M. H. Walsh's great gardens at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, which English and Irish and French have honored for remarkable hybridizings and discoveries, the Waban Nurseries in Massachusetts, and those of Hoops Brothers, at Westchester, Pennsylvania, are each as big as an Iowa farm. And the Schmidt "works" at Erfurt, Germany, whence the "Veilchenblau" came, impress one as being in some distant way comparable with the great Krupp gun factories.

These, rather than the amateurs, are the modern Deucalions who are repeopling the earth with flowers to defy seasons.

This year you will begin to hear of these new roses: E. G. Hill's "Rose Queen," offered after four years' trial; his "Mrs. Aaron Ward," a "tea," derived from experiments of a raiser in Lyons, France; "Sunburst," of the same lineage, strangely distinct in every point, enormous in size, "in color like a Rocky Ford melon." Of these Mr. Hill has the American rights;

plants will be sent out simultaneously in this country and in Europe, and are expected to take rank with Dickson's Irish "Killarney" and with "Richmond." "Rhea Reid," announces Mr. Hill, "is my chief new American—a grand bedder, and successfully forced around Boston and Chicago—harsh winds have so little terror for it."

"American Climber," produced by Conard and Jones, is regarded as one of the finest recent American introductions; it is pink, with a large circle of white at the center, and remarkable for its beauty and vigor.

At Boston's spring show, the American Rose Society's prizes went, first, to Thomas Roland for his "Baby Rambler" and also a first to Mr. Walsh's "Hiawatha." It indicates what still must be striven for, that the society's gold medal for the best new rose was withheld this year.

New variations—no expert can remember half of them—have been struggling along literally under names from cabbages to kings. The ancient adage that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, holds true. Few connoisseurs will dispute that the old Cabbage Rose is still about the sweetest and most aristocratic of all.

As I sense the flower, one ideal name was that for the American "Rose d'Amour," found now mostly in English gardens. There is something fine in "American Beauty," "Daybreak," "La France," "Coupe de Hébé," "Cleopatra."

Red corpuscles must ever be associated with this bloom, so one may like as names "Maréchal Niel," "Général Jacqueminot," "General Washington," "Oriflamme de St. Louis," "Admiral Nelson."

Modern creators of new types have haphazard methods of christening. One understands "Climbing Liberty," got by Merewether of England in the time of Lloyd George and the restriction of the Lords, or "Aviator Bleriot," of a vigorous climbing habit, originated in 1909 after the first air crossing of the English Channel. But why such names as "John Hopper," or "Dr. Hogg," or "Mrs. John Laing," or "Climbing Bessie Johnson"?

It is no slight fame to have an admirable rose named for one. Who Mrs. John Laing was, or whether Bessie Johnson was a tomboy, is forgotten; but the roses by their names have gone throughout English, French, German, and American gardens. Last year at Bagatelle, the Municipal Gardens of Paris, "Rhea Reid" was the toast of breeders from all Europe. E. G. Hill, who bred it, tells me it was called after the beautiful brunette daughter of the railroad manipulator, Daniel G. Reid, now Mrs. Topping, who, like Mr. Hill, also was "raised" in Richmond. It was for the wife of Admiral Aaron Ward that Mr. Hill named his new American "tea," "Mrs. Aaron Ward."

Admiral Ward makes it a conscientious duty to warn rose amateurs on this subject of names, saying: "Be on guard against those who announce productions of novelties under American names, which are roses well known by the names bestowed upon them by the real originator across the ocean. "Helen Gould" is really "Balduin," "Virginia R. Cox" is really "Gruss an Teplitz."

Said my friend the rosarian:

"Investigation assures me that 'American Beauty' is not American at all—only another name for the French 'Madame Ferdinand Jamain.' Ellwanger's book on 'The Rose,' published in the early eighties, did not mention this. The real identity of 'American Beauty' had not then been established."

All roses being either white or yellow or red—barring the two new blues (you will hear of the second presently)—imagine how breeders are put to it to indicate new tints! They have to hybridize words for their hybridized products.

Only some fifty shades of red are mentioned in dictionaries. Here are the results:

Flesh-pink; warm salmon; carnation-pink; velvety-carmine; rose-carmine; pomegranate; carmine-pink; peach-coral; silvery-rose; nasturtium-red; moss-red; rosy-lilac; shaded violet; rosy-copper; reflex-carmine; brick; madder with silvery reflexes; crimson-maroon; scarlet-vermilion; brownish; fiery; velvety-purple-red; cherry; gleaming.

As for the yellow, there are: citron; golden orange; canary; lemon-chrome; orange; saffron; ochre; orange-tinted saffron-yellow; Prussian yellow; reddish-gold; apricot; primrose; bronzy; sunset.

In white there are: silver-white; pure; velvet shaded with heliotrope; ivory; white overlaid with blush; shaded-green; alabaster; creamy; porcelain margined with mauve; flesh-white; sulphur-white; nacre; splintered ice.

"Novelty has its attractions," remarked the rosarian, "but the inherent trouble is that it does not wear well. In every relation of life you come back for wearing qualities to the true, the normal, and the natural. Only truth smells sweet and looks good to you forever!''

"As for the blue rose—the one we have before us?" I brought the rosarian back to the plant he had imported.

"Ah, but it isn't blue!" he exclaimed. "Only a sort of lavender!"

"But how did Schmidt get so far?"

"That he doesn't disclose, except to say that one parent was a seedling of the 'Crimson Rambler,' a variation of Wichuraiana."

New hazards and enterprises in hybridizing are always done *sub rosa.* (You know how that phrase came into the language? The rose was the flower feigned to have been given to Cupid as a bribe to Harpocrates, the god of silence, and from this sprang the custom of hanging a rose from the chandelier at secret conclaves.) Prospecting for precious metals in wild territories, financing a war in Wall Street—these are not surrounded by muter, completer efforts to "keep it quiet'' than are the tests and patient sorcery of rosarians in soils, lights, and contrary breedings, to try to bring some illusory supposition to a triumphant reality.

So my friend was not surprised that in Herr Schmidt's explanation, the patient, scientific, delving German hybridist, while acknowledging that his product was not true blue, did not tell how he had got so far toward it.

"'Veilchenblau,'" wrote Herr Schmidt, "is a direct seedling of the 'Crimson Rambler,' not cultivated by fructification with another kind. By culture of several years, the new kind has rested constant. There have been no dosings with chemicals. The flowers appear in large umbels, are semi-double, and of medium size; when opening, partly reddish lilac, partly rose lilac, changing to amethyst, and, when fading, steel-blue; the general impression is that of the March violet. The color changes according to the place and soil. It has a substantial growth, pleasant tea scent, bright green foliage, and few but sharp thorns; up to the present it never has been attacked by mildew, and is one of the hardiest climbers. Trials of crossing with sorts apt for this purpose will be made; and probably we shall soon be able to greet the much-longed-for cornflower-blue rose."

So it was merely "the bluest" rose so far achieved, this dull, gawky plant with stout, fat stems, and, at the top, absurdly inadequate blossoms!

"No earnest striver would be content with it," said my friend the rosarian, and the propagator plainly was of the same mind.

You may imagine how profoundly Britannia was stirred by the recent actual delivery of this almost blue rose from Germany—the country which can most easily stir her up.

Immediately there came announcement of a "true blue" rose which would be put on the market the coming autumn, and make the German near-blue look as out of date as a ten-year-old battleship.

Immense throughout the rosarian world was the sensation. The breeder's name and nationality were withheld. No absolute distrust was expressed; there was only a polite gesture indicating a resigned wish to wait till autumn and see what the new rose is like.

I have chased this second new blue through the Duchy of Luxembourg, where they know as much of roses as Holland does of tulips; through France, through America, and through England. It was located in England, but this was all that could be learned:

"It was bred by Alfred Smith, Downley, High Wycombe, Bucks, England."

How it came into being is still *sub rosa.*

DIAZ *and his* PEONS

by John A. Avirette

THE revolution in Mexico is a revolution of hungry men who have been taught to read and think.

It is primarily a war brought on by excessive and unequal taxation. For years the taxes have steadily risen, until the poor can no longer endure them. If a poverty-stricken peon eats *his own* pig, he must pay a tax of two to three dollars for doing so. If he happens to own a cow, and hunger compels him to eat her, he is taxed seven dollars.

This alone is indictment enough to damn any government on earth!

If a man owns in Mexico a hundred thousand acres of fertile land and does not plant them, he pays little or no tax. If, as is usual, he farms them out to impoverished peons, in small tracts—each peon pays rent to the owner, a tax to the Federal Government, and a tax to his state. Thus, the poorer a man is, the more tax he pays in proportion. It is a very unfortunate thing, both for Diaz and his country, that his determination to buy "large lots of land for the poor" came so late in the game. His intentions now are heard by the Mexican public only with derision.

THEY ASKED FOR BREAD—HE GAVE THEM BOOKS

Added to hunger as a potent cause of revolution is political irritation because of the electoral farces that are from time to time enacted. Were not the people taxed to death, they would have endured this at the hands of Diaz. Had not the peon class been kept in abject poverty—landless, breadless, hopeless—Madero might have talked himself black in the face, with not a hundred followers.

And both of these causes have become vital, ironically enough, through Diaz's own recent educational efforts. So long as the peons were steeped in utter ignorance, they were content with their poverty and their saints, and had few or no opinions. Now that they have been taught to read and think, they have become discontented with their lot here on earth and doubtful of the priestly promises as to heaven.

This revolution presents some very peculiar phases. Though Madero and a few of the revolutionary leaders are no doubt bitter against Diaz, the rank and file are not. The people are up in arms against Diaz's government, yet not against Diaz personally. The Mexican people are very proud of Porfirio Diaz. They love the *man*, yet resent his acts. Because of his gallant and glorious past, they have been willing to endure great wrongs at his hands—wrongs that they resent from his cabinet and coterie.

NOT ANARCHISTS—BUT HUMANARCHISTS

The actual partisans of Diaz's government are reduced to the larger property-owners, the civil employees, and the army. All these are armed and are loath to surrender their privileges. But were an honest poll of the adult male population taken today, more than ninety per cent. would be found to sympathize with the revolution. Few of these possess arms; hence the spread of the revolt is limited by the amount of arms that can be smuggled into the country.

Diaz calls the insurrectos "Anarchists." In this he is vitally mistaken, for many of these men are sincere patriots and valuable citizens, to the personal knowledge of the writer. Madero himself, the leader of the revolution, is a doctrinaire, a dreamer, and a very poor soldier; yet he is a worthy man, who believes in himself and in his cause, and even in their fighting the revolutionists are proving to Mexico's detractors that they are no longer "barbarous." So far, they have respected private life and property, and for this they are entitled to great credit. It is true that they have often "commandoed" food and horses, but fierce necessity knows no law, and that has been the practise in every army, in every war, wherever waged.

The Spaniard had a proverb: "*Pan y Indio, pan y palo.*" A rough translation reads: "Bread and Indian are bred with a club." In other words, the Spaniard believed that the peon must be driven with a club to obey God's mandate to erring Adam—"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

A REPUBLIC WITHOUT REPUBLICANS.

As a matter of fact, all primitive savages are slothful until *forced* to acquire the work-habit. Industry begets Plenty, and "Mine and Thine" are born of garnered grain. Two centuries ago the Mexican was a barbarian, and the Spaniard was right. The peon is still "half-baked," still lazy and unreliable; but he has progressed much, and he will presently be better.

About a half-century ago an exceptional Indian rose to the Mexican presidency. This man was Benito Juarez—a Solon in law, a dreamer, genius, patriot, and thinker. Juarez headed a party of reform. He proclaimed an "ideal republic" in the *Leyes de la Reforma.* He overthrew a powerful and entrenched priesthood, confiscated their church and private property, and abolished their tithes. As the priests were insolent with the spoil of centuries, they stirred up a revolution against him. He beat them, and when they called the Austrian, Maximilian, to their aid, he executed Maximilian and outlawed the priesthood. So long as Juarez lived, things went fairly well. After his death the country went to pieces.

Now, to build a house an architect must have bricks. Who builds a republic must first have republicans. Mexico did not have these—hence natural law took its course, and chaos was the result. Out from this chaos rose Porfirio Diaz—brave, able, ruthless, and honest—a great man and a great patriot.

No sooner was Diaz firmly seated in the presidential chair than circumstances made a benevolent despot of him. The great mass of his nation were peons—steeped in profound ignorance. To entrust the ballot to such people were the rankest folly. Liberty to them could mean only license to quit work and lie in the shade. At this stage of the game Diaz was the right man in the right place. He gave them a paternal despotism. Diaz has been a builder and an organizer. He has advanced both the moral and the mental welfare of his nation. He has honestly attempted to educate the peon class.

Nevertheless, the peons have gone backward in the scale of material welfare. The reason is that they lack opportunity—for the rich own all the property, while the peons have only their hunger. It is true that they are lazy and shiftless—on the other hand, they have neither incentive nor opportunity. The average Mexican peon earns about thirty cents a day (American money) and with this ridiculous pittance he must feed and clothe a family. Were he better treated, he would become a better man.

As Diaz has advanced in age, great abuses have crept into his government, just in the proportion that he has delegated his powers to those near him. Many of these men lack real patriotism and integrity, and to this lack add great and conscienceless greed. Their abuses have called forth bitter resentment, which from time to time has crystallized into outbreaks.

This system of corruption extends downward through the whole range of officialdom. The salaries paid to petty officials will not support life; hence they graft from both government and people in order to live. The average Jefe Politico (analogous to our sheriff) earns about twenty dollars a month —American money. As this will not feed one man, the result—graft —is inevitable.

STEALING THE LION'S "KILL."

It is for this reason that the office-holding class is hated and feared by the people. The revolution, indeed, is a Mexican phase of the world-old war between property and manhood—shall money own the man, or man the money? In another form it is the same war, emigrating across the border, that is being waged by us Americans against our own reactionary forces. It means that humanity is awakening and preparing to burst asunder the thrall of Property, to take one more step upward.

Seen in this light, the Mexican revolution is a factor in human betterment. It is the healthy sign that even the Mexican peon is awakening from his age-long apathy.

Diaz is not to blame personally for these conditions that have brought about the revolution. He is a fine and gallant old man. Old men look back, while a rising generation looks forward. The old lion has been caught in the toils of a net, cunningly spread about him by his following of jackals, who would eat his ox. His advisers discounted the cloud on the horizon. "No larger than a man's hand." They were politicians, blinded by greed, and not statesmen—hence they are paying the piper.

For, when in any country wrong begets violence, and violence is suppressed by still further violence—then the country is ripening for revolt. So long as any crying abuse continues, just so long must resentment continue. When Diaz, in his old age, became blind to the graft of his partisans and deaf to the complaints of his nation, it was inevitable that he should become involved in a war of just resentment.

What of all this to us in the United States? Has it an interest for us in addition to its deep significance as the struggle of an awakening people, as part of a world movement toward liberty and democracy?

WHY MEXICANS HATE US

It is absolutely true that Mexicans view Americans with dislike and suspicion, notwithstanding all polite lies to the contrary. They tolerate us for two principal reasons. The first is that they are weaker than we are, in armed power. The second is that they need American ability, energy, and capital.

This dislike is racial and fundamental. The Anglo-Saxon and the Indian have never understood each other. The purposeful and resistless advance of the former has first dispossessed, and then exterminated, the latter. The average Mexican is virtually an Indian and feels the menace to him of Mexico's Americanization. Mexicans have never forgiven the war by which we Americans forcibly took from them California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas; nor did the service we rendered them in the elimination of Maximilian balance our own earlier aggression. Like all the rest of the Spanish republics of Central and South America, they distrust the motives that inspire us when we enforce the Monroe doctrine. For every intervention of ours to save a Venezuela from oppression by a European power, they recall our share in the theft of a Panama from a Colombia.

It is also an unfortunate fact that our rough-and-ready citizens lack consideration for all dark-skinned races. We deem them all inferiors. The expression of this contempt has estranged our Afro-American fellow citizens, has incensed our Mexican neighbors, and may some day involve us in a bloody war with Japan. It is a truism that contempt begets hate, and hate violence.

GETTING IN WRONG

Mexico is officially our friend—that is, by governmental treaty. She is fundamentally our enemy, by reason of race-differences, our former despoliation of her territory, and our contemptuous treatment of her citizens since, at all times. These are fundamental facts *to be faced!*

Since Scott and Taylor took a Sunday-morning jaunt down to her capital, Mexico has grown in power and skill in arms. The Mexican soldier is far more courageous than he is usually accredited, and he also shoots better than his grandfather. This country lies between us and our pet canal. Its railroads stretch over half the distance by land, and in case of a crippled fleet we should be compelled to send troops overland through Mexico to defend the canal. Should an enemy land troops in Mexico with the consent of an anti-American government, the canal would be doomed.

It is worth while to keep on good terms with Mexico!

The Mexican revolution lacks a skilled military head and lacks arms. If these two lacks are supplied, its success is certain—providing that President Taft is not led to interfere. And, if circumstances finally force intervention, let us not find ourselves intervening on behalf of an oppressive plutocracy, or primarily for the sake of property and the stock-market, but unmistakably on behalf of the oppressed who are struggling for freedom.

PAN of STONY·BROOK

by·Marguerite·Tracy

Author of "HAWORTH, YALE '98, EMIGRANT," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

JASPER was drifting with the incoming tide through the green-laced inlet. Almost motionless, he had come in from the deep, twinkling harbor, his eyes following the course of the white clouds above, while the quiet ripples caressed his odd face and drummed at his submerged, pointed ears.

A bird passed in the sky.

The clear, shallowing waters of the inlet drew him more swiftly.

Fish darted under him as his shadow covered them a moment from the sunlight.

The tide was bringing him through the inlet faster than a man swims, and so, although he was late for an appointment at Stony Brook, Jasper put forth no effort. He had come a mile and a half with scarcely more than a wiggle of his toes, and he was well content. The tide was willing to carry him, and it was one of his cardinal principles never to get into the way of any one who wanted to work.

"I come like water," he said presently, as he strolled on to the Spanish-tiled loggia where Francesca was working among her shapes of clay.

"You come too late," said Francesca.

He looked quickly at her, in concern for the unusual querulousness of her tone.

A moment later she clenched the little lump of clay which she had been manipulating, and flung it with derisive but bitter aim at a dreadful stone dog that stood forever pointing a pheasant in the improbable center of a sunken garden.

"Sick?" inquired Jasper.

"Yes, thank you; heart-sick, mind-sick, seasick, sick to death of the whole dreary job!"

Jasper moved to her side, and screwed up his eyes at the miniature portrait of himself as Pan, crouching to get himself a drink.

"I don't know anything about art," said Jasper bravely, "but I think it's corking, Frances. I do, truly. I don't see how you've ever managed to get that drippy feeling. A little more work——"

"But that's why I'm half crazy with discouragement," broke in the girl. "Time is up. It has to be sent in to-morrow. I've just blundered along, trying this and that, and now I'm right up against the last day, and when you didn't come I got so nervous I couldn't work. It nearly drives me wild to think I can't have another day—I see so much to do."

"I'm sorry I was late, Frances."

She turned the little model about restlessly, revolving it with the touch of a disparaging finger.

"Couldn't you work just an hour," he coaxed anxiously, "just to make me feel better?"

He looked so radiantly fit, after his long immersion, and his eagerness to be helpful sprang from such rich resources of nervous energy, that when, in response, her harassed eyes mechanically contemplated him, a great part of her weariness seemed to lift.

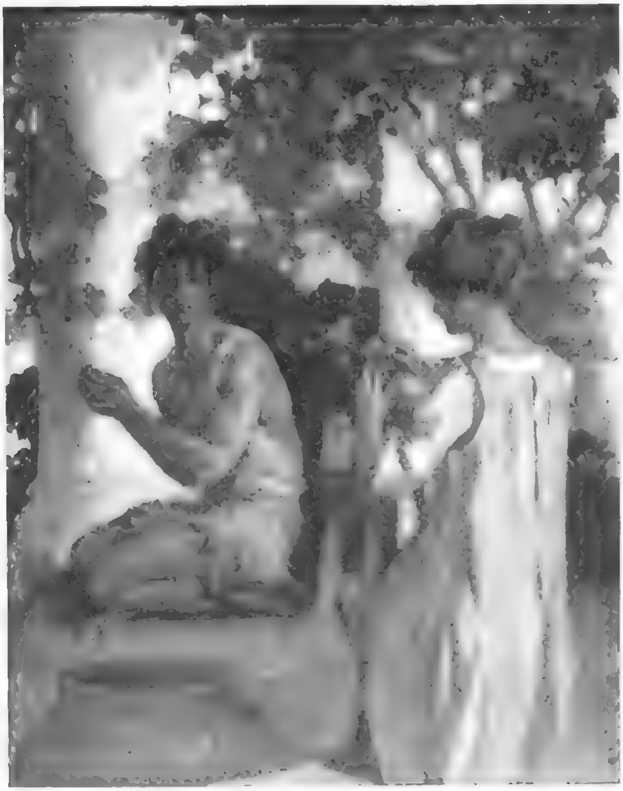
For a while she did nothing but rest her confused mind, blankly following his movements as he went over to his imaginary fountain, picked up his goatskin, and settled himself to his daily immolation on the altar of Francesca's great career.

Presently the heaviness of her brooding look cleared a little. Her hand went back to the model, busying itself with delicate correction, and all at once she was at work again. Jasper breathed relief. A little while longer, and she found her tongue.

"You don't realize what I'm up against," she began, selecting among her slender tools. "Some of the others who will compete were at the League when I was; I'm not worrying about them. But there's Fielding. When I was in Paris he was MacMonnies's right hand. He's the great American sculptor of the future. He wants this commission to float him off to Paris to execute a tremendous piece of work that is coming to him. He's engineering for it now. The credit, which means so much to me, is absolutely nothing to him; but he needs the five hundred dollars. And where a man needs the money, he can usually put a grip into his work that gets there."

"But can't one grip for glory?" asked Jasper.

Francesca shook her head. "Too abstract for beginners." She flung her tools down. "I don't believe I *can* work, Jasper. I shall cover this now, and I won't come near the place again until I have to pack it up tomorrow."



"THE CREDIT, WHICH MEANS SO MUCH TO ME, IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO HIM; BUT HE NEEDS THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS"

II

Washington Mews is the name of a little alley behind the gardens on North Washington Square, where the sculptors have turned old carriage-houses into studios.

The afternoon was very sultry in the Mews. Albert Fielding was stripped of collar, with sleeves rolled above his elbows, with hair moist, and brow dripping. The little figure of Pan which he was modeling was shrewdly seized, straight as an arrow and full of a superficial cleverness. So sure of himself was this young sculptor that he had not even gone to the expense of a model. One reason for this confident disregard of nature might have been discovered by turning inside out the gallant sculptor's pockets.

There came a knock at his door.

"Don't want a model!" he shouted.

The door opened. "Did you say come in?" asked Jasper, with his crinkliest smile. "My name is Kernochan."

"And I'm busy," said Fielding, who resented the crisp unwiltedness of Jasper.

"Then I'll just sit down and make myself comfortable."

The big artist gave him a searching look, and his face relaxed. "You look too confounded comfortable now," he said, with grudging hospitality. "I don't know you, Mr. Kernochan, but have a cigarette."

Jasper complied.

"Pardon me if I go on working," said Fielding. "This has to be done to-day."

"But don't you want to know why I've come?" asked Jasper.

"Take your own time," replied the sculptor.

"But I've come to take yours."

"My time," said Fielding grimly, "is money."

"That is just what I hoped you'd say," said Jasper. "You are the man I was looking for."

He had begun to unwrap a small parcel very carefully.

Fielding made a swift stride across the studio. "Don't try any of that on me!" he said briskly. "I don't receive agents——"

Jasper was continuing placidly to unfold his parcel, and he now disclosed a little clay figure the size of the one on which Fielding was at work.

"I am not a professional canvasser," he said with dignity. "I dog-rob for a young lady on Long Island, and she's sculpted this."

He now stood the figure on his knee, looking about him for a suitable place to exhibit it to advantage, and, deciding upon Fielding's own modeling stand, rose and carried it over.

Side by side, the two models compared to Francesca's disadvantage.

Jasper's face grew clouded. "You win," he said.

Fielding had looked on with curiosity. He thought he understood. It was easy to see that Jasper had posed for the Pan, but he could not guess why Jasper had brought the model to him.

"It means so much to her," Jasper said finally. "Don't you honestly think that her conception is more original than yours?"

"Her conception has run away with her."

"Still, wouldn't some people like it better?"

"The jury will have to decide that."

"I have stolen this out of her studio," explained Jasper. "She has no idea. She wants a chance. She feels that she has the others beaten, but she believes you will beat her. Now I would like you to touch this up, here and there, so that in the competition it will win over yours. On your own terms. I want you to scratch your own horse."

Fielding looked at him in amused wonder.

"You aren't going to be fussy about it, are you?" said Jasper.

The artist shrugged his shoulders. "What would such a success be worth?" he said. "What you propose is tantamount to making her cheat."

"My dear fellow, I'm only making you cheat. She'll look at this in the morning, and believe that she builded better than she knew. And she will be encouraged by success and sculp more sculps. She's handicapped by not having to work for a living. She needs twice the encouragement that you fellows do who have to march on your stomachs."

Fielding had advanced to the modeling stand and was turning Francesca's figure this way and that with critical, unsparing eyes.

"The whole figure wants pointing up," he said. "This leg is too long from the thigh to the knee."

His fingers busied themselves with slight corrections here and there, and he presently looked from the model to Jasper.

"Just take the position a minute," he said.

An hour flew.

"There," said Fielding, turning the figure critically toward Jasper, "you can take this home with you, but don't let her know it has been tampered with. She would not send it."

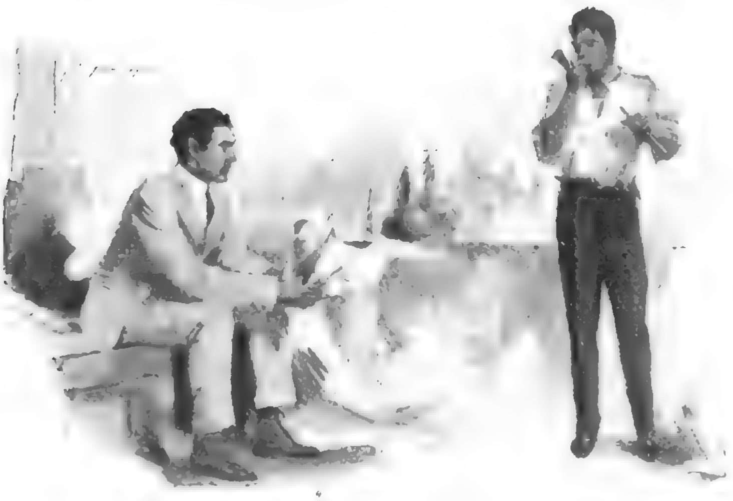
"I won't," said Jasper, as he made out a check, payable to Fielding, for five hundred dollars, and handed him the slip.

"Much obliged!" said Fielding.

When he had finished working on the figure, he wrapped it and packed it in a box. Then he similarly wrapped and packed his own model with it.

"What's that for?" asked Jasper.

"For you—*souvenir d'amitié.*"



"MY TIME," SAID FIELDING GRIMLY, "IS MONEY."

Reluctance, perplexity, and dismay showed in rapid succession over Jasper's face.

"You don't know what to do with it, do you?" Fielding suggested kindly. "But you see, in this world, if you do a wrong thing you've really got to be a sport about it."

"But if I died suddenly," Jasper explained, "or if I—married—it might be found among my effects, you know."

A shrewdly amused look was Fielding's answer at first. Then he tossed the matter from him with a gesture of his hands.

"Chuck it into the Sound," he said. "Bury it on the beach. Heave it into the ash-heap. I don't care what you do with it. But you should be able to see that from my point of view I'm bound to give it to you. I can't take your money for an hour's tinkering, and my ethics stick at being bought off. But I gain two or three weeks' time on the other side by taking your money. So I sell you a perfectly good model; a thing that has my signature, and is supposed to have a market value. You might even take it to Paris and sell it to Barbédienne, but prices are lower there, and I won't guarantee you'd get your money back."

"I've got the worth of my money," said Jasper. "I wish you'd keep this and sell it some time, yourself. I appreciate your generosity—I truly do, but I don't understand your scruples."

"Don't you?" said Fielding.

"No, frankly, I don't. Scruples—morals—learned all about 'em in college. Purely social sentiment imposed on the masses by the classes: all tommyrot."

He stood serenely facing the older man, confident that he took Fielding's measure very well. Artists, he had discovered through Francesca, had irreconcilable inconsistencies. So he stood politely ready to continue to fence with this brusque antagonist, or to let the matter drop.

But Fielding envisaged him thoughtfully. "It is a good head," he said to himself, "but the ears are too pointed.

"Glad to have met you," he said aloud. "Come in and see me in Paris if you ever drop over. I'll be there for at least a year, doing my 'Manassas.' I've engaged a studio on Montmartre. I'd be glad to have you look me up."

"Thanks," said Jasper. "If Miss Hoyt goes over, I will."

Late that evening, Jasper selected his opportunity and crept into the loggia at Stony Brook and replaced Francesca's little "Pan."

It had been a great satisfaction to him that she had been away all afternoon, had dined elsewhere, and had only come home to go straight to her room, resolutely denying herself a look at her work. Morning would bring advisement.

As he came cautiously over the lawn with his parcel, he destroyed much gossamer fabric which the spiders had spread with fine industry here and there and yonder on the grass. It was inevitable that he should destroy such fragile stuff as heedlessly as he had destroyed the impalpable integrity of

Francesca's effort—a thing which, if she were not told of it, she would never miss.

When he had replaced the figure under its covering, he came softly away. As to the Fielding model, he took Fielding's suggestion literally, and the next day, when he was quite unattended, he carried it down to the beach and buried it.

III

In Paris, that winter, Francesca executed her fountain, which had won the prize. In the spring she sent it to the Salon, and her notification of its acceptance contained a card of admission a month in advance of the regular "Varnishing Day." The sculptors were always given this opportunity of visiting their exhibits, which might have suffered slight damage in transportation, and be in need of repairs.

Jasper had been determined to accompany her. He knew some painters who were friends of the sculptors represented, and these painters were going, dressed as artisans, carrying bags of plaster and sculptor's tools.

Jasper couldn't see why he should not share similar privileges. There had been a warm discussion between him and Francesca, and she had driven off the enemy; that is, she had put him out of her studio.

But the first familiar face that she saw upon entering the vast, silent, white galleries was Jasper's. He was dressed in a soiled blouse, he had a tam-o-'shanter in his hand, and his hair was standing on end all over his odd head. He had indefatigably "made up" for the part, and the wonder was that he had got in, such a travesty he was of a studio assistant.

"Have you seen your Pan?" he asked eagerly. "Let me show you. It's in the Morgue. But don't you worry. I'll have it moved."

The Morgue is the term applied to those dark recesses under the balconies where exhibits are practically never seen.

"Do you mind," said Francesca, as he led her through the rooms, "telling me how you got here?"

"Simplest thing in the world," said Jasper. "Hodges lent me these things. I came in with him. You know Hodges rowed on the Varsity with me. Bully chap! There," he said, motioning into the penumbrous depths, "your Pan's in there."

Francesca stepped forward. Obscure and half guessed among other shadowy forms, where no artificial light had been contrived, stood the fountain with the crouching figure that she knew so well.

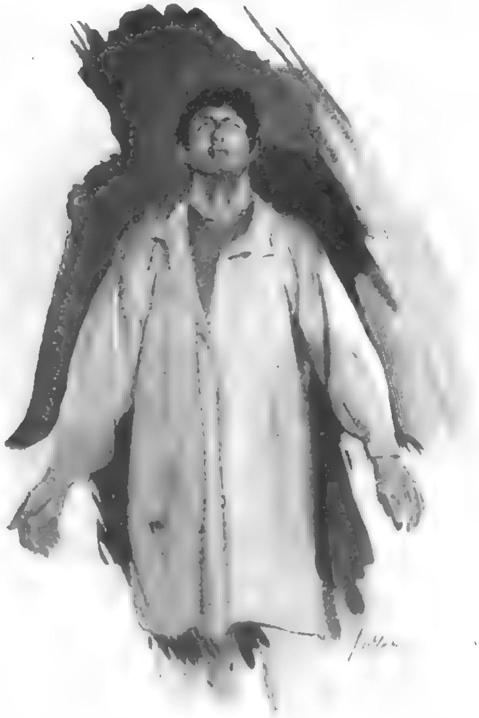
"I'll have it moved," said Jasper. "You leave it all to me."

But Francesca was saying nothing.

About and around them the figures in plaster and stone and bronze and marble stretched like a vast concourse of tombs, and he and she were in the depths of the monuments so strangely like a cemetery.

They were quite alone. The other sculptors were making the tour of the galleries in groups. Jasper saw Fielding talking to a couple of Frenchmen, his arms thrown round their shoulders as the three discussed his great war monument, before which they stood.

Fielding did not see Jasper, nor was it likely that he would have known him in the



HE THREW BACK HIS HEAD. LIKE THE REVERBERATION OF A GREAT DRUM HIS VOICE RANG OUT OVER THE STILLNESS.

quaintly ill-fitting student's clothes and blouse.

A strange impulse came to Jasper, born, perhaps, of the dim circle of classic figures in the hushed remoteness in which he found himself. He threw back his head. Like the reverberation of a great drum his voice rang out over the stillness. "*Ho theos megas Pan tetheken!*" (The great god Pan is dead.)

Great Pan is dead! The marvelous Cretan cry echoed and reechoed, overhead and along the long passages, where it finally grew more and more far away and died.

Out in the grand gallery the groups of sculptors looked at one another. But Jasper stood thrilled and rapturous, listening to the fading echoes of his own voice. It was here that Fielding found him; but Francesca, appalled by Jasper's shout, had disappeared.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Fielding. "Are you here? I'd never have known you. Since when have you joined the guild? Still fagging for the young lady on Long Island? I heard some one give a shout that carried me back to college. Now I come to think of it, it sounded like you. So Pan is dead, is he?"

"I'm afraid so," said Jasper. "Or they'd have given him a better show. Look here." Fielding, accompanied by his two Frenchmen, peered earnestly into the shadows.

"You see how it is," said Jasper. "That's why I want it moved. But I don't know anybody. You ought to take an interest in it. Of course it's got to be brought out of here."

"You want it moved!" echoed Fielding.

He came out, tapping his friends on the shoulders. "He wants the fountain moved," he said to them in French, indicating Jasper with his long forefinger. "He is nothing but a young American millionaire, and he can't speak a word of French, and he probably wouldn't know a Falguière from a Rodin, but he wants it moved. What do you say?"

"Yes," said Jasper, who had followed the pantomime with his eyes, "that's it exactly. A sporting proposition."

Gravely the three men bent down and scrutinized the fountain. It was undoubtedly a little masterpiece. It was a pity that the placing committee had not been able to do better for it!

And though he had no French, Jasper accompanied their examination by such eloquent gestures and such a bewildering glibness of Latin interlarded with Greek—which, being foreign, appeared to him likelier to be understood—that it seemed to the two sculptors that so engaging and diverting and erudite an apprentice had never fallen in their joyous ways before. He was an original, they said to Fielding. Something must be done, if it were only to hear him talk; he had the most quaint scholarship, coupled with the most enthusiastic appreciation of sculpture, that they had ever known in an American.

Because they were two of the most illustrious artists in Paris, not only was the chief guardian of the galleries brought to look into the superior merits of the "Pan," but a stir of artistic enthusiasm was created for it among the committee which had placed it in its undeserved obscurity. Officials were summoned. A council was held, and next day Jasper had the satisfaction of learning that the great placing committee had given it a more advantageous situation, just at the left of Fielding's group.

When Francesca saw her fountain again, it was filled with water, and set in a bower of foliage. Its low basin was green with encircling ferns. And above all crouched the jolly bronze figure of Pan, with hunched shoulders, crinkly smile, and listening, pointed ears. A trickle of water fell through his cupped fingers.

The unexpected naïveté of the composition gave it irresistible airiness and charm. A good many people smiled at the little fellow, and passed on to the Fielding group.

Among those who stopped longest before the Fielding monument—it represented a group of young soldiers teasing a symbolical eagle—was one middle-aged, fat peasant in his clean blouse, with cap tucked under a reverent arm. He had tiptoed from room to room, making his honest comparisons with the exposition of last year, and when he had come upon something entirely original, it held him captive until he mastered it, and then he beckoned a comrade over.

"Come and see these rogues tease the eagle," he whispered. "A lot they care about war!"

Now it happened that Fielding was right behind the old man. He felt the quick glow of the artist understood, and impulsively touched the blouse.

"You have done your time in the army,"

A FULL-PAGE PICTURE ARRESTED HER. UNDERNEATH IT SHE READ: "REMARKABLE STATUETTE BY ALBERT FIELDING COMES MYSTERIOUSLY TO LIGHT ON KERNOCHAN BEACH."

he suggested. "You know all about soldiers."

The peasant turned and smiled and nodded deliberately. "Indeed, yes!" he said, smiling even more.

Fielding was in no hurry, and he gladly lingered near them, hearing their comments. Then suddenly the old man made a comment startling for its insight and alarming in its far-reaching possibility.

"This rascal," he said, pointing to the figure of the boy nearest the eagle, teasing the great bird with his bayonet, "he is done in just the same way as the little figure of the fountain. It has the *chic* of the other. You would say that the same sculptor did the two."

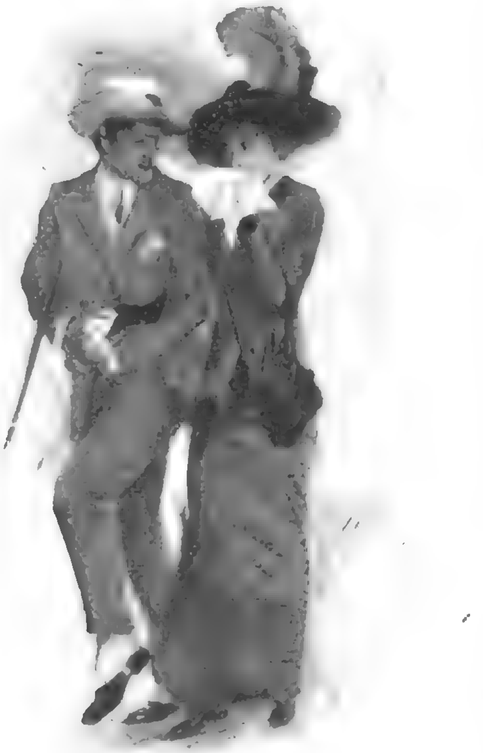
"Master and pupil, I should say," returned his companion.

"And you, sir?" said the old peasant, addressing Fielding. "Do you often find the same touch in two such different subjects? Unless they are by the same hand?"

"It is one of those accidents of art," said Fielding, a trifle uncomfortably. "I made this war group that you have done me the honor to admire. But I have never even met the young lady who did the fountain."

The peasant glowed with happiness at having the privilege to meet the sculptor of a work he so admired, and in the warmth of his appreciation the little criticism dropped from his mind, until, with the quietest politeness, he had moved modestly on with his friend.

Fielding stood where they left him and thoughtfully compared the figure of his young soldier with the figure of Francesca's "Pan." They were so near each other that almost inevitably others would be seized with the resemblance in the treatment and make the same comment. The shrewd eye of the old peasant had detected a truth. There would be others who would see. Francesca herself might see.



QUAINTLY OBLIVIOUS OF THE OUTER WORLD, JASPER HAD DRAWN HER ARM THROUGH HIS, AND HE WAS DANCING.

Fielding knew his Paris. He knew that all the afternoon the Salon had been crowded by the critical and unsparing progress of the "Refusées"; those disappointed artists who had sent and been rejected, and who had come to find in the accepted work inferior things which could have been admitted only through favor.

The fragrance of the absinthe at five o'clock floated no more surely to mingle with the fragrance of the horse-chestnuts above the café tables, than would the word that there was more than met the eye beneath the prominence given to the little fountain that so clearly bore Fielding's hall-mark, and yet carried a woman's signature. There was a mystery.

Those American students who had known Francesca in the League would be likely to complain, as the old French saying goes, that the bride was too beautiful. Francesca's work was too good to be true. In his efforts to have the fountain well placed, Jasper had certainly overreached himself.

"I wonder," Fielding mused at last, as

the charm of her work made its personal appeal to him under the glamour of his brilliant finishing touches—"I wonder why I have twice given that daft-eared youth the cord to hang her with?"

IV

Now and then, thinking of the errand which was taking her so far out of her way, Francesca frowned angrily as she looked toward the fair white towers of the Sacred Heart.

It was a girl at the American Art Students' Club who had told her. Francesca had at first hardly understood.

"So I felt that the honorable thing was to bring it straight to you," the girl said finally, "and let you deny it. That simplifies everything, don't you think? They say Fielding did your 'Pan,' or, if he didn't, then you did his 'Manássas.' They don't care which. They're only exercised in placing the blame. Now that's absolutely all I've heard. If I were you, I'd go at once to Fielding and get it cleared up. He can tell a few people, and then it will get known and you won't need to say anything at all. But if you let it go undenied, your career is finished. A word like that sticks. You might have the talent of Angelo Buonarotti—some one else would get the credit of it—I thought you'd be glad I told you—and you'll go to see Fielding right away. I know just how you feel."

The girl had been kind enough—pityingly kind, in a way; but Francesca had been too indignant to appreciate it.

Her "Pan!" The idea was absurd! Indeed, she would clear it up. She would clear it up so fully that any one it might concern would know that she could do her own work, and, if necessary, Fielding's.

The street grew narrow. It began to climb the hilltop, winding round and round itself. Queer old cafés in bowers of clematis projected dreary doorways, at which played drearier dirty children. Long flights of steps led up and up, from loop to loop of the circling street. Far below her, Francesca could see Paris spreading like a cemetery dotted with headstones, for at this distance from its ceaseless activity no sound came up. To the left, across infinite distance sloped the green hill that was the famous old cemetery of Père-Lachaise; before her, the Panthéon; the towers of Notre Dame; L'Étoile. But no clamor of traffic came to trouble the sunset peace of Montmartre.

The street, between two high walls, was just wide enough for the carriage. The open booths where religious symbols hung for sale almost grazed the back of the carriage hood. The long strings of the rosaries touched Francesca on the shoulder. People who had come to vespers pressed back against the wall to let the carriage pass.

There was a little door in the thick, yellow wall. The fiacre stopped in front of it. Francesca got out and rang the bell. The thick little door swung in. She was delighted by an old, crumbling walled garden.

The concierge came out from a side path, and made a courtesy that was something like a genuflection. She was large and kind and held an apron full of unshelled peas.

Monsieur Fielding was not yet returned from the Salon, but if Mademoiselle would give herself the pains to wait—would Mademoiselle step this way?

To the end of her life the perfume of white lilacs in blossom recalled to Francesca this first visit to Fielding's studio. On the table, near the fireplace, there was a great earthenware crock of them. The rest of the table was littered with the cheap prodigality of an American Sunday newspaper ten days old.

Pausing beside the table, she bent to inhale a deep breath of the cleansing perfume of the lilacs. Their cool blossoms felt crisp against her cheek.

The disordered newspaper jarred unpleasantly, and she began gathering the sheets and sifting them into neatness, folding section within section. Here and there a brilliant-colored drawing caught her eye. She was reflecting on the mass of clever work that daily perished in these illustrations. Some of them were memorably good.

A full-page picture arrested her. "Pan of Stony Brook," it was entitled in large lettering; and then underneath: "Remarkable statuette by Albert Fielding comes mysteriously to light on Kernochan beach. Was found by fishermen who believe it to have been washed out by recent storm. Has been identified as the model which Fielding executed for the Larchmont fountain, and which disappeared from his studio just before the close of the competition. The commission was awarded to Miss Francesca Hoyt, of Stony Brook, whose fountain is now on exhibition in the Paris Salon. Miss Hoyt is residing in Paris. No one at Stony Brook appears to know how the Fielding model came to be buried on the beach belonging to the Kernochan estate."

That was all. Just the full-page picture, bronze colored, of Fielding's arrow-straight little "Pan," and the paragraph of explanation underneath.

Francesca's face grew slowly crimson. Why did the paper bring her residence at Stony Brook into juxtaposition with the finding of this model at Stony Brook, unless in some way they meant to implicate her? And how could they?

What did it all mean?

Outside in the street, Fielding was putting his key in the gate.

The sight of numberless street events, bits of old architecture seen by sunset, the home-going human stream, the river, a rural donkey, and an automobile—all these together had accompanied his steps, and he came striding up the path to the open door of his studio, singing.

He stopped at the threshold, seeing there was some one inside. As he entered, she turned and faced him.

"Good evening," said Fielding. His trained eye took rapid note of the stranger before him. Francesca had elected to live in the artisan quarter, but she was dressed in the rue du Quatre-Septembre. "You wished to see me? I am Fielding." Suddenly he guessed that she was in some great trouble. He approached gravely, his eyes questioning.

"I am Francesca Hoyt," she began. And then she made a gesture and he saw the sheet with the picture of his "Pan" on the table. "I don't understand," she said.

When he remembered it afterward, Fielding realized that his mind had worked on a hair trigger, he had so quickly recovered himself, and he had said so glibly:

"Rubbish; all rubbish! I am very happy to meet you. Won't you sit down? I am sorry to have kept you waiting. I walked up. I often do. It's about the only exercise I get—that and my fencing. You mustn't attach importance to this newspaper report. It's really very innocent. I'm not at liberty to explain it, but I assure you it is nothing that need cause you distress."

"Nothing to cause me distress!" echoed Francesca. She unconsciously drew herself to her full height and faced him, charged to the eyes with the pressure of her rage and suffering.

"Do you know what they are saying in the Latin Quarter? They are saying that you did my 'Pan.' I came here to ask you to do me the justice to deny it. If they have seen this, what else must they think? Your design that you did not submit—is found on the place next to ours at Stony Brook—practically on our beach. How does it look to them? You don't know what it means to me—I know I did my work, but how can I prove it? I thought"—she moved a quick step forward—"you could help me. You see, if it gets believed that my work isn't mine, I can never enter a competition, I can never win a *Prix de Rome*, I can never make a name for myself. Some one has tried to ruin me. I know it sounds theatrical, but what can I believe? Why am I suspected? What have I ever done?"

"My dear child," he began, and then again, "my dear child——"

"What is this," she cried, "about your model being found at Stony Brook?"

"Come out into the garden," he said, temporizing. "It is growing dark here, and Lisette doesn't seem to be bringing the lights."

She followed him mechanically, as he led the way to a rustic bench beside the lilac bushes. The fragrance of the vague, white torches floated heavily on the faint air currents.

"Why should any one want to harm you?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, with a catch in her voice. "One hears of such things that have been done out of jealousy—but what have I ever done——?"

"Isn't it more likely that some one meant, mistakenly, but genuinely, to help you?"

She stared at him incredulously. "Do you *know* anything about this?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I do," said Fielding reluctantly. "Don't look like that! Please sit down. You must let me tell you so that it will be fair to—to some one else."

"I want you to be fair," she answered, "but can't you see that I can scarcely bear all this preliminary? I'm sorry. I can't sit down—I'm too nervous."

"Can you think," began Fielding, "of some one who would lay down his life for you, and who might, in misguided effort to serve you, make infinite trouble?"

"I don't know any one who would lay down his life for me," said Francesca.

"You are not being honest with me. Think! Who has stuck to you, and sympathized with your ambition, and sacrificed his pleasure to your need, posed for you with the patience of a saint, followed you over here? Who was it turned the whole Salon upside down to get your fountain moved?"

"Oh, Jasper!"

"At last!" exclaimed Fielding.

"But what connection is there—what could Jasper—won't you please simply tell me what happened? I don't like to be rude, but you are driving me mad!" cried Francesca.

"Simply this. Jasper came to my studio in Washington Square one terrific hot day last summer. He had your 'Pan.' He asked me to—to touch it up. And I did."

Francesca stood still and looked at him. Her parasol, driven by the unconscious violence of her hand, sank its ferule in the heart of a pansy border.

"*You did that!*" she whispered. "You, an artist!"

Fielding withdrew a little. He had meant to clear Jasper as much as he could, but he had himself to think of.

"Kernochan put your case rather compellingly," he said. "He really put me where I had to help struggling talent, or seem a hog. He showed me that I didn't need the glory. He showed me how you were handicapped by not needing to work for a living. He found me in a weak moment, I grant you. I was anxious to get over here and go to work on my Manassas——"

"How much did he pay you?"

"The five hundred you won for the fountain."

"My father will send you a draft for it, and I will ask you to return it to Jasper, and he will return your 'Pan.' It was a cowardly thing for you to do."

"But I tell you he made me see that I owed you the chance——"

"Jasper isn't an artist. You were. You should have resisted. You should have let him think you anything he pleased. But you should have preserved for me, an apprentice, the only thing I had—the integrity of my effort."

"Do you think," said Fielding, stung to retort in spite of his judgment, "that if I had gone in and taken the fountain away from you, you would be here now?"

"No. But I should be on my own feet. I shouldn't be under the meanest suspicion that can accuse an artist. I should be struggling along at home. I shouldn't be pointed out in the Latin Quarter for a cheat."

Stung to the quick, Fielding faced her. "We have both learned something," he said. "But since this has happened—and God knows I never expected it would ever leak out—I want to tell you that it went against me to do it, in the honesty of my soul. And yet——"

"Well?" she challenged.

"Kernochan doesn't understand morals," said Fielding thoughtfully. "I don't know that they mean anything to him. He's altogether pagan. But for that very reason, perhaps, he has intuitions and impulses that are obscure to you and me and the world at large. He's likely to stumble on original truth. He came to me that day because he felt that you were at a crisis. For you, this commission was the turning-point. If you failed, there was no telling how long you would take to recover, without incentive, from your defeat. You might be set back for years. You might never rally. Failure at your age is a sickness that may leave permanent effects. Jasper is made of finer stuff than we are. He sees naturally what the psychologist sees only upon infinite accumulation of test and proof. He felt your psychological moment, and he came to me, and he made me feel it. I don't care what you think of me. Think I did it for the money—just to get over here a couple of weeks sooner—think that I approach my work as a trade, driving bargains, substituting cheap goods. Think anything of me you please. I'm glad I did it, if it has put you where you can't turn back; if it's launched you."

Her eyes were strangely held by his. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "You talk of launching. It looks to me more like wreck."

Fielding, for the first time since their meeting, looked away from her to the pale dome of the unfinished cathedral, and his attention was caught for a moment by its great loveliness against the spring twilight. "If it were to happen to me," he said slowly, "I would live it down. When I exhibited my first Salon figure, 'The Shot-Putter,' I was accused of having made it of casts from nature."

"But if it had been *true?*"

"You mean if some kind, misguided friend had done it for me? I would have lived it down. I would have showed them; just as I have."

"I see," said Francesca. At the gate she hesitated. "What ought I to do about that—that newspaper—your 'Pan,' at Stony Brook?"

A whimsical smile lighted Fielding's face a moment. "If I were in your place," he said, "I should marry Kernochan, and let me present you with my 'Pan.' When you have a place of your own, I'll carry out the fountain for you, as a wedding present."

Jasper was sitting in the big dining-room of the Club when Francesca entered, and, seeing her, he cautiously crumpled himself behind a planted begonia.

There was something sure and high-hearted in the way she came down the long room, with all the curious students watching her.

Jasper's abnormal keenness saw that she knew everything, and that in some inexplicable way she would carry it through. She was growing strong wings. It seemed to him that they might even carry her out of his reach. And in the midst of all the complexity of a moral-ridden world, Jasper felt he had need of her.

She sat down at a not distant table, where she seemed to be expected.

"Yes," he heard her say in a clear voice that carried to listening, attentive ears, "I have seen Fielding. He *did* finish my 'Pan.'"

Jasper saw glances exchanged and eyebrows lifted through the room.

He was too far away to hear the rest of her explanation, but as he looked from table to table, half-suspicious pity was reflected on every face. Jasper saw a flame of color leap over Francesca's neck and cheeks and forehead, and the tears brim in her eyes.

He waited until she rose to leave, and then quietly followed her out of the Club. When she hailed an omnibus bound for the other side of the river, he mounted, unnoticed, behind her to the imperial.

The night was very soft. Before them, around the Opéra, Paris was ablaze with the radiance of theatres and cafés.

The omnibus crossed over the Pont Neuf. On the left they were leaving the dim pile of the Palais de Justice, and passing the silence and mystery of Notre Dame. The 'bus turned down into the black hole of the old quarters, through streets which were narrow and unlighted, where shutters were closed and no one passed.

Francesca's light gown outlined itself sharply against the grim masonry of the leaning walls. She looked terribly alone. With one of his intuitive impulses, Jasper went softly up to her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I meant everything to be different."

She looked up, and then with a little, kind gesture put her hand into the hand he extended, and drew him down beside her.

"You dear heart!" she said.

They rode in silence, her hand holding his still with that deep forgiveness. The 'bus came out on to the broad dark Place de la République, and they descended and began to walk slowly toward her studio. It was brighter here. Men were sitting with their families in doorways, gossiping and enjoying the flavor of the first warm night of spring.

"I have been very selfish, Jasper," Francesca said, breaking the long silence. "I have taken so much from you, and I've given nothing."

"You?" said Jasper. "Why, where would I be, Frances, if it weren't for you?"

"You'd have a career, perhaps, instead of giving everything you have in you to mine."

"A career? Me?"

"Well, I admit," laughed Francesca. Then the heavy strain of the visit to Fielding broke the last shred of her reserve, and she cried, right there in the street, in Jasper's hastily found handkerchief.

The people in doorways looked indulgently at the two Americans, for, quaintly oblivious of the outer world, Jasper had drawn her arm through his, and he was dancing.

The OPEN·BUNGHOLE *in the* RAILWAY·BARREL

by · Richard · Washburn · Child

Editor's Note.—If you, a business man, were to discover certain serious leaks in your private business, of course you'd try promptly to stop them up. Do you realize that the directing powers of the railways do not need to feel the same anxiety to look for leaks and stop them? But you, as consumer, pay the transportation bill; and that bill includes interest, dividends, and profits; salaries and expenses; graft, leaks, and rebates, direct and indirect. It's your vital interest to know about these leaks and grafts. If you don't stop them, you will pay for them in the end. This article will help you to a clear understanding of some very clouded issues.

THE consumers pay the national transportation bill. Nothing can be more clear. The payment of railroad rates is a charge upon nearly everything that is moved. The consumer will have the final voice in the regulation of the rates, because he pays the bill; and it is a bill for a necessary service rendered by monopoly.

Yet the present way to have the railroad business done is to attract to it private money by promising a reward. So here is another fact as clear as the first: The rewards offered must be sufficient to attract the impersonal thing, money, plus the personal thing, man's best effort. One can not squirm away from this fact. There is no sentiment about it. Animosity and ill-will and inaccuracies and passion may for a time keep men away from this conclusion. Such agitation has the economic value of any other form of chills and fever. Old scandal may be fed to the people. But it is loco-weed.

The real point is this: The consumer's bill for transportation—rates—must yield a sufficient reward to brains and money to have the all-important business of transportation done well, quickly, and safely; but it must, first, yield *the expense of the business.*

The public must bear two burdens—the profits of the business and the expense. We find them both in our transportation bill. Having looked at the former,* let us now look at the latter.

The astounding thing about the railroad question is that for twenty years no outsider's eyes have been on the cost of doing the business. The public has talked about the large dividends of the railroads, the railroads have talked about the small profits of the railroads. We have just begun to talk about the other charge we must pay—*expense.*

Problems of unnecessary expense are problems of *leaks;* perhaps the most important factor bearing on our national transportation bill is *waste.* These wastes must be discovered and stopped, and we want to look into the subject with the spirit of any business man who has determined to cut costs.

A summary of the important wastes in the railroad business is simple. It looks like this:

There are two kinds of waste.

The first is the waste of paying too much for things which are bought—too large an outgo.

The second is the waste of receiving too little for those things which are sold—too small an income.

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*See "Facing the Railway Facts," in the May number.

Of the first class of wastes there are two divisions.

One is the burdens thrown upon the railroads by the people.

The other is the burdens thrown upon the railroads by inefficient or dishonest management.

Of the second class of wastes there are also two divisions:

One is the waste involved in selling railroad securities too low.

The other is the waste of selling transportation at cut prices to favored shippers.

The suggestion that the consumers are themselves to blame for certain wastes may be surprising. It is none the less true that, in spite of the cold business fact that the consumers must finally pay for all waste in the railroad business, they themselves often encourage certain forms of it.

Such are the burdens thrown upon the railroads by ill-considered legislation, like the Sherman anti-trust law, by taxation, by the varied regulation of state commissions, by excessive charges for privileges, by the encouragement of dishonest damage and accident claims, and of conditions of employment which tend to drag men down to a common level of efficiency. And, by the curious laws of economic retribution, we must pay for all these wastes.

BLACKMAILING THE RAILROADS

Let us look, for instance, at the astonishing situation in regard to accidents.

The amount paid out every year by railroads for legal expense and damages on account of claims for death, personal injuries, or injury to freight, is increasing at an extraordinary pace. There are two causes at work. The first, of course, is the accidents. The second is the toleration by public opinion of the dishonest lawyer, of the dishonest and excessive personal injury claim, of the weak juror, and of the easy-going verdict against the corporation.

The consumer of transportation does himself a bad turn when he countenances a situation of this sort. Any money taken away by dishonest or unworthy claimants will finally come out of the consumer's own pocket. The public is to blame for waste of this kind—a waste which railroad managements can not very well complain of without inviting the belief that they are trying to dodge the responsibility of settling just claims. The railroad is almost helpless; it sees—as was the fact in an actual case—that over thirty per cent. of its damage payments, in and out of court, in a year, arose from claims that any honest, intelligent man, without prejudice, would call plain blackmail; and yet the road is unable to utter an effective protest. Juries are drawn from the public; public sentiment might save some of this waste.

OUR SHAMEFUL DEATH-ROLL

Let us look now at the other cause of this great waste.

The accident record of the American railroads is still almost as bad as it can be. The figures, familiar to nearly every one, continue to shock nearly every one—the railroad officials included.

In the year ending June 30, 1910, 450 passengers were killed and 15,515 were injured. This record was worse than that of any year since 1907, and its comparison with the record standing in England a year ago—a single passenger killed within a twelve-month—is another reminder of the shameful slaughter by the American roads in contrast with the comparative safety of European lines.

What of employees? Killed, 3,418. Injured, 68,925. In the light of these figures, war loses some of its terrors; the Federal army at the battle of Gettysburg fared better than this.

The Interstate Commerce Commission's office has gathered statistics which show that during the past four years over 309,000 passengers and employees have been killed or injured on our railroads. This, roughly, is one out of every 300 persons in the United States. It needs no argument to establish the economic waste involved in so extraordinary a record of death and injury.

For the peculiar national risk-taking trait of American travelers the railroads are not to blame, nor can they be held wholly accountable for the character so common among all our employees, which, no matter how admirable in other ways, adjusts itself with difficulty to discipline and is careless in its independent action. For faults of mechanism, on the other hand, a railroad of to-day has a clear moral responsibility.

This moral responsibility has never been clearly defined by government investigation, owing to the lack of an appropriation sufficient to carry on the work. The Block Signal & Train Control Board, however, has reported the need of extending the block signal system, of which the Interstate Commerce Commission, in an endeavor to obtain action by Congress, has said: "There is no difference of opinion as to the merits of the system, and no one raises any question as to the propriety of legislative compulsion in the matter." As to this, at least, the consumer may make his influence felt.

Just as we are to blame in part for accident and damage claim wastes, so also are we to blame in part for an irregular and badly administered taxation of railroad property.

A more stringent valuation of railroad property, combined with an increase in the real value of such property, has resulted in a marked enlargement of the taxation burden.

The figures, even then, surprise the ordinary individual by their rapid ascent:

TAXES OF ALL STEAM RAILROADS

Calendar Years	*Total Taxes*	*Track Mileage*	*Taxes per Mile of Track*
1905	$54.553,620	299,912	$182.00
1906	68,169,833	312,960	219.00
1907	74,253,245	324,033	230.00
1908	82,377,619	333,776	246.00
1909	90,790,949	343,387	265.00

As a sentimental question there is no necessity to sympathize with the roads on this account. But from a cold business point of view, the thought—just now it may not be more than a thought—is that the day may come when good sense will ask or demand that the states shall exempt the railways from taxation; for the tax expense of our railroads is, in the last analysis, nothing more than a payment back to the community of a part of the rates charged for service rendered to the community.

If rates were regulated to provide for the expense of this business of public necessity, plus a profit to those who were undertaking the business efficiently, then any burden of taxation would be not a tax on the railroads, but a tax on the people. Indeed, this is probably true to-day. Here is another example of the futile notion that the people can eat their cake and still have it—a notion that clouds the truth.

These matters are brought out first, because if the consumer is to blame for wastes, in part, he had better know of it—at least, before going on in his analysis of the national transportation bill to consider those wastes over which he has no control.

The two kinds of waste expense in the railroad business for which the consumer is not to blame, proceed from *graft* and *inefficiency.*

These are plain words. They sound harsh. But they are not vindictive; nor are they to be understood as applicable to every road or to the rank and file of managers and men who sit on boards of directors. Nor is it the purpose of this article to shock readers with disagreeable criticism of personalities.

THE DIRECTORS' FINGER IN THE PIE

The graft is of that natural kind which grows out of daily relations, the desire to favor friends, the love of making a dollar. It is growing less, but to assume that it does not contribute to the waste for which the consumer must pay finally, is to swallow an absurdity.

The field of graft is in the relation of boards of directors or other officials with some one who has something to sell to the railroad. It makes no difference what the corporation is buying—whether it be finance, construction, new additions to property, renewals of equipment, or current supplies—the temptation is always there. We can not be as much surprised at the existence of the temptation as at the fact that it is so often resisted.

How often do directors, as individuals, buy buildings, land, branch roads, or steamship lines only in order to sell them to the corporation they control? How often does some financial interest make a construction contract with the board of directors under its control? Not so often now as in the old days when, in the Central and Union Pacific roads, groups in the boards of directors voted themselves and their friends construction contracts which, in the one case, amounted to over 121 million and yielded a profit of over 60 million, and, in the other, resulted in a cost of 95 million dollars for building the road from Omaha to Ogden, over 40 million being profit to the contractors. But the construction company closely affiliated with a railroad is not yet an obsolete device.

A few years ago a report of a committee of the National Convention of Railway Commissioners said: "It is well known that railroad companies often contract with themselves for the building of their roads; that is, that on one side of the table it was a railway company and on the other side a construction company. . . . And the experience has been that in such cases the railroad companies have been very liberal in this allowance of stock and bonds to the construction company."

Within three years a large manufacturer in the Middle West sold a short "industrial road" connected with his plant to a group of men, some of whom were directors of a large railroad system, for something over $300,000. Several months later, when he was in New York, a bond salesman offered him, as an investment, securities issued by the railway, and explained that the money derived from this new issue was to pay off a floating debt which, among other things, had been contracted to purchase the "industrial road" at a price of over $750,000. Somewhere between the manufacturer's selling price and the railroad's buying price was a profit of $400,000.

THE FINANCIER'S GRAFT

As with contracts for construction or purchase of properties, so also may it be with the relation of the road and its "bankers." In determining charges to be paid for putting securities on the market, it is difficult for a director to forget the patronage which has placed him on the board—seldom is he the representative in spirit of the rank and file of stockholders, and often he is the manikin of a "financial house." This has resulted, unquestionably, in saddling the railroads with charges in excess of what they should pay—of what they would have to pay for "finance" in the open market. To this extent it is a form of waste—and, like the others, borne by the consumers of transportation.

It is not to be supposed that "finance" is not a proper expense. There is no reason why the railroads should not, when necessary, employ the Wall Street middleman who has built up a reputation as a retailer of attractive investments. This middleman is justified in charging for his services, as much as the fruit and fish commission merchants charge for theirs.

But the discount of the financier, or his commission, whether in terms of cash or stock, should be measured by the service rendered. If the financier can *control* the *board of directors* of the railroad by patronage or pull, and determine when securities are to be issued and what commission the banker shall make on them, or at what discount he may purchase them, *the presumption is that the financier will make for himself too good a bargain.* If the bargain is a bad one for the road, it tends, like all other wastes, toward higher rates or less service.

RESPECTABLE TIN SOLDIERS

Nor is this waste confined to "honest graft." It occurs sometimes through lack of imagination. The city of Philadelphia last year tried a popular sale of its bonds "over the counter." The common custom of selling the issue in block to large Wall Street establishments was abandoned. The bonds were sold direct to the people and were taken immediately. It is not too visionary—is it?—to look forward to some of our railroads' selling their new issues "over the counter." Would there be a lack of purchasers if the Pennsylvania Railroad should attempt this method? How many others of our more prosperous roads are there that could market securities just as they market tickets—"through the window"? Is it not possible that the financier, like all other middlemen, is always credited currently with more usefulness than careful analysis will justify?

A greater waste, however, than that which may occur in the marketing of securities, occurs in the intercorporate relation of railways; and for the same cause—namely, that boards of directors are too often the manikins of a "financial house." This is a large-holed sieve. The possibilities are almost beyond the dream of the average investor or of the average man who bears the cost of national transportation. A financier, controlling through "patronage" a board of directors, can engineer, if he is so disposed, a hundred forms of bad bargains which the railroad must make with other railroads. It is impossible to say that these bargains often represent fraud on the part of directors. Often the bad bargain is the result of the strong, fine hand of a powerful manipulator working with respectable tin soldiers.

Suppose you were this manipulating financier sitting before your open fire. You might well conceive the notion that you could gain control of the directors of the United Short Line. It might occur to you that you already could wield a large influence over the directors of the Blackacre Railroad. Your friends, the Metal Locomotive Company and the Bonanza Express Company, are large stockholders in the Blackacre Company, and their representatives on that board will be glad, in exchange for your helping them to make new contracts for the supply of locomotives or the carriage of express, to assist you when you wish to put anything through.

Now, the United Short Line is a little railroad—a bit burdened with securities, perhaps, and suffering from a management grown old-fashioned. It would be easy to buy a control of its stock at a low price. The future does not look well to the present stockholders. Perhaps you can work with your friend in the broker's office just across from you on Nassau Street, to manipulate the market for United Short Line downward so that you can gain control at a low price.

ONE USE FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

This accomplished, you can tell the directors of the Blackacre Railroad Company that when properly managed the United Short Line would be very profitable. You might even make yourself believe it. You might suggest a lease of the Short Line to the Blackacre Company. You work out an "ethical" bargain. The rental of the Short Line ought to be enough to secure to its stockholders a continuance of the old dividend. To be sure, the Short Line would need a thorough overhauling next year, but this is the unfortunate result of the conduct of the road in the past. Last year's earnings are a fair measure of the rental value, after all.

And now you have leased your Short Line to the Blackacre Road. On the basis of the advantage gained, the stock of Short Line goes up, and you sell. Then suppose the Blackacre Railroad loses half a million a year on the operation of the Short Line. What can be done about that? Well—the rates on certain of its own business can be raised. They must be raised! Otherwise, the investors' dividends will be cut. For two reasons this would be unthinkable, the Blackacre Company will say. The first is that the investors are widows and orphans, who have bought stock in good faith, depending on the continued earning power of the Blackacre system to keep up market value and dividends. The second is that more money is needed, and if the earning power is not kept up by these higher rates, it will be hard to borrow this money or sell new securities. But the bare-bone facts are that the profit of the deal went to the man in Wall Street, and the public and the investor can match pennies to see who takes the loss.

LEAKS THROUGH "FRIENDSHIP"

Such a transaction gives birth to no practical legal redress. It may not have even impressed those who engineered it as being morally wrong. They may feel righteous indignation at criticism—particularly at criticism which seems to them to be sensationally phrased. Indeed, they abuse Mr. Roosevelt and others who object to the results of the game. And when you hear these men talk, you believe they are sincere. The only trouble is with their point of view. It differs from the point of view of the investor and the public, who see, as we have said, that the result of the proceeding is to leave investors and the public matching pennies for the loss.

The possibility of such intercorporate trades in form of leases and sales and agreements is almost endless. In conjunction with the effect large traders can have on the stock market, such manipulations are too easily possible for any one to believe that they do not enter from time to time as a charge upon our national transportation bill.

There is a wide field of loss to the railroads in the purchase of equipment and supplies. Here is another leak—a waste which only the most thorough investigation can measure.

Such a waste may be the result of actual fraud, as in the recent case of the Illinois Central. This road lost, through fraudulent bills rendered by car-repair companies owned by its own officers, a sum that quickly mounted up above a million dollars. It is fair to add, however, that the Illinois Central is now cleaning house.

On the other hand, these wastes in railroad purchases and contracts most often arise, not through indictable fraud, but through "friendship."

The four great steel companies, with sixty-five directors, are represented by forty of these directors on the boards of directors of fifty-two railroads.

The interchange of directors between the railroads and the express companies is too well known to need comment.

The numbers of sons and sons-in-law of railroad presidents and officers who are engaged in the railway equipment and supply business, make a long list well known to railway supply salesmen who have endeavored to break the barriers of patronage.

There is in Chicago an agent for the sale of railway supplies, whose presents of automobiles and other trinkets at Christmas and on other occasions are in the aggregate a remarkable remembrance of friendship with those influential in the railway systems. It is said—and there is no reason to disbelieve the authority for the story—that in his office an elaborate card system is maintained, in which are entered the names, addresses, birthdays, dispositions, and value of men and their wives who may have the power to return the good-will.

WEAKNESS OR DISHONESTY? OR BOTH?

Again, there is the case of an Eastern railroad paying a foundry company eighty dollars a ton for castings which it can make itself for thirty-four dollars a ton, and it is found that one of the directors of the road is interested in the foundry company. There is the well-known example of a prominent money-lender, of whom it was said that he never sat at a meeting of a railroad board without representing some one of the railroad supply concerns.

These particular examples are probably extreme. To assert that railroad directors, presidents, and officers, as a class, deliberately misuse their office to favor steel companies, oil concerns, car-repair companies, and the rest, would not be fair. Yet who can doubt that the railroads are not seldom, but often, made the victims of this waste, not only through the dishonesty of purchasing agents, but through the *dishonesty or weakness* of directors and superiors! This waste of "honest graft" appears in the sum total of our national transportation bill. It calls attention to the need of a new standard of directors' responsibility, to the necessity of forbidding, under heavy penalty, the direct or indirect interest of railroad directors and officers in outside corporations with which the railroad does business, and to the clear necessity of compelling railroads to report their purchases, prices, and the names of the persons or corporations with whom they make contracts. Both consumer and investor have an interest in the application of these remedies.

CAN'T WE SAVE THAT TEN CENTS?

Now let us look at the national transportation bill again.

Out of every dollar charged on this bill, seven cents is paid out in dividends; but seventy cents is paid out to run the business and keep up the earning power. If we cut the dividends two cents, we should only reduce the whole transportation bill a mite. But if we could reduce the expense from seventy to sixty cents, we should gain a saving worth our effort. To stop the leaks of "friendship" comes first, but the waste of lax management has become too important an issue to escape attention.

If one chooses, it is possible to separate expense of operation into two parts: 1. Traffic expense. 2. Expense not a part of the actual movement of freight and passengers. That is, railroads have to run trains; and apart from running them, they also have to keep track, bridges, buildings, and rolling stock in repair. The important expense to consider is that connected, not with the first activity, as one might suppose, but with the second. Therefore any waste occurring by a low standard of business science would appear larger in the second activity than in the first.

The fact is that American railroads have developed the economies of the first activity —the movement of passengers and freight —to a very high degree. The saving of the wastes of competition, which is so often supposed to be attended with a failure of the old stimulus to saving, has not in the matter of traffic resulted in railroad degeneracy.

It is in the other operating function of railroads—the repair of cars, locomotives, and track, renewals of construction, shop work, and the other "secondary" activities, that railroads are behind those industrial enterprises in which competition makes every penny look like a dollar.

In the first place, the railroads, with some exceptions, are all caught with an old-fashioned method of determining efficiency. They lean on *comparative costs*. They judge the reasonableness of expenditure on any piece of work by comparing the cost with the cost of doing the same thing last year—a comparison of cost at different times. Then they compare the cost with the cost of the same thing to other roads—a comparison of cost at different places. The trouble is that last year the cost might have been too much or too little, or the cost on the other road may be too much or too little. Conditions differ with time and place. It is necessary to set up a *standard cost*. The operation calling for expense should be analyzed to the last detail and a determination of each detail cost made. Only then can leaks be found. This, at least, is the contention of those men who have been *forced* to a *standard cost system* in manufacturing industries, where sharp competition in a wide market has made necessary a scientific analysis of cost. Results have filled the measure of proof to the brim.

NO STANDARD FOR EFFICIENCY—YET

The case of locomotive repairs will serve as an example of the lack of this science in railroad work. A locomotive is sent to the shop. No one knows beforehand what it will cost to repair it. Among other things, a cylinder head has to be replaced. In a general way it will cost so much to do it. How do we know? Why, that is about what we have been doing it for; it costs the Pennsylvania $1.89 more, so we hear. Other locomotives come for repairs. At the end of the year we figure up that we have spent so much a mile of locomotive movement for locomotive repairs—*i. e.*, ten cents. Last year it was a little over ten cents. There is a saving.

Of course it may be no such thing! The "efficient" cost may have been *more* than was spent last year to keep locomotives in good repair. The decrease in cost may represent waste just as much as an increase might have represented waste. Some particular cost is the *proper* cost for every detail of operation. Industrial managements have determined the proper cost. *And the Santa Fé, by detail costs in locomotive repair, saved twenty-five per cent. on this expense.* Generally, however, the railroads have been behind in this field. This inefficiency produces a waste which the consumer must insist on forcing out.

To a less degree there is opportunity for saving the energy of labor. The industrial enterprises have not stopped when they have put a tool or a machine in charge of a human hand and brain. They have gone about the business of analyzing waste motions—the waste motions of a man feeding iron bolts to a threading machine, the waste motions of a man laying bricks or packing shoes into cases. Then they have educated their men to make a saving. With the same energy and hours, production has been increased. Man and industry and national prosperity are the better for it. This, too, is not an impractical suggestion for the indoor work, and much of the outdoor work, of railroads.

REBATES STILL WITH US

No doubt the possible saving has been overestimated by the shippers in their recent plea against rate advances. It is true that the largest railroad economies have already been accomplished, and that it would take time to introduce so-called "efficiency." But the waste is still great as compared with scientifically managed industrial plants, and the most intolerable fault of public service companies is not improper profits to investors, but preventable waste.

So far we have considered waste involved in *buying too high*.

There is a waste, also, in *selling too low*. Indeed, here is the most vicious waste of all.

The product of a railroad is transportation. If railroads sell to favored individuals or classes at a lower rate than is charged to others, *considering, of course, the value and cost of the service*, it means that the road is selling either at an unreasonably high price to some shippers, or at an unreasonably low price to others. From the point of view of the public, and in most cases from the point of view of the investor, the situation is one of waste.

Is it really existent?

We have legislated against rebates with success; we have rid ourselves of "midnight tariffs," which were rates put into effect to cover the shipment of a favored shipper and withdrawn immediately to prevent others from taking advantage of it. So to-day the favored shipper takes his rebate in the form of some sort of charge against the railroad, or by demanding favors of routing shipments, or by obtaining favors openly in the published tariffs.

What difference does it make whether the favors are given secretly or openly? Except for the moral question, absolutely no difference. The waste is there as much in one case as the other. In any form the favor to the shipper who is always big enough to *demand* rather than beg favors, is usually a favor to a trust or to a combination that can control prices to a greater or less extent. The favor to the big shipper is, therefore, an addition to the big shipper's profits, rather than a saving which he will hand on to the consumer. The favor gives the big shipper an assistance in suppressing competition.

THE BIG SHIPPER DICTATES RATES

The protective tariff has been called the mother of trusts, but railroad rate favors have an equal claim to the maternity. Favors in rates not only mean waste to railroads; they mean the creation and fostering of price-controlling monopolies.

There is no difference of opinion about this. We talked it over long ago, acted in our indignation, and now we know that rebates have stopped. Discrimination is at an end, we understand.

It is *not* at an end.

The published tariffs are loaded with favoritisms which benefit the big shipper and which usually are not initiated by railroads, but are forced out of the roads by threats of withdrawing large blocks of business.

President Ripley of the Sante Fé, said, in answer to a question as to why certain rates were too low, "the railroads were absolutely helpless and have been, always, as against the shipper."

Even as to the rate advances proposed, the testimony showed that some roads did not dare attempt advances on trust commodities. The freight account auditor of the New York Central was asked if there was an increase proposed on sugar.

"I believe not."

"Nor on iron and steel?"

"I do not think there was."

And the same answer was made as to paper, cement, lead, spelter, copper, and packing-house products.

"Is it not a fact within your knowledge as a traffic man that those were all known as trust goods?" was asked.

"I do not know," said the witness.

J. B. Thayer, vice-president of the Pennsylvania, said that iron and steel had been put into the commodity list because the steel men some years ago threatened to build a competing road. The rates have been raised since.

The traffic vice-president of the New York Central admitted that sugar was being carried at a rate that was not "compensatory."

"Sugar is not bearing its proper share of the cost of transportation, is it?" was asked.

"I do not feel as if it was bearing as much as it should," said the official, and he explained that the road had been in the position of keeping the rate too low or of being obliged to see the traffic of the trust and other shippers snatched away.

Mr. Maxwell, of the Erie, testified that in the new increased tariff steel products were exempted by putting them into the commodity list and so keeping the old rate without an increase. Like Mr. Thayer of the Pennsylvania, however, the witness pointed out that there had been increases of the steel rates in the past.

The temper of all this testimony is to admit the uneven distribution of rates as between the "trust" shippers and the smaller shippers who can not hold large losses of traffic over the heads of the railroads.

Consider, now, the published-rate tariff favors given single shippers, or single groups of shippers, who have been able to exercise enough pressure to gain a discrimination that will offset the old state of rebates they used to enjoy.

THE PLUM FOR THE PACKERS—

There was a time when large industrial shippers took rebates in the form of charges against the railways for use of their private tap lines, switches, and sidings. The Harvester trust, through the Illinois Northern and West Pullman private roads, was shown in a suit in 1905 to have taken what amounted to rebates in the form of excessive charges that totaled $3,500,000. Is this sort of practise a custom of the past? It is doubtful. The Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, when this is written, owns coal mines in Illinois. It pays a rate of seventy-five cents to its plant. But the company owns a little private road of its own, covering about 5 per cent. of the distance the coal is hauled. For this 5 per cent. of distance the little private road gets 20 per cent. of the seventy-five-cent rate.

Then here is the case of Deere & Company, a big shipper of farm tools from Moline, Illinois. On shipments of iron and steel from Pittsburg this concern used to receive a rebate of five cents a hundred on a rate of twenty-six cents. After the rebates were stopped, the shipper influenced the road to reduce the published rate to twenty-three cents. It is now, when this is written, an existent rate of discrimination.

The large meat packers, the trust, ship products in refrigerator or "route" cars. The rates on "route" cars are through rates from point of shipment to any other point. The little shipper has to ship to jobbing centers, from which distribution is made to the point of retailing. His product bears the rate to the jobbing center plus the rate to the point of retailing. The meat trust burden is from eight to eighteen cents less, and the advantage the trust gains is a result of the unusual departure from the railroads' custom of making a rate to a local station near a jobbing center, based on the rate to the jobbing center plus the rate to the local station. The advantage is no less an advantage because there is no rebate practise.

—AND THE LEMON FOR THE RAILROADS

The lighterage charges in New York harbor in the transportation of sugar are made against the railroads by the trust shippers, or their allies in trade. If not amounting to a rebate practise, any excessive charge of this kind amounts to the same total of discrimination. There are innumerable instances of shippers charging railroads for services which they perform for themselves. By balancing excessive charges against the railroad charge, they procure an advantage over other shippers. The charges made by shippers of grain for elevator service are often good examples. The rebate itself has nearly disappeared, but more modern forms of taking and hiding the discriminatory favor have replaced it. One particularly vicious form of evading the rebate law was shown when the Southern Pacific took oranges from the orchard to packing-houses and then shipped them out of California. The first part of the shipment was not interstate and so not under Federal jurisdiction. On this part of the shipment, the road rebated one-half its charges. But the rebate was really on the whole shipment. The road pleaded guilty. Other shippers have tried the same device; the case is not rare.

Another form of taking a "rebate" is shown in several recent pleas of guilty by shippers who have, with or without the knowledge of the railroad, falsified the weight or contents of their shipments.

THE REAL PARASITES

It is not necessary to go farther in this disagreeable field before reaching the conviction that the anti-rebate laws have not relieved the railroads from the parasite of the favored shipper. The success of a shipper in forcing his demands is in direct ratio to his size and influence. *So the trusts are the principal beneficiaries of unequal railroad rates. The benefit which the shipper derives from discrimination is an expense to the consumer.*

Like the "insider" who sells the railroad something at too high a price because he can bulldoze or cajole the management, the big shipper buys something from the railroad at too low a price, because he, too, can bulldoze or cajole the management. The investor and the public match pennies to see who takes the loss.

Right here is the first task of the consumer. The consumer, just now, can afford to forget the profits of railways—at least, the profits *that reach the investors*. It is the *losses* of the railroad business that are important.

Government regulation of rates, for the present, should bend its principal energy toward aiding the railroads to shake off the parasite of the big shipper who seeks *special privilege.*

Anti-rebate laws have not been sufficient, because favors may be taken by shippers in forms which, as a practical matter, a criminal prosecution under present laws can not reach.

Regulation aimed at discrimination by the Interstate Commerce Commission, with its present powers, has been ineffective to wipe out the evil, principally because of the difficulty of keeping investigation going at a pace equal to the multiplication of secret devices and the growth of new cases of discrimination in the published tariffs.

It has been urged by some persons that consolidation of roads, properly guarded, would do more than anything else to prevent the evil, because it is principally com petition that allows the big shipper to auction his business to the lowest bidder and play one railroad interest against another.

But probably the best immediate step would be to declare *that no act of transportation which is part of an interstate shipment, done by the shipper or other parties than the railroads, shall be charged against the railroads, unless an approval of the charge is first made by the Commission.*

It is poor policy to encourage industrials to engage in the transportation business. It is good policy to discourage their doing so. This applies to private freight cars, the private refrigerator cars, icing charges, tap lines, lighterage, switching privileges, and any of the multitude of real and fictitious rentals or charges which are made against the railroads as an offset to an interstate rate.

The punishment of the shipper for accepting a rate less than the published tariff should be made more stringent. There are two parties to discrimination. The one with the profit is the one to penalize. It is usually the shipper who contrives the breach or evasion of law; it is usually the desperate traffic man who yields, and the moral blame does not often extend beyond his own weakness.

MAKE THE BIG SHIPPER BEAR HIS BURDEN

The greatest difficulty, however, lies in the *published discriminatory rate.* The Commission is embarrassed in this matter. It may determine that a "trust" is receiving unduly low rates. It raises the rates. The "trust" raises the price of its product. Both the product and transportation are necessities. The Commission, so far as the consumers' interest is concerned, has only succeeded in shifting so many cents of the consumers' burden from transportation to the "trust" product. Indeed, the case is even worse. For the consumer may not receive all the benefit in reduction of other rates which may come from raising the rate to the "trust." But we are taking care of transportation now; the business-like way is to make the big shippers bear their burdens and then fight their arbitrary fixing of prices when we have to. If we can not regulate transportation without regulating other monopolies, let us regulate the transportation first and start in on the new task we have made for ourselves. Few of us like it. We are individualists. But necessity has a louder voice than any doctrine. There is little or no basis of reason which supports the regulation of public service companies and does not apply it to any monopoly of necessities. Of course, we have much more freedom from arbitrary price-fixing than we suppose. The production of fuel, food, and clothes is not yet out of competition, but the wagging of heads full of maxims and precedents has raised between the so-called public utilities and other businesses a distinction which rests wholly on fictions.

CUT OUT RATE FAVORS

It would be refreshing, therefore, to see what would happen if the Commission and the railroads, acting together with vigor, should shut off the rate favors to the big shippers. It might have the effect of precipitating regulation of the powerful industrials; but probably it would help to defer that task by tending to extend competition in the production of necessities. In any case, it would "repair confidence in railroad capital," if it were tried. It would cut out a waste in the railroad business.

After analyzing the national transportation bill, the consumer will not direct his complaint toward the legitimate profits which reach investors or those whose services in the business are worthy of reward. But this does not mean that the consumer will tolerate secrecy, irresponsibility, insiders' profits, and gentlemen's rake-offs in the circle of boards of directors and railroad financiers of the undesirable type. It does not mean that the consumer will continue to overlook the wastes of the business which finally he must bear. The consumer is willing to support the expense and profit of the transportation business, but not the expense and profit of market gamblers, speculating syndicates, and directors who act in collusion with outsiders to milk railroad incomes.

After all, the cause of the consumer, the cause of the investor, and even the cause of the best type of railroad management are one.

THE PLACE OF DREAMS

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

BACK to the Place of Dreams I came, where I was young so long—
An old house in the sunset's flame, the great sea's crooning song.

◆

And there upon the dunes one stood who gave no heed to me,
A slender slip of maidenhood between the sun and sea.

◆

The sea wind on her gypsy face, the sea spray on her hair,
For all I shared the selfsame place, she did not heed me there.

◆

Only upon the sand dunes high she stood as one who sees
Between the blue of sea and sky his outbound argosies,

◆

And dares to dream of their return with treasures manifold,
With strange, great gems that flash and burn, and cloth of vair and gold.

◆

Ah well, she did not guess at all the loss that shipwreck seems,
Or know what havoc would befall her fragile fleet of dreams.

◆

But I, I turned and left her there; she did not see me go—
A dreaming girl with wind-tossed hair that once I used to know.

◆

Oh, little ghost, dream on content, not yours life's wreck and wrong.
Out from the Place of Dreams I went where I was young so long.

YOUNG CHINA at SCHOOL

by Edward Alsworth Ross

Author of "SIN AND SOCIETY," "SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY," etc.

WHEN we came to board the ferry plying across the Yellow River at Tungkwan Pass, the boatmen slid out two pieces of plank whipsawed from a tree that had frequently changed its mind. They were so crooked that they would turn over when you stepped on them. Of course our mules balked at the wretched gangway, and half an hour was wasted in forcing them to leap into the boat. At debarkation there was more waste of time in making them jump from boat to beach. A proper gangway with cleats on it would have saved all the trouble. Now, these ferry men make, say, three thousand trips a year, and at least half the time mules are passengers. Experience ought long ago to have convinced them that a mule will not trust himself to their crazy planks. But the theory is that the planks *ought* to work, so down to the present moment, no doubt, they are run out every time the ferry touches shore.

It is a Chinese trait to go on employing a likely means without considering whether as a matter of fact they are getting the coveted results. The river junk has a big eye painted on either side of the prow so that the boat may "look see" its way. The Chinese have never inquired whether these optical craft fare better than others in the crowded waterways. Just inside the gateway to a courtyard a brick screen is built, in order that the viewless flying demons of the air may collide disastrously with it when they seek to enter a domicile. To no one has it occurred to mark whether families without such screens have worse luck than other families. The night watchman steadily claps as he goes his rounds, the theory being that his din will scare away the thieves. In all the centuries no one has pointed out that in practise the thieves are warned of the watchman's approach, and, once he is past, work in perfect security.

If such be the neglect to scrutinize results in simple matters, what guesswork there will be in the higher realm! Thus it *looks* as if moral precept will mold character; and so the Chinese endlessly rehearse precept without noting its utter want of effect. It *looks* as if memorizing the noble teachings of the sages will form the incorruptible official; and so the classics are made the basis of

THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES A CHINESE CHARACTERISTIC. CRUDE, CROOKED PLANKS ARE USED ON AN IMPORTANT FERRY ALTHOUGH A PROPER GANGWAY WOULD SAVE HOURS OF TIME AND TROUBLE.

training for government service, with the result that nowhere does performance square less with profession than in China. It *looks* as if eloquent admonitions from the throne will check corruption; and so the hortatory edicts continue to pour forth. Of course they can never reform the mandarins, because they furnish no new incentive to right doing. It *looks* as if parents will make better matches than the young people, so they have given parents full control of matrimony, with the result that there are now in China at least eighty millions of foot-bound wives, crippled from girlhood to please the perverted taste of fathers-in-law!

In a word, the Chinese have never accepted *the principle of efficiency*, which is, that the methods or means to be chosen for a given purpose should not be those which *seem appropriate*, but those which *actually do produce* most surely, promptly, and economically the coveted results. They fail to discriminate real from apparent fitness, because they have never made the efficiency of agents and processes an object of inquiry.

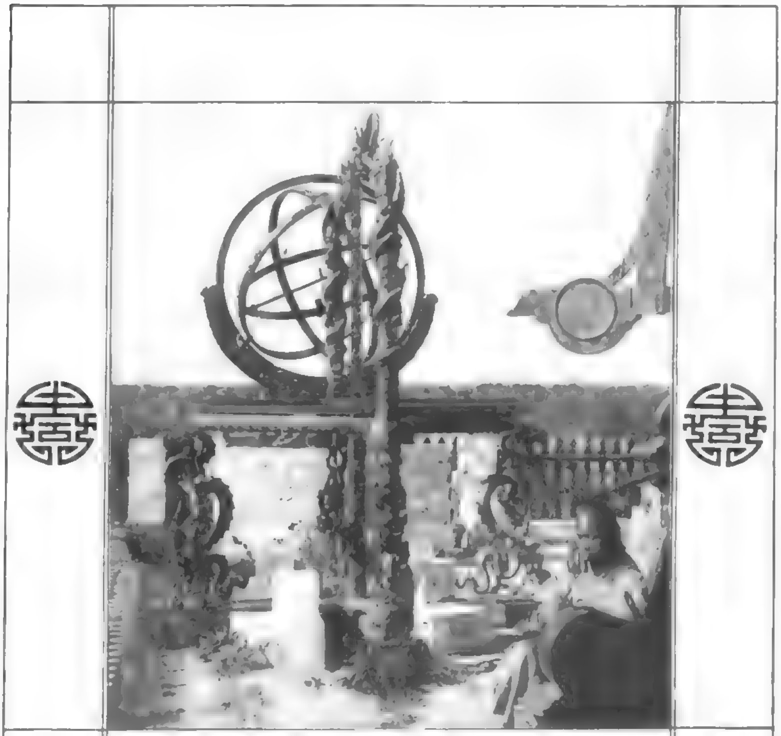
Not that there is anything queer in the working of the Oriental brain. Their popular thought is unripe, that is all. The bulk of the Chinese match up well with our forefathers between the fourteenth and the seventeenth centuries. For in the Middle Ages white men were just as haphazard, casual, and uncritical as are the yellow men to-day. They looked for "signs and wonders in the heavens" and trembled at comets. They held that blood-root, on account of its red juice, must be a blood purifier; that liverwort, having a liver-shaped leaf, would cure liver disease; that eyebright, being marked with a spot like an eye, was good for eye troubles; and so on. They fasted, exorcised demons, burned witches, trusted talismans, paraded sacred images, wore relics of the saints, sought the king's touch to cure scrofula, marched in religious processions to bring change of weather, and hung consecrated bells in steeples to ward off lightning.

It was the rise of the natural sciences that cleared the fog from the European brain. In the building of astronomy, physics, chemistry, and physiology were wrought out certain methods—observation, measurement, trial and error, experiment—which were as helpful for practical life as for science. For a method that connects cause and effect may also light up the relation between effort and result.

The army of Frederick the Great is, perhaps, the first big instance of scientific method in the service of efficiency. Later, the Prussian civil service, French engineering, English machine industry, and British sanitary administration became the world's marvels. To-day, the great models are the army, consular service, laboratories, and industrial schools of Germany; the navy, municipalities, and inspection services of Great Britain; the highways, art industries, and viticulture of France; and the experiment stations, reformatory systems, and industrial plants of the United States. Not a day passes but the quest for maximum efficiency stirs the dry bones in some neglected field. It is displacing the argument method of determining policies. Reformatory and juvenile court, outdoor relief and charity organization, coeducation and vocational training, the religious revival and the institutional church, equal suffrage and the commission plan of city government will stand or fall according to the outcome of a minute study of their results. By the middle of this century the principle of efficiency will be master in every department of Western civilization.

Pitting China against a West armed with this technique of success is like pitting the sixteenth century against the twentieth. Our forefathers would match us in intellect but not in practical power. Likewise the Chinese, for all their latent ability, are hopelessly outclassed by us in efficiency. Whenever they have measured strength with the West, this ancient and proud people, assimilator of so many savage tribes and barbarian hordes, has had a maddening sense of impotence—as of a trance-bound man who can neither stir nor cry out.

It was Japan that shook China's faith in herself. The early clashes with English and French made little impression, for she had met warlike barbarians before. Defeat her they might, but in the end she led them captive with her civilization. These "red-haired" people were simply a new and very fierce race of barbarians—that was all. But when, in the war of 1894-5, the "Eastern islanders," who owed all their knowledge and arts to China, overmatched them at every point, the Chinese were staggered. What else but their borrowings from the West could have made the Japanese suddenly so strong? Then came in quick succession the Emperor's reforms, the Dowager's *coup d'état*, the humiliations of 1900, and the



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ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS ON THE OBSERVATORY AT PEKING.

burden of indemnities. It became clear that dismemberment and serfdom would be the doom of China unless some means were found to energize this ocean of men. What finally suggested itself was the adoption of Western civilization in its main features, and education in the special branches that underlie the arts of the West.

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

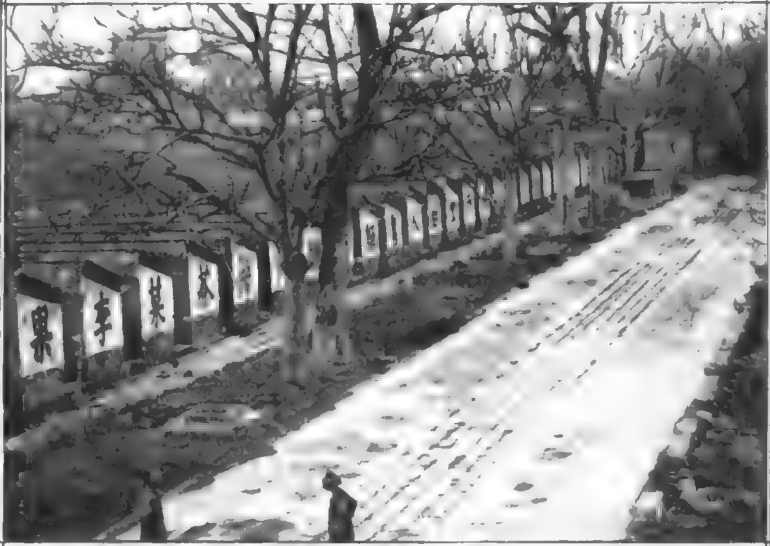
POLE-VAULT OF 9 FEET 6 INCHES AT THE TIENTSIN FIELD-MEET.

The old education of China was concerned with Chinese history and classic literature. No science, nothing of the geography or history of other nations, nothing of mathematics but the rudiments. Of social science and government no more than was embodied in the writings of the sages. The object was to store the memory and cultivate an approved literary style. The government provided no schools, but held competitive examinations and conferred degrees. Its stamp gave the scholar his rating, and to the successful the doors of preferment stood open. At the capitals were acres of tiny examination cells where annually several thousand aspirants passed three days in the throes of literary composition.

Six years ago a system of national education was decreed in which schools of all grades should be provided by the government and the course of study should include Western branches as well as Chinese. There was to be a primary school in every village, a grammar school in each of the walled towns, a "middle school" in every prefecture, and for the province a college and a normal school. Frequently commercial, technical, agricultural, military, and law schools were added. The edifice was crowned by the Imperial University at Peking.

Enthusiasm for the new education spread like wild-fire. The examination cells were razed, and on their site rose college halls. Schools were set up in temples, and to-day, under lofty pillared roofs, you find little fellows in queues reciting before the grim god of war or the benign Kwan-yin, goddess of mercy. Old schoolmasters threw themselves into "short courses" in order to find a footing in the new system. Those who had picked up the rudiments of some Western branch suddenly commanded salaries that were the envy of ripe scholars of the old type.

An immense demand for text-books has sprung up, and at Shanghai the Commercial Press, the biggest publishing house in Eastern Asia, employs a thousand people. From it issue primers, readers, histories, geographies, mathematics and science books in Chinese, English readers suited to adult beginners, annotated English classics,



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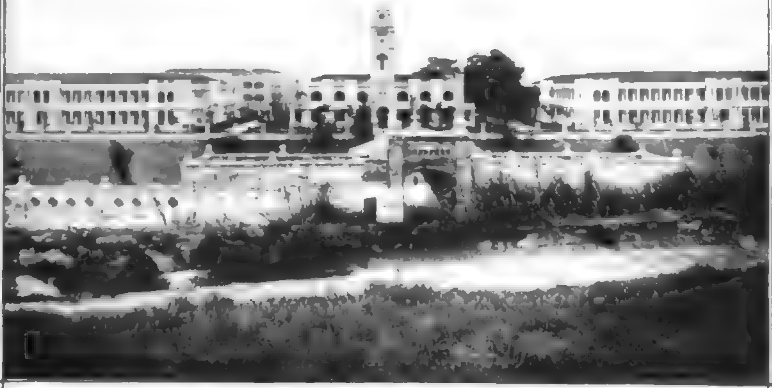
UNDER THE OLD SYSTEM TWELVE THOUSAND STUDENTS OCCUPIED THESE CELLS AT CANTON DURING THE THREE-DAY EXAMINATIONS.

scrolls, wall-maps, and science charts. In its translation department a hundred are kept busy, and many scholarly minds are hammering out ideographic equivalents for the thousands of special terms in science, medicine, and engineering. These, when accepted by the Bureau of Terminology at Peking, become a part of the Chinese language.

Of course, Chinese has to be the groundwork, so it is not in the elementary schools but in the middle schools and colleges that one meets with the difficulty of putting new wine into old bottles. The contrasts between these institutions and our own throw a strong light on the differences between China and the West.

In the Board of War at Peking there are six hundred employees; but fifty men do all the work. The rest are parasites, mostly Manchus. In a government so graft-ridden, it would be too much to expect that the branch dealing with education should be entirely free. The large proportion of non-teaching officers in the schools suggests that soft berths have been provided for somebody's relatives or friends. In a Chinese school of modern languages, with twenty-seven teachers, I found ten administrators, to say nothing of the servants. Half of them twiddle their thumbs and draw their pay. In a higher commercial school with twenty teachers there are ten officers, of whom three are mere sinecurists.

In view of the lack of money for good teachers, the abundance of costly apparatus looks a bit suspicious. In the entrance hall of a certain school you will see fine biological and botanical charts, but will learn on inquiry that no one on the staff can present the subjects or put the charts to use. Elsewhere you will find a physical laboratory supplied with good apparatus covered with dust. The teacher knows nothing of physics save a little electricity. In a remote provincial college I saw several hundred bottles and jars of chemicals—all from a single supply house in Tokyo—and not one in twenty had the seal broken. There was at least $1500 worth—enough to stock three of our college laboratories. To the "old China hand," such extravagance indicates that some one was getting a commission on the supplies. In an educational center far up the Yang-tse the authorities keep bringing out American teachers at great expense un-



THE PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, WHICH STANDS ON THE SITE OF THE OLD EXAMINATION HALLS AT CANTON. IT IS PART OF THE NEW SYSTEM OF WESTERN EDUCATION IN CHINA.

der a year's contract and then at the end of the year replacing them with others no better qualified. Inasmuch as every such shift calls for an allowance of three hundred dollars for travel money, the knowing ones suspect that some official gets "squeeze" on the travel money, and that is the reason for the incessant changing of teachers.

One is struck, too, by the casualness with which foreign teachers are picked up. It is obvious that hiring an Englishman to teach botany solely on the personal recommendation of the German professor of mathematics is no way to get good men. When, forty years ago, the Japanese launched their modern schools, they applied to the governments and the university presidents of the West for teachers, and these took a pride in sending their very best. Those who adapted themselves were retained for twenty or thirty years—until Japan had reared fit scholars to take their places. But the Chinese, selecting in haphazard fashion and holding out no security of tenure, fail to get from the West the help they so greatly need.

Not only are the foreign instructors uneven, but the Chinese drop them altogether too soon. In a certain capital I visited the college and the normal school. The grounds were spacious, and about the dozen courts connected by covered walks and enclosed by low-tiled buildings, hung "the still air of delightful studies." But the four hundred blue-gowned young men were taught by twenty-five professors, of whom only one was a foreigner, and he was a Japanese. None of the others had ever been outside of the Middle Kingdom. The professor of German was a raw-looking youth who could not understand one sentence in four in that tongue. In preparation, the professors were perhaps abreast of our college juniors. It was "the blind leading the blind"—yet this was the crown of the educational system of a province with more people than Pennsylvania has!

The Japanese teachers are cheap, but, as they have to teach through an interpreter, they waste half the time. If the interpreter is not familiar with the subject the students get little. When Americans teach, no interpreters are necessary, since all the pupils in the higher schools are expected to know English. But Americans at fourteen hundred to eighteen hundred dollars a year are expensive.

The Chinese do not comprehend the massiveness and depth of the culture they are trying to assimilate so quickly. They look upon us as clever barbarians who have surpassed them in the physical sciences and the mechanic arts. They have no idea of our advancement in knowledge of the mind, of ethics, of society, and of government.

Even the scholar-viceroy, Chang Chih-Tung, whose plea, "China's Only Hope," created such a furore twelve years ago, and who, as president of the Board of Education, finally introduced the reform he had championed—even he never realized the giant bulk of our learning. He deemed six months a reasonable time to spend on Western branches, and thought two years ample for complete mastery! He therefore left the curriculum so clogged with Chinese studies that the student is crushed under the load. The poor fellow is in the classroom thirty-five to forty hours a week! Add an hour a day for military drill, and the daily time left for study is not over two hours. The result too often is cram and sham.

A VILLAGE SCHOOL AND ITS PUPILS, IN WEST CHINA.

Thus at one time the curriculum called for calculus in the junior year. When the literary chancellor of the province inspected a certain government college, the president—an American—showed him that the juniors could not possibly reach calculus. The chancellor insisted that he must report on the subject, so at his suggestion the professor of mathematics gave a couple of lectures on "the uses of calculus." The students were examined on these and thereupon duly certified as "proficient in calculus"!

The Board of Education itself is composed of men who—having never been outside of China—underrate the learning that lies behind the terrible efficiency of the West. When I called, the head was a conservative Manchu, who seemed to feel sure that China knows what she wants and can take her time about it. The Manchus, mark you, are not a cultured people. In the time of Shakespeare they were where the Abyssinians are to-day. Few of them have ever studied abroad, and a Manchu directing the education of the Chinese Empire is as much out of place as a Goth directing the schools of Athens in the fourth century. I even heard of a Manchu literary chancellor who could not read the examination essays submitted for provincial honors. So he piled them on the canopy of his bed, poked them with his cane as he lay smoking his pipe, and the thirteen that slid off first were declared winners!

With us, education is a career, and the president of the state university is not scheming for the governor's chair. But in China, an ambitious mandarin who has been

MAIN COURT OF THE PROVINCIAL COLLEGE IN SIANFU.

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

CHINESE BOYS LEARNING MANUAL TRAINING. IT HAS BEEN VERY DIFFICULT TO GET THEM TO TAKE HOLD OF ANY STUDY REQUIRING BODILY EFFORT.

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THE MISSION SCHOOLS ARE TRYING TO OVERCOME THE CHINESE IDEA THAT GIRLS SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO IGNORE THEIR BODIES.

prefect and hopes to become intendant will be given charge of a provincial school till something better turns up. As he brings to it no enthusiasm or special training, he is liable to treat it like any other government post. I recall a college director who knows nothing of English, or Western learning, or the art of education. He runs the school for secret profit to himself and welcomes no suggestions from the three foreign members of the faculty. The instructor who is eager to help the institution reach the Western standard is politely given to understand that he is paid to do definite work and keep his mouth shut.

The characteristics of Chinese students throw a strong light on the race mind at its present stage. Their reaction is much weaker than that of American students. It is against China's educational tradition to question anything taught. Teacher and text are invested with a prestige unknown to us, and there is no demand for explanation or proof. Moreover, questions would imply that the lecture had not been clear. Hence the instructor is staggered by the unresponsiveness of his class.

At first the student regards the experiment or specimen as the *illustration* rather than the *source* of the principle; for nothing in Chinese tradition suggests the direct interrogating of nature. Later, when he has learned to use apparatus, he becomes fascinated with the all-daylight route to truth. In some schools I found the students enthusiastic over chemistry just because it affords them the novel pleasure of learning by demonstration. They are sharp observers, and nothing in the experiment escapes them. They catch its significance, too, though one man complained that his boys recorded with great care irrelevant happenings, such as the cracking of the test tube!

In feats of memory the Chinese youth bears away the palm. This comes from his practise in recognizing and forming some thousands of characters, some of them calling for more than thirty strokes of the brush. Hence he tries to learn even geometry and physics by rote. One professor called the attention of his class to some tables of logarithms, and the next day his students complained of the lesson as "very hard." *They had tried to memorize them!*

All this would be very flattering to our race pride but for the fact that nearly all the educators attribute it to defective training rather than to race deficiency, supporting their view with instances of minds that have awakened and begun to think for themselves.

A French priest tells me that in his seminary there are four students who would be prize men in France. A mathematical professor reports originality "here and there." Another has a lad in calculus who is the peer of any white youth he ever taught. Probably the want of "come-back" when the teacher advances a proposition is due to faults in the lower schools.

There is some complaint that the students lack tenacity. They are easily disheartened and give up before difficulties that would only arouse the pugnacity of the American youth. A Chinese lecturer on medicine contrasted rather sadly the lack of sustained courage in his students with the pluck of the Japanese, who throw themselves indefatigably upon their hard problems, as their countrymen dashed again and again upon the defenses of Port Arthur. This fault may be due to the loss of the military virtues; still, it may be a race trait; for if there is any difference between the endowment of the yellow race and that of the white it will be found not in intellect, but in energy of will.

The laxity in the Chinese schools is in striking contrast with the strict, semi-military discipline that, from the first, prevailed in the schools of Japan. One hears of amazing incidents—students refusing to take an examination till they get ready; cutting a written recitation; cribbing openly and without rebuke; forcing the dean to cut down the lesson assigned; withholding the customary salute, of rising and bowing, from the teacher who has not corrected their exercises to suit them; rebelling against a fee of twenty dollars a year for food, lodging, and instruction; slamming their rice on the floor or hurling it at the head of the steward if its quality does not please them. The dean will direct the foreign teacher to set an examination all can pass, or else to mark no paper below the passing grade. Individually, the Chinese student is docile, even reverent; but collectively he is a terror to the school officers. The wholesome vigor with which the American educator flunks or expels stands in refreshing contrast to Chinese timidity; and those parents who can afford it show their appreciation by sending their sons to mission colleges.

The truth is, there is nothing the Chinese lack so much as discipline. Discipline of the army, the workshop, the ship, the school, the athletic field—yes, even of the home—is needed if they are ever to develop that smooth, intelligent team work which makes our race so formidable. Their standby now is mass action—the strike or the boycott. During the past two years every school in Shantung is said to have had a strike. One school struck because the foreign teachers required the student to pass an examination before they would give him a testimonial. Strikes occur alike in boys' schools and girls' schools, and for the most incomprehensible reasons. This facility in concerted action is really a weakness, for it reveals a certain flabbiness of individuality in the Chinese. When folly is afoot in an American college, there will be some who, by standing aloof, spoil the unanimity of the move, and it doesn't come off. But the Chinese lad crumples under mass pressure. All his life he has been trained to get in line, and so the spirit of conformity rules him. It is all due to a struggle for existence so severe that one realizes one can not survive without the steady backing of family, clan, or guild.

Chinese gentlemen wear their finger-nails long to show they don't work, so it is not surprising that Young China despises anything with the taint of manual labor. The professor of engineering has to speak sharply to his students to get them actually to carry chain and drive stakes, for they consider it "coolie work." Their idea is to listen and look, but not to *do*. When the mission school at Swatow was preparing for some festivity, a woman teacher said, "Come, boys, help me move these heavy benches." Not a boy stirred; it was "coolie work." Since then they have learned better. In another school the pupils refused to bring in more chairs to seat the guests at a reception. They had been trained to care for their rooms, but the mandarins were present, and, knowing the standards of these gentlemen, they were afraid of "losing face."

Bodily development is scorned, for it would assimilate one to the despised coolie, mountebank, or soldier. On six weeks of overland journey, I met at least three hundred sedan chairs, and never but once did I see the owner of a chair walking. Up the steepest mountain stairways they insisted on being carried, lying back limp and lackadaisical, as if it were a condescension to breathe. To stroll, bird-cage in hand, on the city wall in the cool of the evening and give birdie an airing, is the Chinese idea of a gentleman's exercise. When the tennis court was first used by the American professors in a certain North China university, the Chinese could not understand the absurd antics of their erstwhile dignified teachers. "Can you not afford to hire coolies to do this for you?" asked an interested but scandalized observer.

Recently Doctor Merrins's measurements in the mission school at Wuchang seem to show that the Chinese boy between his eleventh and his sixteenth years is from two and a half to four inches shorter, and from seven to fifteen pounds lighter, than the Boston boy of the same age. In the same years the Chinese girl appears to be from three to five inches shorter, and from fourteen to twenty-four pounds lighter, than the American girl. In fact, American girls seem to be heavier than the boys of central China. The thoracic capacity is poor; so one is not surprised that the death-rate from tuberculosis in the government schools is "enormous," owing to hard study and close confinement during the growing period.

One woman principal complained that her girls were in a constant blush while studying hygiene, for they had been taught to ignore their bodies. Nor was it easy to make them hold themselves erect. Their Chinese teachers, like all literary men, cultivate the scholar's stoop, and the pupils imitate it, just as men with good eyesight wear spectacles in order to look like scholars. Another principal found that in their field-meets his pupils relied on their natural powers of running and jumping. The idea of training for athletic proficiency did not appeal to them. "Bob" Gailey, at Peking, will tell you that at first the Chinese hung back in athletic sports for fear of "losing face" by being defeated. Sometimes a football team would quit abruptly when the game was going against them. Gradually, however, they are being brought around to the spirit of sportsmanship.

Few of the government schools have got beyond the idea of drill, or provided a director of physical training. You see the students under a big roof taking their calisthenics or drilling with rifles. In one case, indeed, lissom young men with queues were capering about the tennis courts, but they wore their hampering long gowns, and their strokes had the snap of a kitten playing with a ball of yarn. In fact, the first football and baseball in China were played by boys in these same blue gowns. In developing a taste for sports, the mission schools succeed far better than the government schools, because the men in charge have genuine enthusiasm and bring their personal influence to bear.

This growing response of the yellow race vindicates sport as something of universal human appeal. The last of the all-China field-meets at Canton under the lead of that noble institution, the Canton Christian College, drew twenty thousand Chinese spectators. The first meet of the kind at Tientsin attracted seven thousand, and the second, held in November last, was attended by twenty thousand. Just as in inner Borneo football is the one enthusiasm common to Britons and Malays, so the athletic stunts of Young China are creating a new bond between Chinese and Anglo-Saxons. And its reaction upon Young China will be good for the character as well as for the body. In the stations out along the wire that links Peking to Tibet I found graduates from the telegraph schools of Shanghai and Tientsin turning themselves into effeminate dandies, with love-locks framing the face, and giving themselves up to sensual pleasure, because their lives held no interest to compete with the lure of the "sing-song" girls.

"Why is it," I asked the heads of the two Imperial Universities of Japan, "that your students reach the university at twenty-one, three years later than our American students?"

"Because," they agreed, "we are burdened with a clumsy language which takes from three to five years longer to master than your alphabetic language." Here is a heavy handicap which the peoples of the Far East must bear while they are vying with the West.

"How long will it take," I asked a scholar who has spent half his life in China, "before the Chinese give up their ideographs?"

"Perhaps five centuries," he replied.

There is a very practical aspect to the problem. A font of our type weighs fifty pounds and costs five dollars; a font of Chinese type weighs half a ton and costs a hundred dollars. No typewriter can write Chinese characters, no linotype machine can set them. The keyboard would be as big as a dinner table! A typesetter in the Commercial Press walks about a pen four feet by seven and fills his stick from seven thousand little boxes each about an inch and a half square. It costs more to equip and produce a Chinese newspaper than one of our sheets, and it can not hope to be so universally read. For the Celestials can never teach so large a proportion of their people to read a language that takes three or four times as long to learn as a Western language.

At present not one woman in a hundred and not one man in ten can read. Nevertheless, the reformers are agitating for compulsory education. They propose that the scholars work out a set of three thousand simplified characters and establish schools everywhere to spread a knowledge of these among the people. Let the newspapers use only these characters. Let a board of trustworthy men send out from Peking news regarding public affairs and let local committees print and circulate this civic news in a sheet which every man will be expected to subscribe for. Utopian, to be sure, but it shows the reformers' realization that the selfish private spirit has been their country's bane.

Right here we come upon the gravest problem arising from China's change of base: Whence will come the morality of tomorrow? In the reaction against the old classical education, with its emphasis on ethics, there has been a tendency to neglect instruction in morals. Though they must do homage once a month to Confucius's tablet, the young men are inwardly scoffing: "Confucius! He never rode on a train or used the telephone or sent a wireless. What did he know of science? He is only an old fogy!" And so the sage whose teachings have kept myriads within the safe way, has little authority over the educated part of the rising generation. What they covet is riches and power; and, perceiving that the wealth and martial prowess of the West rest immediately upon exact knowledge, the students are all for science. The hidden moral foundations of Western success they are apt to overlook. Neglecting their own idealism and missing ours, they may develop a selfish materialistic character which will make the awakening of China a curse instead of a blessing to the world.

At this crisis the dozen-odd mission colleges, planted about the Empire, mainly by Americans, have the opportunity to render a great and statesmanlike service. In organization, management, staff, curriculum, and discipline, the best of them are far superior to the government colleges. In their work they apply a scientific pedagogy of which the Chinese know nothing. They impart Western ideals of bodily development, clean living, individuality, and efficiency. They study Confucian ethics with deep reverence; they present also the Christian outlook on life. Though many of their graduates are not Christians, they go out with high ideals. The gentry more and more appreciate these colleges, and gladly send their sons thither when the fees are made high enough to eliminate any element of gratuity.

Already wealthy Chinese are making gifts to these colleges. They will give much more if the religious societies which founded them perceive that their true destiny is to promote higher education in China, just as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and scores of other colleges founded with Christian money to train clergymen, realized at last that their true destiny was to promote higher education in America. Let these mission colleges make Christian indoctrination and worship optional to their students instead of compulsory. Let them give patriotic Chinese representation on their governing boards. Let them, without surrendering autonomy, seek for some basis on which they can enter the educational scheme of the Empire. Let them but *have faith* and they will become a giant power for good.

The Crucifixion was two hundred and eighty years old before Christianity won toleration in the Roman Empire. It was one hundred and twenty-eight years after Luther's defiance that the permanence of the Protestant Reformation was assured. After the discovery of the New World one hundred and fifteen years elapsed before the first English colony was planted here. No one who saw the beginning of these great, slow historic movements could grasp their import or witness their culmination. But, nowadays, world processes are telescoped and history is made at aviation speed. The exciting part of the transformation of China will take place in our time. In forty years there will be telephones and appendicitis and sanitation and baseball nines and bachelor maids in every one of the thirteen hundred districts of the Empire. The renaissance of a quarter of the human family is occurring before our eyes, and we have only to sit in the parquet and watch the stage.

The NE'ER-DO-WELL

by

REX · BEACH

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

CHAPTER XX—*Continued.*

KIRK lost no time in calling at the bank, but was disappointed to learn that Señor Andrés Garavel had left the city for an unexpected business tour of the Provinces, and would not return for at least two weeks. At first he was inclined to doubt the truth of this statement, but a casual inquiry from Mrs. Cortlandt confirmed it, and, cursing his luck, he sought distraction where he could most easily find it.

In the days that followed, he saw nothing of Gertrudis, but a great deal of Edith Cortlandt. She had redeemed her promise of getting him a good horse—something rare in this country—and he was grateful for the exercise, which came as a welcome relief from his indoor toil. They rode almost daily, he dined at her house, and again made one of her party at the opera.

As for Edith, this unsatisfying, semi-public intimacy came to be quite as much a pain as a pleasure to her. During the past few weeks, she had been plunged in a mental turmoil, the signs of which she had concealed with difficulty. She had fought with herself, she had tried to reason, she had marshaled her pride, but all in vain. At last she awoke to the terrifying certainty that she was in love. It had all begun with that moment of impulsive surrender at Taboga. The night following had been terrible to her. In its dark hours she had seen her soul for the first time, and the glimpse she got frightened her. Following this, she became furious with herself, then resentful toward Anthony; next she grew desperate and reckless.

She began to look upon her husband with a quickened curiosity and found him a stranger. For years she had made allowance for his weaknesses, ignoring them as she ignored his virtues; but never before had he appeared so colorless, so insignificant—above all, so alien. She had barely tolerated him hitherto, but now she began to despise him.

If Cortlandt was aware of her change of feeling and its cause, his method of dealing with her showed some keenness. Silent contempt was what she could least endure from him of all men; yet this was just what his manner toward her expressed—if it expressed anything. Beyond his exclamation as they were leaving the island, he had never referred to the incident at Taboga, had not so much as mentioned Anthony's name unless forced to do so; and this offended her unreasonably. She caught him regarding her strangely at times, with a curious faltering expression; but he was so icy in his reserve, he yielded so easily to her predominance, that she could divine nothing and turned the more fiercely to her own inner struggle.

Even if he did suspect, what then? It was no affair of his; she was her own mistress. She had given him all he possessed; she had made a man of him. He was her creature, and had no rights beyond what she chose to give. They saw less and less of each other. He became more formal, more respectfully unhusbandlike. He spent few daylight hours in the house, coming and going as he pleased, frequenting the few clubs of the city, or riding alone. On more than one occasion he met her and Anthony on their horses.

Of Anthony, on the other hand, she arranged to see more than ever, flattering him by a new deference in her manner, putting him always at ease with her, watching him vainly for the least sign of awakening feeling. In their frequent rides, they covered most of the roads about the city, even to the ruins of old Panama. Then they began to explore the bypaths and trails.

One afternoon they turned into an unfrequented road that led off into the jungle from the main highway, walking their horses while they marveled at the beauty of the foliage. The trail, they knew, led to a coffee plantation far up among the hills, but it was so little traveled that the leaves brushed them as they went, and in many places they passed beneath a roof of branches. Before they had penetrated a quarter of a mile, they were in the midst of an unbroken solitude, shut off from the world by a riotous glory of green, yellow, and crimson. They had not spoken for a long time and were feeling quite content with the pleasant monotony of their journey, when they burst out into a rocky glen where a spring of clear water bubbled forth. With a common impulse they reined in. Twenty feet farther on, the trail twisted into the screen of verdure and was lost.

"What a discovery!" exclaimed Edith. "Help me down, please; I'm going to drink."

Kirk dismounted and lent her a hand; the horses snorted appreciatively and, stepping forward, thrust their soft muzzles eagerly into the stream, then fell to browsing upon the tender leaves at their shoulders.

Edith quenched her thirst, shook the cramp from her limbs, and said: "Some time we will have to see where this road leads. There may be more surprises beyond." She broke a flower from its stem and fastened it in Kirk's buttonhole, while he gazed down at her with friendly eyes.

"You're looking awfully well lately," he declared.

Glancing up, she met his gaze and held it for an instant. "It's the open air and the exercise. I enjoy these rides with you more than I can say." Something in her look gave him a little thrill of embarrassment.

"I think I'll give Marquis and Gyp their dessert," he said, and, turning aside, began to gather a handful of the greenest leaves. The instant his eyes were off her, she took the horses by their bridles, swung them about, and, with a sharp blow of her riding-crop, sent them snorting and clattering down the trail. Kirk wheeled barely in time to see them disappearing.

"Here!" he cried sharply. "What are you doing?"

"They bolted."

"They'll hike straight for town. Now I'll have to chase—" He glanced at her sharply. "Say, why did you do that?"

"Because I wanted to. Isn't that reason enough?" Her eyes were reckless and her lips white.

"You shouldn't do a thing like that!" he said gruffly. "It's foolish. Now I'll have to run them down."

"Oh, you can't catch them."

"Well, I'll have a try at it, anyhow." He tossed away his handful of leaves.

"Silly! I did it because I wanted to talk with you."

"Well, those horses wouldn't overhear."

"Don't be angry, Kirk. I've hardly seen you alone since—that night."

"Taboga?" he said guiltily. "You're not going to lecture me again? I'm sorry enough as it is." Never in all his life had he felt more uncomfortable. He could not bring himself to meet her gaze, feeling that his own face must be on fire.

"What a queer chap you are! Am I so unattractive that you really want to rush off after those horses?" He said nothing, and she went on, after a moment of hesitation: "Kirk, I used to think you were an unusually forward young man, but you're not very worldly, are you?"

"N—no—yes! I guess I'm as wise as most fellows."

"Sometimes I think you are very stupid."

He began firmly: "See here, Mrs. Cortlandt, you have been mighty good to me, and I'm indebted to you and your husband for a whole lot. I am terribly fond of you both."

She clipped a crimson bloom from its stem with a vicious blow of her crop, then, with eyes fixed upon the fallen flower, broke the awkward pause that followed.

"I suppose," she said half defiantly, "you know how things are with Stephen and me—everybody must know. I have done a lot of thinking lately, and I have made up my mind that the last appeal as to what is right or wrong lies with oneself. I'm not going to care any longer what the world thinks of my actions, so long as my own heart justifies them. Happiness—that is what I want, and I will have it—I will have it at any cost! It is my right. Because a woman marries without love, is it right for her to forego love all her life? I think not."

She looked up and, with a change of tone, ran on swiftly: "I have studied you for a long time, Kirk; I know the sort of man you are. I know you better than you know yourself. Very lately I have begun to study myself, too, and I know, at last, the sort of woman I am." She drew near and laid a hand on each shoulder, forcing him to look straight into her eyes. "I am not like most women; I can't do things by halves; I can't temporize with vital things. I prefer to experiment, even blindly. I used to think I was born to rule, but I think now that a woman's only happiness lies in serving; and I used to believe I was contented, when all the time I was waiting for something, and didn't know it."

"I can't pretend to misunderstand you, although—listen!" He cut his words short. "Here comes some one."

She turned her head, as from the direction their mounts had taken came the sound of approaching hoofs.

"Natives from the hills." She nodded carelessly toward the purple mountains back of them. But the next moment she gave a little gasp of consternation. Out from the overhung path, with a great rustling of leaves, came, not the expected flea-bitten Panama horse, but a familiar bay, astride of which was Stephen Cortlandt. He was leading Marquis and Gyp by their bridles, and reined in at sight of his wife and her companion.

"Hello!" he said. "I caught your horses for you."

"Jove! That's lucky!" Kirk greeted the husband's arrival with genuine relief. "They bolted when we got down to take a drink, and we were getting ready for a long walk. Thanks, awfully."

"No trouble at all. I saw them as they came out on the main road." Cortlandt's pigskin saddle creaked as he bent forward to deliver the reins. He was as cool and immaculate as ever. He met Edith's eyes without the slightest expression. "Nice afternoon for a ride."

"If I had known you were riding to-day, you might have come with us," she said.

He smiled in his wintry fashion, then scanned the surroundings appreciatively. "Pretty spot, isn't it? If you are going back, I'll ride with you."

"Good enough! May I give you a hand, Mrs. Cortlandt?" Kirk helped Edith to her seat, and her husband bowed his thanks. Then the three set out in single file.

"Which way?" inquired Stephen as they reached the highroad.

"Back to town, I think," Edith answered. "And you?"

"I'm not ready yet. See you later." He raised his hat and cantered easily away, while the other two turned their horses' heads toward the city.

CHAPTER XXI

THE REST OF THE FAMILY

THE time for Señor Garavel's return having arrived, Kirk called at the bank, and found not the least difficulty in gaining an audience. Indeed, as soon as he had reminded the banker of their former meeting, he was treated with a degree of cordiality that surpassed his expectations.

"I remember quite well, sir," said Garavel—"'La Tosca.' Since you are a friend of Mrs. Cortlandt, I shall be delighted to serve you."

Kirk felt suddenly a little awkward.

"I have something very particular to say to you," he began diffidently, "but I don't know just how to get at it."

Garavel smiled graciously. "I am a business man."

"This isn't business," blurted Kirk. "It's much more important. I want to have it over as quickly as possible, so I'll be frank. I have met your daughter, Mr. Garavel—" the banker's eyes widened in a look of disconcerting intensity—"and I am in love with her—sort of a shock, isn't it? It was to me. I'd like to tell you who I am and anything else you may wish to know."

"My dear sir, you surprise me—if you are really serious. Why, you have seen her but once—a moment, at the theatre!"

"I met her before that night, out at your country place. I had been hunting, and on my way home through the woods I stumbled upon your swimming-pool. She directed me to the road."

"But even so?"

"Well, I loved her the first instant I saw her."

"I know nothing of this. If you had reason to think that your suit might be acceptable, why did you not come to me before?"

"I couldn't. I didn't know your name. I was nearly crazy because I couldn't so much as learn the name of the girl I loved!" And Kirk plunged confusedly into the story of his search for Chiquita.

"That is a strange tale," said Señor Garavel, when he had finished—"a very strange tale; and yet you did well to tell it me. At present, I do not know what to think. Young men are prone to such romantic fancies, rash and ill-considered. They are perhaps excusable, but——"

"Oh, I suppose you can't understand how a fellow falls so deep in love on such short acquaintance; but I have been brooding over this for months—there's nothing hasty or ill-considered about it, I can assure you. I am terribly hard hit, sir; it means everything to me."

"If you would tell me something about yourself, I might know better in what light to regard this affair."

"Gladly—though there isn't much to tell. Just now, I'm working on the P. R. R. as assistant to Runnels—the Master of Transportation, you know. I like the work and expect to be promoted. I have a little money—just enough to give me a fresh start if I should lose out here, and—oh, well, I'm poor but honest; I suppose that's about the size of it." He paused, vaguely conscious that he had not done himself justice. What else was there to say about Kirk Anthony? Then he added as an afterthought:

"My father is a railroad
New York."

"In what capacity is he empl
I ask?" said Garavel, showing someth
like real interest.

Kirk grinned at this, and, seeing a copy of "Bradstreet's" on the banker's table, turned to his father's name, which he pointed out rather shamefacedly. Señor Garavel became instantly less distant.

"Of course the financial world knows Darwin K. Anthony," said he. "Even we modest merchants of the tropics have heard of him; and that his son should seek to win success upon his own merits is greatly to his credit. I congratulate you, sir, upon your excellent progress."

"I hope to make good," said Kirk simply, "and I think I can." Then he flushed and hesitated, as a realization of the situation swept over him. Could he gain the favor of Chiquita's father under false pretenses? At length he said with an effort:

"I ought to tell you, sir, that I am not on good terms with my father at present. In fact, he has cast me off. That is why I am here supporting myself by hard work, instead of living in idleness. But I'm beginning to like the work—and I'll make good —I'll do it if only to show my father his mistake. That's what I care about most. I don't want his money. It's easier to make money than I thought. But I must succeed, for his sake and my own."

Despite his embarrassment, Kirk's face shone with sudden enthusiasm. He looked purposeful and aggressive, with a certain sternness that sat well upon his young manhood. Garavel lifted his brows.

"May I inquire the cause of this—estrangement?"

"Oh, general worthlessness on my part, I suppose. Come to think of it, I must have been a good deal of a cross. I never did anything very fierce, though." He smiled a little sadly. "I don't wonder that I fail to impress you."

A quick light flashed through the banker's eyes. He was a keen judge of men.

"Well, well!" he said, with a trace of impatience, "there is no need to go into the matter further. Your proposal is impossible—for many reasons it is impossible, and yet—your spirit is commendable."

"Does that mean you won't even allow me to see your daughter?"

"It would be useless."

ertrudis!" said Kirk des-

looked a trifle pitying. "You no means the first," he said; "I have been besieged by many, who say always the same thing—without Gertrudis they can they will not, they should not live; and yet I have heard of no deaths. At first I was greatly concerned about them—poor fellows—but most of them are married now, so I do not take your words too seriously." He laughed good-naturedly. "You unemotional Americans do not love at first sight."

"*I* do, sir."

"Tut! It is but admiration for a beautiful girl who—I say it—is wicked enough to enjoy creating havoc. Take time, my boy, and you will smile at this madness. Now let us talk of something else."

"It is no use, sir. I have it bad."

"But when you make such a request as this, you assume to know the young lady's wishes in the matter."

"Not at all. Without your consent, I don't believe she'd allow herself even to like me. That is why I want to fix it with you first."

"In that, at least, you are quite right; for Gertrudis is a good girl, and obedient, as a general rule, but—it is impossible. Her marriage has been arranged."

"Do you think that is quite fair to her? If she loves Ramón Alfarez——"

Once again Garavel's brows signaled surprise. "Ah! you know?"

"Yes, sir. I was about to say, if she really loves him I can't make any difference; but suppose she should care for me?"

"Again it could make no difference, once she had married Ramón. But she is too young to know her own mind. These young girls are impressionable, romantic, foolish. I can see no object in deliberately courting trouble—can you? In affairs of the heart it is well to use judgment and caution—qualities which come only with age. Youth is headstrong and blinded by dreams, hence it is better that marriages should be arranged by older persons."

"Exactly! That's why I want you to arrange mine." The banker smiled in spite of himself, for he was not without a sense of humor, and the young man's sincerity was winning.

"It is out of the question," he said—"useless to discuss. Forgetting for the moment all other considerations, there is an obstacle to your marriage into a Spanish family which you do not stop to consider—one which might well prove insurmountable. I speak of religion."

"No trouble there, sir."

"You are, then, a Catholic?"

"It was my mother's faith, and I was brought up in it until she died. After that I—sort of neglected it. But, you see, I am more of a Catholic than anything else."

"What we call a 'bad Catholic'?"

"Yes, sir. But if I were not Catholic at all, it wouldn't make any difference. Chiquita is my religion."

"Who?" The father started.

"I—I call her that," Kirk explained in confusion—"to myself, of course."

"Indeed! So do I," said Señor Garavel dryly. For a moment he frowned in meditation. There were many things to consider. He felt a certain sympathy for this young man with his straightforwardness and artless brusquerie. Moreover, though the banker was no great respecter of persons, the mention of Darwin K. Anthony had impressed him. If Kirk were all that he seemed, he did not doubt the ultimate reconciliation of father and son. At all events, it would do no harm to learn more of this extraordinary suitor, and meanwhile he must treat him with respect while carefully guarding his own dignity against possibly impertinent advances.

"She has been promised to Ramón," he said at last, "and I have considered her future quite settled. Of course, such arrangements are frequently altered for various causes, even at the last moment, but—*quién sabe?*" He shrugged his shoulders. "She may not wish to entertain your suit. So why discuss it? Why make plans or promises? It is a matter to be handled with the greatest delicacy; there are important issues linked with it. I can say nothing to encourage you except—that, for a young man I have known so very short a time"—he smiled genially—"you have impressed me not unfavorably. I thank you for coming to me, at any rate."

The two men rose and shook hands, and Kirk went away not altogether cast down by the result of the interview. He understood the banker's allusion to a possible change of arrangements, and felt sure from what Chiquita had told him that the marriage with Ramón could not take place after the true nature of Garavel's political aspirations became known. In that case, if all went well, it did not seem impossible that Garavel should give his consent, and then Gertrudis alone would remain to be won. If, on the other hand, her father refused his permission—well, there are many ways of winning a bride.

The truth was that Andrés Garavel had not hesitated long after that memorable night at the Tivoli before accepting the brilliant prize which the Cortlandts had dangled so alluringly before his eyes; and, the decision once made, he had entered into the scheme with all his soul. He was wise enough, however, to leave his destiny largely in their hands. This meant frequent councils among the three, a vast deal of careful work, of crafty intrigue, of untiring diplomacy, and, although his candidacy had not as yet been more than whispered, the purple robe of power was daily being woven, thread by thread.

It was not long after Kirk's visit to the bank that Garavel, during one of these conferences, took occasion to bring up the young man's name. Cortlandt had been called to the telephone, and Edith was left free to answer without constraint.

"I have seen you and him riding quite frequently," her guest remarked, with polite interest. "Is he, then, an old friend?"

"Yes. We are very fond of him."

"Your Mr. Runnels believes him most capable; we were speaking of him but yesterday."

"Oh, he will be successful, if that's what you mean; I shall see to that. He has his father's gift for handling men——"

"You know his father?"

"Not personally; only by reputation."

"But is not this a strange sphere of activity for the son of Darwin K. Anthony?"

"Oh, he had some kind of falling-out with his father, I believe, which occasioned his coming here. There was nothing really to Kirk's discredit—of that I am perfectly sure. Kirk is certain to succeed, and old Anthony will come round, if I know American fathers."

Garavel smiled, well pleased that he had treated his recent visitor with proper consideration. After all, why not invite the young fellow to his house? That would be rather a significant step, according to Spanish custom; yet he need not be bound by it. He could put a stop to the affair at any time. Besides, despite his frequent protestations to the contrary, he was somewhat influenced by his daughter's desire for more liberty. It was not fair to her, he thought in his heart, that she should know only Ramón. One reason especially appealed to his pride. If a break came between himself and Alfarez, Ramón must not appear to have jilted Gertrudis. If, meanwhile, she had another suitor, and one of distinguished family, the affair would wear a better look. It can not be denied that the name of Darwin K. Anthony rang musically in his ears.

Edith would have said more, but just at that moment her husband returned. "You were saying that Alfarez suspects," said Cortlandt, addressing Garavel. "Has he said anything?"

"Not to me, as yet; but he surely must know—the rumors must have reached him. He is cold—and Ramón acts queerly. I feel guilty—almost as if I had betrayed a friend."

"Nonsense! There is no room for fine scruples in politics. We mustn't be in too great a hurry, though. Things are going smoothly, and when the time comes you will be called for. But it must be the voice of the people calling. Bocas, Chiriqui, Colon—they must all demand Garavel." Cortlandt sighed. "I shall be very glad when it is over." He looked more pale, more bloodless, more world-weary than ever.

"You need-have no fear that it will cause serious trouble between you and the General," Mrs. Cortlandt assured Garavel. "Ramón should be able to effect peace, no matter what happens."

"Ah, I am not so sure that there will be a marriage between Gertrudis and him. Young ladies are most uncertain when allowed the slightest liberty."

"Is she growing rebellious?" Cortlandt inquired. "If I were you, then, I wouldn't force her. A loveless marriage is a tragic thing."

His wife nodded her agreement.

"Not exactly rebellious," answered Garavel. "She would do whatever I asked, regardless of her own feelings, for that is the way we Spaniards bring up our daughters; but—she is cold to Ramón, and he, I believe, is suspicious of my intentions toward his father. Therefore, the situation is strained. It is very hard to know what is right in a case of this sort. The young are impressionable and reckless. Often what seems to them distasteful is in reality a blessing. It is not every love-match that turns out so happily as yours, my dear friends. Well, I suppose I am weak. With Gertrudis I can not be severe; but unless it becomes necessary to make conditions with my old friend Alfarez, I should prefer to let the girl have her own way."

As Cortlandt escorted his caller to the door, the Panaman paused and said with genuine solicitude:

"You do not look well, sir. I am afraid you work too hard. I would not easily forgive myself if this affair of ours caused you to fall ill."

"Oh, I am all right—a little tired, that's all. I don't sleep well."

"It is worry over this thing?"

Cortlandt smiled crookedly. "I am not the one to worry; I am not the one at the head. Surely you know what people say—that I am her office-boy?"

Garavel found it hard to laugh this off gracefully. "You are too modest," he said. "I admire the trait, but I also chance to know the wonderful things you have accomplished. If people say such things, it is because they do not know and are too small to understand your voluntary position. It is very fine of you to let your wife share your work, Señor." But he shook his head, as the door closed behind him, really doubting whether Cortlandt would prove physically equal to the coming struggle.

It was about this time—perhaps two weeks after Kirk had replied to his father's letter—that Runnels called him in one day to ask:

"Do you know a man named Clifford?"

"No."

"He dropped in this morning, claiming to be a newspaper man from the States; wanted to know all about everything on the Canal and—the usual thing. He didn't talk like a writer, though. I thought you might know him; he asked about you."

"Me?" Kirk pricked up his ears.

"I gathered the impression he was trying to pump me." Runnels eyed his subordinate shrewdly. "I boosted you."

"Is he short and thick-set?"

"No. Tall and thin." As Kirk merely looked at him in a puzzled way, he continued: "I suppose we're all suspicious down here, there's so much of that sort of thing. If he has anything on you——"

"He's got nothing on me."

"I'm glad of that. You're the best man I have, and that shake-up I told you about is coming off sooner than I expected. I'd hate to have anything happen to you. Do you think you could hold down my job?"

"*What!* Do you really mean it?"

"I do."

"I think I could, if you would help me."

Runnels laughed. "That remark shows you haven't developed Isthmitis, anyhow."

"What is that?"

"Well, it's a sort of mental disorder most of us have. We believe everybody above us is incompetent and everybody below us is after our jobs."

"It goes without saying that I'd like to be Master of Transportation, but not until you're through."

"Well, the old man has had another row with Colonel Jolson, and may not wait for his vacation, to quit. I'm promised the vacancy."

"Then you have seen the Colonel?"

"No—but I have seen Mrs. Cortlandt. I felt I had a right to ask something from her in return for what I did for you. I know that sounds rotten, but you'll understand how it is. Colonel Jolson wants his brother-in-law, Blakeley, to have the place, but I'm entitled to it, and she has promised to fix it for me. If I go up, you go too; that's why I was worried when this Clifford party appeared."

"There *is* something I suppose I ought to tell you, although it doesn't amount to much. I was mixed up in a scrape the night I left New York. A plain-clothes man happened to get his head under a falling bottle and nearly died from the effects."

"What was the trouble?"

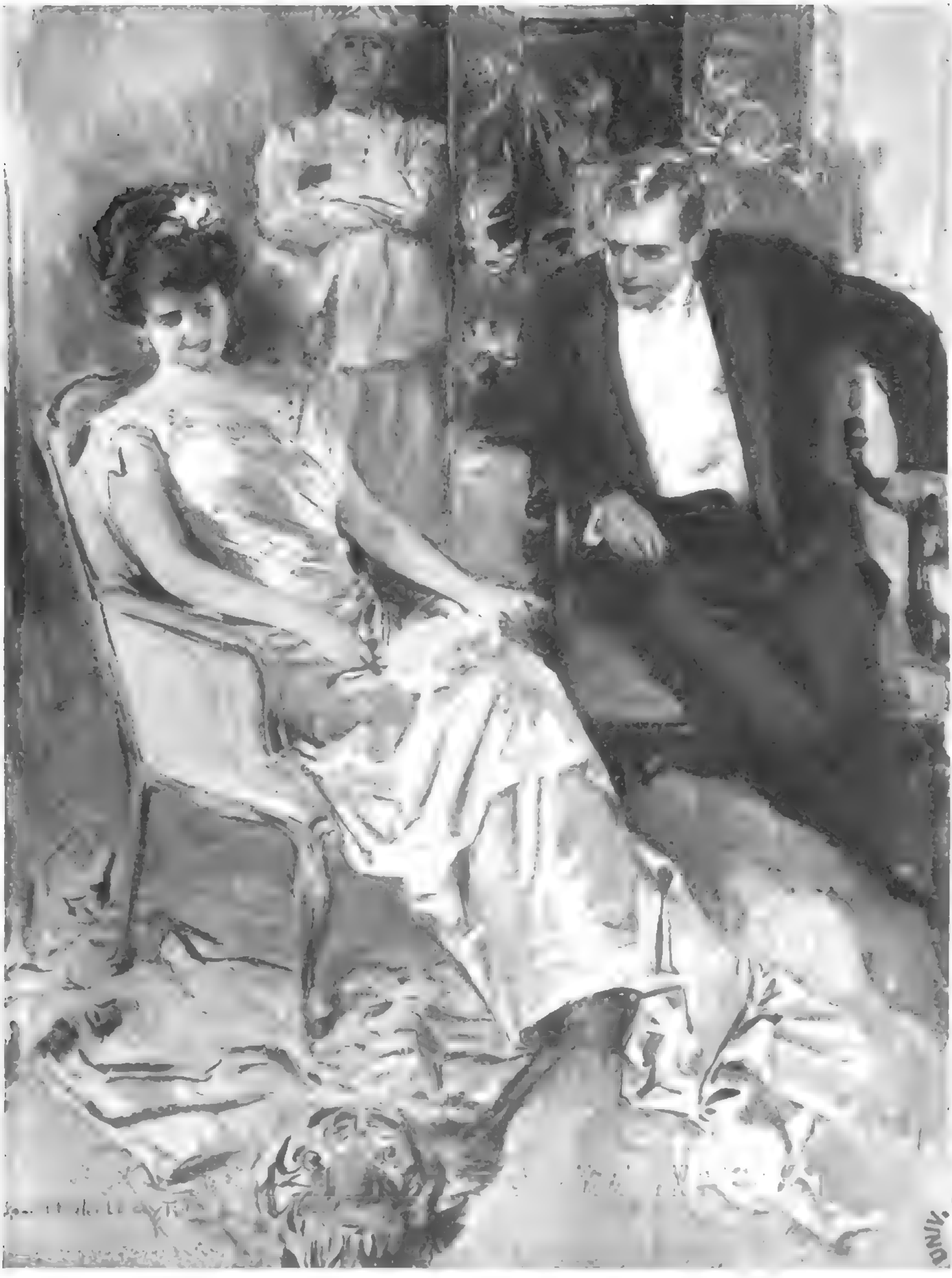
"It really wasn't the least bit of trouble—it was fatally easy. We were out on a grape carnival, six of us. It was an anti-prohibition festival, and he horned in."

"There is nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"Well, this Clifford party is stopping at the Hotel Central. Better look him over."

"I will," said Kirk, feeling more concern than he cared to show. His apprehension, however, turned out to be quite unfounded. On inspection, Clifford proved to bear no resemblance whatever to Williams, nor did he seem to have any concealed design. He was a good sort, apparently, with a knack of making himself agreeable, and in the weeks that followed he and Kirk became quite friendly. Meanwhile, no word had



"HOW AM I GOING TO ASK YOU TO MARRY ME?" . . . . "INDEED! YOU SEEM CAPABLE OF ASKING THAT ABSURD QUESTION UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES."

UNIV. OF MICH.

come from Señor Garavel, and Kirk was beginning to fret. But just as he had reached the limit of his patience, he received a note which transported him with joy.

Señor Andrés Garavel, he read, would be in the city on the following Tuesday evening, and would be pleased to have him call.

Even with his recent experiences of Spanish etiquette, Kirk hardly realized the extent of the concession that had been made to him. He knew nothing of the tears, the pleadings, and the spirited championship of his cause that had overborne the last parental objection. It was lucky for him that Chiquita was a spoiled child and Garavel a very Americanized Spaniard. However, as it was, he went nearly mad with delight, and when Tuesday came round he performed his office work so badly that Runnels took him to task.

"What the devil has got into you the last few days?" he exclaimed irritably.

"I'm going to see a certain person to-night and I can't contain myself. I'm about to blow up—that's all."

"Woman, eh?"

Kirk grinned. "It has taken months, and I'd begun to think I wasn't wanted. Oh, I've had a battle!"

"Anybody I know?"

"Yes, but I can't talk about her. There's a man in the case—see! I'm going slow to start with."

Runnels, who had never seen Kirk with any woman except Edith Cortlandt, formed his own conclusions. That these conclusions were not pleasing to him, he showed when he returned to his office. He stood an instant in thought, looking rather stern, then murmured half aloud: "That's one thing I wouldn't stand for."

Kirk had hard work to refrain from shaving himself twice that evening, so overcareful was he about his toilet. Yet his excitement was as nothing compared with that of Allan, who looked on with admiration. The boy, it seemed, appropriated to himself the entire credit for the happy ending of this affair.

"It will be a grand wedding, sar," he exclaimed. "H'Allan will be there for giving you away."

"You don't know enough about me to give me away," Kirk returned lightly.

"I shall be needing some h'expensive garments for the ceremony. I would h'ahsk you to be so kind——"

"Not too fast! It hasn't gone that far."

"But I shall need to have those garments made by a tailor, and that will require time. They will be made precisely to resemble yours, then nobody can tell h'us apart."

"That's considered genuine flattery, I believe."

"Would you do me a favor, Master h'Aunt'ony?"

"Surest thing you know."

"I shall be waiting in the street to-night. Could you h'arrange to h'ahsk those fatal questions h'adjoining the window so that I might h'overhear?"

"*No!* And I don't want you prowling around outside, either. You're not to follow me—understand?"

The residence of Señor Garavel is considered one of the show places of Panama. It is of Spanish architecture, built of brick and stucco, and embellished with highly ornamental iron balconies. It stands upon a corner overlooking one of the several public squares, guarded from the street by a breast-high stone wall crowned with a stout iron fence. Diagonally opposite, and running the full length of the block, is a huge, weather-stained cathedral, the front of which is decorated with holy figures, each standing by itself in a separate niche. In the open church tower are great chimes, which flood the city with melody; and in the corner fronting upon the intersecting street is a tiny shrine with an image of the Madonna smiling downward.

A subdued light was glowing from the lower windows when Anthony mounted the steps and rang. An Indian woman, clad in barbarous colors, her bare feet encased in sandals, admitted him, and the banker himself met him in the hall. Garavel led the way into a great, barren parlor, where, to Kirk's embarrassment, he found quite a company gathered. His host formally presented him to them, one after another. There were Señor Pedro Garavel, a brother of Andrés; Señora Garavel, his wife, who was fat and short of wind; the two Misses Garavel, their daughters; then a little, wrinkled, brown old lady in stiff black silk, who spoke no English. Kirk gathered that she was somebody's aunt or grandmother. Last of all, Gertrudis came shyly forward and put her hand in his, then glided back to a seat behind the old lady.

Just as they were seating themselves, another member of the family appeared—

this time a second cousin—a man from Guatemala. Like the grandmother, he was as ignorant of English as Kirk was of Spanish, but he had a pair of frightfully intense, unwinking black eyes, with which he devoured the American—to the latter's great discomfort.

Kirk found it very trying to be the target of so many glances, and to know that he was being studied like a bug beneath a microscope. Yet he managed to keep a degree of self-possession, making up his mind to display a modest reticence that could not help appearing admirable. But he soon found that this did not suit. Instead of resuming their conversation, the entire assemblage of Garavels waited calmly for their caller to begin, and he realized in a panic that he was expected to talk. He cast about madly for a topic.

His host helped him to get started, and he did fairly well until one of the Misses Garavel began to translate his remarks to the old lady and the ferocious cousin from Guatemala. As their replies were not rendered into English, he was left stranded. He knew that his whole salvation lay in properly impressing his auditors, so he began again and floundered through a painful monologue. It was not at all pleasant. It was like being initiated into some secret order. These strange people sitting so stiff and watchful formed an inquisitorial body. The night suddenly turned off swelteringly hot, perspiration began to trickle down his brow, his collar became a tourniquet, and he cast appealing glances at the silent figure hidden demurely behind the rusty old lady in the black harness.

The look of mingled pity and understanding that she gave him somewhat revived his fainting spirit, and he determined to stick it out until the family were ready to retire and allow him a word with her alone. But idle hope! Gradually it dawned upon him that they had no such intention.

In time he became sufficiently inured to the situation to take in the details of the room, which were truly remarkable. To begin with, the parlor walls entirely lacked the sort of decoration to which he was used; the furniture, costly and rare in itself, was arranged stiffly in a square about the room, the precise geometrical center being occupied by a great urn of impressive ugliness. A richly carved mahogany "what-not" against one wall was laden with seashells and other curios. At various points about the room were statuettes, vases, and figures, of every conceivable size and shape—some of bisque, others of common pottery, a few of exquisite marble—all standing upon the floor. A tremendous French chandelier of sparkling crystal cascaded downward from an American ceiling of pressed metal; at regular intervals around the wall were panels painted to resemble marble. Crouched upon a rug in one corner was a life-size figure of what seemed to be a tiger, perfectly colored and made of porcelain. It had tremendous glass eyes, larger even than the cousin's from Guatemala, and they shone with a hypnotic intensity that was disturbing. Kirk wanted to kick it and cry "Scat!" Hidden in other desolate quarters of the room were similar studies in animal life. These anomalous surroundings by turns depressed him and provoked an insane desire to laugh.

What he talked about during that evening he never quite remembered. At one time the Indian woman who had admitted him entered noiselessly, bearing silver plates of fruit, and shortly afterward he found himself trying to balance upon his knee a plate of pineapple soaked in spice and wine, a fork, a napkin starched as stiff as a sheet of linoleum, and a piece of cake which crumbled at a look. It was a difficult bit of juggling, but he managed to keep one or two of the articles in the air almost continuously.

When it came time to leave, he expected at least a farewell word or two with Gertrudis, but instead he was bowed out as ceremoniously as he had been bowed in. Finding himself at last in the open, he sighed with relief—feeling like a paroled prisoner. But he thought of the girl's glance of sympathy, and was instantly consoled and revived. He crossed slowly to the plaza, pausing a moment for a good-night look at the house, then, as he turned, he caught a glimpse of a figure slinking into the shadows of the side street, and smiled indulgently. Evidently Allan had been unable to resist the temptation to follow, after all, and had hung about hoping to overhear his hero at his best. But when Kirk reached his quarters, he was surprised to find the boy there ahead of him.

"How did you beat me home?" he inquired.

"I have been waiting h'impatiently ever

since you went out. To be sure, I have had one little dream——"

"Didn't you follow me to the Garavels'?"

"Oh, boss! Never would I do such!"

Seeing that the negro was honest, Kirk decided that somebody had been spying upon him, but the matter was of so little consequence that he dismissed it from his mind.

CHAPTER XXII

A CHALLENGE AND A CONFESSION

ALTHOUGH Runnels had spoken with confidence of the coming shake-up in the railroad organization, it was not without a certain surprise that one morning he found himself actively in charge of the entire system. He lost no time in sending for Kirk, who took the news of their joint advancement with characteristic equanimity.

"Now, there is nothing cinched yet, understand," the Acting Superintendent cautioned him. "We're all on probation; but if we make good, I think we'll stick."

"I'll do my best to fill your shoes."

"And I have the inside track on Blakeley, in spite of Colonel Jolson, so I'm not alarmed. Now that we chaps are in control, it's the chance of our lifetimes."

Kirk nodded. "You're entitled to all you get, but I've never quite understood how I managed to forge ahead so fast. Why, there are dozens of fellows here who know more than I, and who could do better. I've been mighty lucky."

"You don't really call it luck, do you?" Runnels looked at him curiously.

"I'm not conceited enough to think I'm a downright genius."

"Why, the Cortlandts engineered everything," Runnels explained. "It was they who arranged your promotion to the office in the first place, and they're behind this last affair. They have stood back of you at every step, and, incidentally, back of me and the other boys."

"When you say 'they,' you of course mean 'she.'"

"Of course. One has to recognize him, though—as the head of the family. And he really did have a part in it, too; at least, if he had been against us, we never should have won."

"I can't pretend that I didn't suspect," said Kirk slowly, "but I did hope I'd made good on my own merits."

Runnels laughed. "You have made good all right, or you couldn't go forward; but this is a government job, and fellows like us aren't big enough to get through on our own merits. One has to be a real world-beater to do that. If the Cortlandts hadn't backed us, some other chaps with influence would have stepped in above us. Take Blakeley, for instance. He is nothing extra, and he doesn't know half as much about this business as I do; but he's the brother-in-law of Colonel Jolson, and he'd have landed the job sure if it hadn't been for our friends. You'd better let your conscience take a nap."

"I'd like to show the Cortlandts that we appreciate what they've done; but we can't openly thank her without humiliating him. I'd like to give him something."

"Suppose we give him a quiet little supper, some night, and tell him frankly how grateful we are. He's the sort to appreciate a thing like that, and it would be a delicate way of thanking his wife, too."

"Good! I'll speak to the other fellows, and now—the Acting Master of Transportation is going to shake with the new Acting Superintendent, and wish him every success."

Runnels grasped the outstretched hand. "Say, Anthony," he said, "we're young and we have a start. I have what you lack, and you have what I lack; if we stick together we'll own a railroad some day. Is it a go?"

"You bet!"

With a warm glow in his breast, the new Master of Transportation plunged into his duties. He really was making a success, it seemed, although it was a bit disappointing to learn that he owed so much of it to Edith Cortlandt. This last advancement, too, was very timely, for it would surely have its effect upon Andrés Garavel.

But his new work brought new troubles and worries. Runnels helped him whenever he could, yet Kirk was left largely to his own devices and learned for the first time what real responsibility was like. He began to sleep shorter hours; he concentrated with every atom of determination in him; he drove himself with an iron hand. He attacked his task from every angle, and with his fine constitution and unbounded youthful energy he covered an amazing quantity of work. He covered it so well, moreover, that Runnels complimented him.

This stress of labor served one purpose

for which he was very grateful; it separated him from Edith Cortlandt and took his mind from that occurrence in the jungle. Ever since the day of his last ride with her, he had been tortured with the most unpleasant thoughts. He confessed to forgetting himself briefly that night at Taboga, but he had believed that she understood—that she regarded him only as a chum and a companion. Therefore her open surrender, coming so unexpectedly, had dumbfounded him. As he looked back upon the incident now, it seemed inconceivable; yet her words, her expression, her reckless abandon at that moment, were too significant to allow of misunderstanding. Still, by dint of determination and stern attention to his tasks, he was able to put the matter almost wholly from his mind.

Soon after his promotion, he received from Andrés Garavel a warmly worded note of congratulation, and some few days later an invitation to dine, which he accepted eagerly.

The dinner proved to be another disappointing ordeal, for again he was allowed no opportunity of speaking with Gertrudis and had to content himself with feasting his eyes upon her. But although the family were present *en masse*, as on the former occasion, they unbent to a surprising degree, and he found them truly gracious and delightful. He realized, nevertheless, that he was under the closest scrutiny and upon the strictest probation.

Later in the evening, he found himself alone with Chiquita and the old Spanish lady, and, knowing that the latter could not understand a word of his tongue, he addressed himself to the girl with some degree of naturalness.

"I was sorry for you the last time, Señor," she said, in reply to his half-humorous complaint, "and yet it was fonny; you were so frightened."

"It was my first memorial service. I thought I was going to see you alone."

"Oh, that is never allowed!"

"Never? How am I going to ask you to marry me?"

Miss Garavel hid her blushing face behind her fan. "Indeed! You seem capable of asking that absurd question under any circumstances."

"I wish you would straighten me out on some of your customs."

"What, for instance?"

"Why does the whole family sit around and watch me? I don't intend to steal any bric-à-brac. And, anyhow, they could just as well search me when I go out."

"They wish to satisfy themselves as to your character, perhaps."

"Yes, but a fellow feels guilty, making them lose so much sleep."

She gave him an odd look, smiling timidly. "As for to-night, do you attribute any meaning to my father's request that you dine with us?"

"Of course. It means I wasn't blackballed at the first meeting, I suppose. After I've become a regular member and there is nothing missed from the lodge-rooms, I'll be allowed to proceed in the ordinary manner."

She blushed delightfully again. "Since you are so ignorant of our ways, you should inquire at your earliest convenience. I would advise you, perhaps, to learn Spanish."

"Will you teach me? I'll come every evening."

She did not answer, for the old lady began to show curiosity, and a dialogue in Spanish ensued which Kirk could not follow.

When it came time for their chaperon to leave, she excused herself with royal dignity and, going to the door, called Stephanie. Not until the negress had entered did the grandmother retire—which showed, so Kirk imagined, that even yet the Garavel household had no more confidence in him than in a badgeless building inspector. He was not grateful for the change, for he did not like Stephanie, and, judging from the somber suspicion of the black woman's glances, the feeling was mutual. The conversation took perforce a less personal nature in her presence, yet Kirk departed with a feeling of exaltation. Beyond doubt his suit was progressing—slowly, perhaps, but still progressing.

His understanding of Spanish customs received a considerable enlargement on the following day, when he met Ramón Alfarez outside the railroad office. Ramón had evidently waited purposely for him, and now began to voice some unintelligible protest in the greatest excitement.

"You'll have to play it all over again," Kirk informed him. "I'm only just learning to conjugate the verb *amar*. What seems to be the trouble this time?"

"Ha! For the moment I forgot your ignorance, but, onderstan' this, detestable person—it is time you shall answer to me!"

"Cheerfully! Ask your questions slowly."

"Onderstan' further," chattered the Spaniard, "regardless of the 'appenings to me, it shall never come to pass. Soch disgraceful occurrence shall never transpire; of that be assure', even if it exac' the las' drops of blood in the veins of me. I 'ave despise you, Señor, an' so I 'ave neglec' to keel you, being busy with important affairs of government. Bot 'ow am I reward for those neglec'? Eh?" Alfarez breathed ferociously through his nostrils.

"I don't know, I'm sure. What is your reward?"

"Very well are you aware, *pig*."

"Nix on those pet names!" the American ordered gruffly.

"You 'ave insolt me," cried Ramón furiously, "and now you 'ave the insolence to interfere in my affairs." He paused dramatically. "Make yourself ready to fight on to-morrow."

"What's the use of putting it off? I couldn't make your weight in that time. I'll do it now, if you say."

"No, no! Onderstan', we shall fight like gentlemen. I shall keel you with any weapon you prefer."

"By Jove!" Kirk exclaimed in amazement. "This is a challenge—you want to fight a duel? Why, this reads like a book!" He began to laugh, at which Ramón became white and calm.

"Listen," Kirk went on; "I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll fight with fire-hose again. I suppose you want satisfaction for that ducking."

"I prefer to shoot you, Señor," Ramón declared quietly. "Those marriage shall never occur until first I walk upon your dead body. As matter of honor, I offer you this opportunity biffore it is too late."

"I guess you have been drinking. You're a little premature in talking about my marriage, aren't you?"

"So! You fear to confess the truth! Ah, I am not to be deceive'. All Panama is speaking of those engagements to Señorita Garavel. Come, then, must I insolt you further?"

Kirk replied dryly, looking the Spaniard over with cold blue eyes, "No! I think you've gone about far enough."

"You riffuse?" exclaimed Ramón triumphantly.

"Look here!" said Kirk, "I've had enough of this!" He advanced threateningly, and the Spaniard nervously gave way. "I don't fight duels—it's against the law. In my country it's a crime to kill a man in cold blood; and, what's more, we don't tie a fellow up and beat him when he's helpless and then offer him the *honorable* satisfaction of either committing murder or being killed. They're not wearing duels this season." But his hands clinched involuntarily, as he paused. "I don't want to hurt you, Alfarez," he added quietly, "but I may not be able to help it, if you don't keep out of my way."

He left the fiery little Panaman still scowling and muttering threats, and went his way, wondering vaguely how his attentions to Chiquita had become so quickly known. He was informed later in the afternoon.

As he left the office for the day, a messenger handed him a note from Mrs. Cortlandt, requesting him to call at once; and, summoning a coach, he was driven directly to her house. Unlike the Garavel home, the house which the Cortlandts had leased was set upon the water-front, its rear balcony overlooking the sea where it lapped the foundation of the city wall. It was a delightful old place, shut off from the street by a yard filled with flowering plants and shrubs.

Edith kept him waiting a moment before she descended, dressed for her afternoon ride.

"You see, I haven't given up my horse in spite of your neglect," she said, as she gave him her hand.

"I suppose you are wondering how I heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Your 'engagement,'" she laughed, with an amusement that did not ring quite true.

"You're the second one to speak about that. I'm not engaged."

"Of course not! Don't think for a moment I believed it! I was calling on some Spanish people this afternoon and heard the report—I admit it was a shock. When I learned the details, I knew at once you ought to be told, before it developed into something embarrassing. Come into the other room—there is a breeze from the water." She led him into the parlor, from which the open windows, shielded now by drawn shutters, gave egress to the rear porch, with its chairs and hammock.

"Dear, dear! You foolish boy, you're always in trouble, aren't you? And you really don't deserve to be helped. Why, you have avoided me for weeks."

"The new arrangement has swamped us with work. I have had no time to go out."

"Indeed! You had time to run after the first pretty Spanish face you saw. I'm really angry, though I suppose I can't blame you. After all, she is charming, in her way."

"You mean Miss Garavel?"

"Yes. Didn't you realize what you were doing?"

"I realized what I was trying to do."

"Naughty! But why select her of all people? There are dozens of others who could amuse you and whose people would not object. Andrés Garavel isn't that sort; he is a rich man, he has political ambitions, he's a very proud man. Now, I suppose I must get you out of this difficulty as best I can. You ought to be more careful."

"Please!" he said crossly, "I could understand better what you are talking about if I knew just what this difficulty is."

"Why, this silly 'engagement' of yours. Don't pretend to be so stupid."

"Ramón Alfarez heard that same report and very courteously invited me to wait a few minutes while he killed me. It's tremendously flattering to be linked up with Miss Garavel, of course, but I haven't asked her to marry me."

"But you've seen her; you have called at her house!"

"Sure! Twice; at the invitation of the old gentleman."

"And you dined there last night. Is that all you have seen of her?"

"N-no. I've seen her at Las Savannas. That's why I went hunting so often."

At this confession, which Kirk delivered with sheepish reluctance, Mrs. Cortlandt drew herself up with an expression of anger.

"Then this has been going on for some time!" she cried. "Why, Kirk, you never told me!"

"Why should I?"

She flushed at this unconscious brutality, but after a moment ran on bravely: "But why did you let it go so far? Why did you let them commit you?"

"Am I committed?"

Her look was half offended, half incredulous. "Are you trying to be disagreeable, or is it possible you don't know the meaning of those invitations to call, and to dine with the family, and all that? Why, they expect you to *marry* her. It is all settled now, according to the Spanish custom. The whole town is talking about it. I can't understand, for the life of me, how you ever allowed yourself to go there the second time and to *dine*." Seeing the look in his face, she cried sharply: "You don't mean—that you're in earnest?" She was staring at him as if disbelieving her eyes.

"Certainly I'm in earnest."

Edith turned away abruptly.

"I hope you're not joking," said Kirk. "Jove! I—I'm knocked clear off my pins." A tremendous wave of excitement surged over him. "So that's what Alfarez meant! That's what *she* meant last night, when she told me to look up—" He broke off suddenly, for Edith's face had gone chalk-white.

"But, Kirk, what about me?" she asked, in a strained voice.

There was a deathlike silence in the room. "You can't *love* her," said the woman. "Why, she's only a child, and she's—Spanish."

They stood motionless, facing each other. At last Kirk said, gravely and deliberately:

"Yes, I love her better than anything in the world, and I want to marry her. I could give up my country, my dad—anything, for her."

Pressing her gloved fingers to her temples, Mrs. Cortlandt turned her head blindly from side to side, whispering as if to herself, "What will become of me?"

"Don't!" he cried in a panic, and cast a hurried look over his shoulders. "You'll be overheard, you'll be seen. You don't know what you're saying. Where's Cortlandt?"

"At his club, I suppose. I don't know. I—I don't care." Then the paralysis that had numbed her vanished, and she spoke with quivering intensity. "You've been dishonest with me, Kirk."

"Don't act this way," he ordered roughly. "I'm terribly fond of you, but I never knew——"

"You *must* have known!"

"I knew *nothing*. I chose not to think. What I saw, I forgot. I supposed you merely liked me as I liked you."

The Next Instalment of **"The Ne'er-Do-Well"** will appear in the July Number.

MY FATHER

by

Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD

MY FATHER is a pioneer.

Of such an institution, Mr. N. Webster, who was himself something of a pioneer, says:

"Pioneer. One who goes before, as into the wilderness, preparing the way for others to follow."

I do not know that this description covers my father's case accurately—it sounds more like a word picture of a Fremont or a Pike, or an irrigation promoter, with little bearing upon a man who was the playmate of the untamed William Hickok, Mr. B. Masterson, and such; nevertheless, I have my father's word for it that he is a Pioneer.

His high-heeled boots have left their imprint upon the old cattle trails down Abilene and Dodge City way. I can picture in my mind's eye his small but hardy frame encased in the fringes fashionable at that day, cleaving a path toward the setting sun as he hotly pursued the elusive maverick and furrowed the pine bars of the Red Light and the Pink Dog cafés of that interesting period with his hard-earned dollars.

I have a deep reverence for my father as a Pioneer, which is not shared by my wife Ellen.

She sees only, in that weatherbeaten little figure, an old gentleman with a tremendous capacity for indenting the cushions at the Brown Palace Hotel, where he foregathers at night with his ancient friends and talks in a loud and querulous tone of voice.

My wife was born in the West at a time when department stores and nickelodeon theatres had crowded out the picturesque landscape to make room for a ragged skyline. Her father is not a Pioneer. He is merely the general superintendent of a railroad and travels in a private car. Her mother is not a Pioneer, either. She is a society leader.

Ellen, therefore, is inured to an atmosphere of labor difficulties and bargain sales, and could hardly be expected to sense the romance of the sunset trail as personified in a mild-looking little man with a stringy goatee, who declines to shake up the furnace on cold days. My father stands in proper awe of Ellen, and while he may raise his voice in a loud "I—remember—when" down at the Brown Palace, his tone is low and well modulated around my house, where he resides.

Understand, Ellen is not a shrew—far

from it. Neither is she inclined to be peckish. She simply came into the world at a time when pioneerism had become a sort of misdemeanor, so far as six-pistols and wild Indians are concerned, and society felt it best to preserve a respectable silence regarding certain early days.

Also, my wife—but this does not go if she hears it—is very obtuse when it comes to an appreciation of the historical value of the notches on my father's gun. I myself know, from rumor and otherwise, that in his day my father was a man of parts, and his aim was esteemed along the border.

The Society of Pioneers decided to hold a reunion one summer, and for the purposes of that gathering they picked the old city of Trinity. There was method in this selection. The average Pioneer, like my father, has daughters-in-law and other women folk holding receptions and functions about his family fireside, at which no account is taken of those hoary harbingers of civilization. Trinity is well removed from the social trail and is without reserve regarding the old days.

When my father announced his intention of attending the reunion, my wife offered no objection.

"Just so you ridiculous old men do your pioneering outside the city limits, I'll be satisfied," she remarked.

So my father, with patient resignation, packed his suit-case full of buckskin clothing and other odds and ends, and betook himself to Trinity, in company with a large number of other old gentlemen whose voices began to touch the highest pitch in the vocal scale as soon as the train moved them beyond the zone of home hostility.

When I returned that evening, I found Ellen in quite a state of mind.

"The Daughters of the Revolution have appointed me a member of a committee to go to Trinity and assist in dedicating a museum to the Spanish explorers," she announced. "I am to make a speech."

Personally, I have always felt that the son of a man who fought at 'Dobe Walls was as good as the great-great-granddaughter of a farmer who pitchforked Britons in the Lexington road, but I did not say so. I never shall, openly.

"Trinity? That's where father has gone," I said.

"Well," Ellen replied tartly, "those foolish old men haven't anything to do with this museum. This is being done by the Daughters, and as other members of the committee are taking their husbands, you can go with me."

"It will be quite a surprise to father to see us," I suggested.

I did not feel called upon to explain that the dedication of the museum might have been arranged to be coincident with the Pioneer reunion because of the connecting historical relation of the two events. I, a scion of the 'Dobe Walls, will never gratuitously offend any Daughter of the Revolution.

I did not see my father, but I heard of him as soon as I registered our names at the best hotel in Trinity, and urged the grizzled man doing duty as clerk to give us good rooms.

"Kivingson, hey?" he remarked, scrutinizing the register. "Any relation to Bill Kivingson?"

"My father's name is William Kivingson," I replied coldly. My wife sniffed one of her most disdainful sniffs.

"The son of ole Bill Kivingson can have anything I've got," replied the old man. "Me'n' Bill are pards; we useter raise hell together around Lamar . . . "

"Jonas, let us go to our rooms," interrupted Ellen scornfully.

"Yore ole man's around town sum'ers," called the clerk, as we mounted the stairs.

Trinity is a small but enthusiastic town on the old Santa Fé trail, which preserves many of its old-time traditions and all of its saloons. It was humming with activity. The business houses and the streets were hung with bunting and beaming with hospitality, while grizzled men dotted the landscape freely. It appeared that there were really two celebrations—the Pioneers' reunion and the dedication of the museum, the latter designed by the women as a sort of antidote for the masculine gathering.

I soon discovered that, as the son of Bill Kivingson, I was a man of honor in those parts at that particular time. The clerk at the hotel took care to point me out in my capacity of Bill Kivingson's offspring; and my hand was cordially shaken by aging men with a violence that threatened my physical well-being.

Ellen was busied with the other members of the committee of the Daughters, arranging the program for the dedication, and I wandered about the town. My search was not an exhaustive one, as I did not care to encroach upon my father's vacation, and, in addition to my natural feelings, there *are* some places where a bank attaché can not follow even a Pioneer parent.

As I went about, mingling with the queer crowds, I heard strange and disquieting rumors dealing with the personality and actions of one whom they called "Still Bill," who appeared to be a character of some vehemence.

"Still Bill's broke the faro bank over to the Blue Moose," announced an ancient ex-frontiersman as he approached a group of bronzed old men at the hotel office that evening. "Made 'em turn the box arter he took out twenty-six hundred dollars!"

"That Bill's a gray wolf," replied a tall man with long, straight hair. There was admiration in his tone. "If Still Bill gets to going good, there will be some fun in this burg!"

"He's a-going fair enough right now," replied the bearer of the news. "I mind the time at Trail City when he cleaned out the whole blame town. It was bustin' the bank started him that time, too."

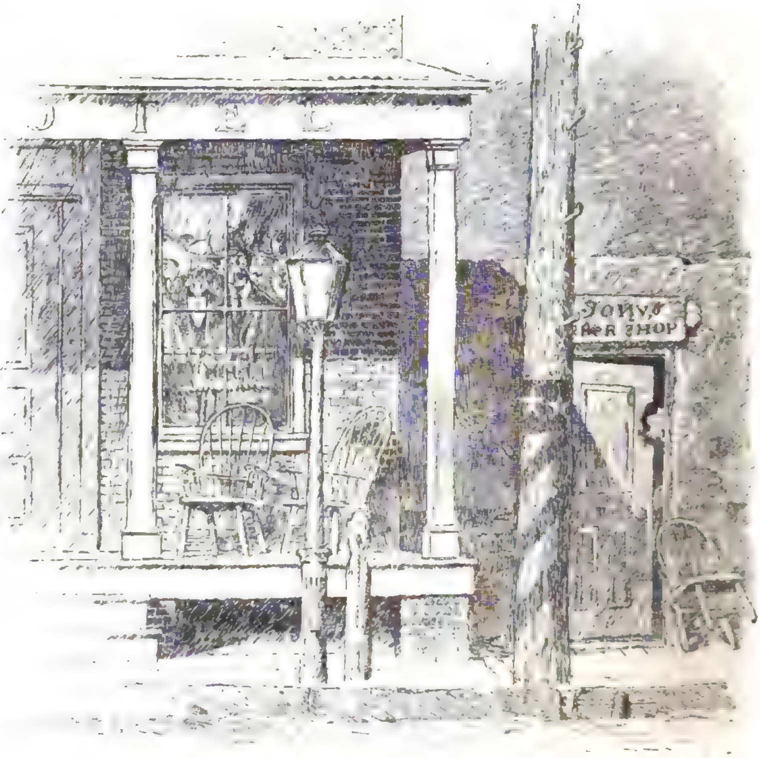
"Yes," put in another, "I rec'leck how he stood off the marshal and the en-tire pop'lation of Dodge City for two days an' nights."

"Well," said the messenger, "he's got that ol' cap'n'ball pistol—that ole forty-five howitzer—an' he was tunin' up some when I left. He useter be able to singe your eyelashes with that weepon at fifty yards."

At this point a fat, breathless gentleman who aided locomotion with a manzanita cane, hobbled excitedly into the office.

"He's loose!" panted this latest courier, in a quavering voice. "Ole Still Bill has done ontied himself! He's raisin' hell and puttin' a block under her over at the Moose! Like as not he'll come a-bulgin' down this street pretty quick. I'm goin' home!"

"He useter be a long-winded cuss, too," said some one. "I don't reckon, at his age, he kin hold out more'n two days, but I seen the time when a week wasn't no limit!"



"HE'S A-HOLDIN' FORTH DOWN YONDER AT THE MOOSE, AN' EVERY NOW AN' THEN HE COMES A-BOILIN' UP THIS WAY TO SEE IF THEY'S ANY DEFENSELESS FOLKS HE KIN DEVASTATE."

"They's been a-many a ring-tailed, red-eyed son o'trouble turned loose in these here parts," quavered the courier. "I seen 'em come and I seen 'em go, but they's never been no white man could claw within a foot o' the mark o' ole Bill Kivingson!"

Kivingson! Bill Kivingson! *My father!*

I approached the group. "Gentlemen," said I, "you surely do not mean Mr. William Kivingson—a smallish man with a goatee and . . . ?"

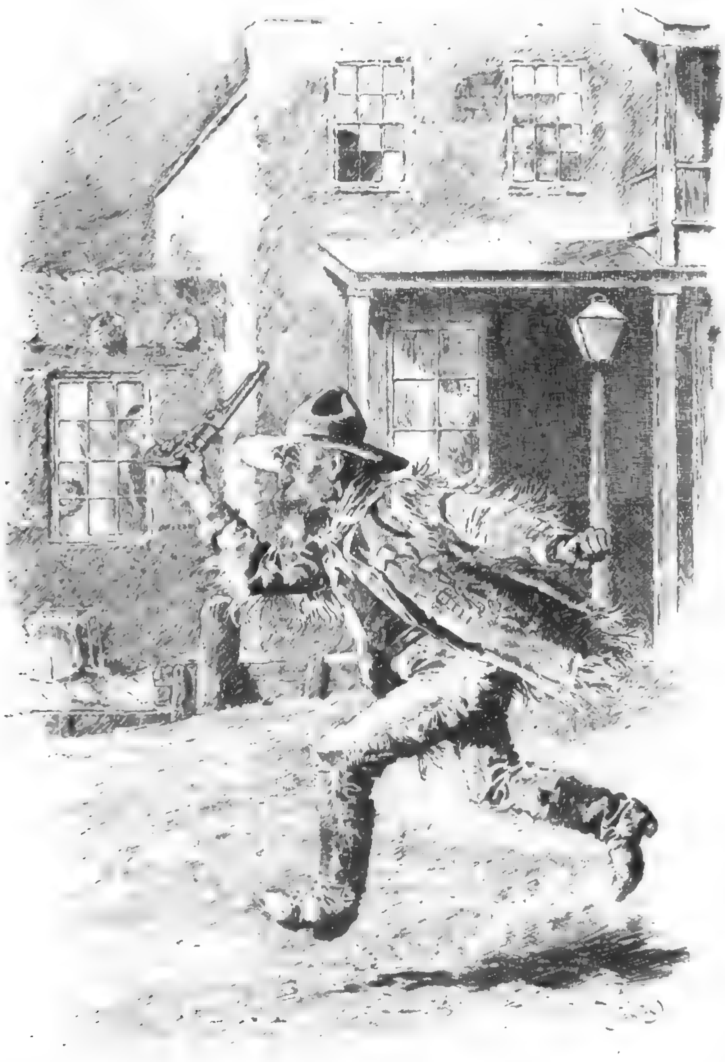
"Still Bill? That's *him!*" came in full chorus.

"Why," said I, "it—it isn't possible that he should be performing actions such as you speak of! He is a harmless old man!"

"Harmless—*hell!*" snorted the fat old Pioneer. "Harmless like a mess o' rattlesnakes!"

"But I'm his son!" I argued.

"I don't give a hoo-raw who you are! I'm his pal and I *know* Still Bill Kivingson—knowed him before you was born. It's good-night, all, fer me!"



Now of course my natural thought was to go and get my father and make him retire for the night; but the hotel clerk laid a kindly restraining hand upon my arm.

"Lay off o' him, son," he said. "When Still Bill gits a-goin', you jest got to give him a clean track and keep well under kivver. I ain't seen him speed none in twenty years, but I know what he *could* do. Jest you go to bed and lay off o' him.

"He won't hurt nobody," he continued. "All the old-timers'll keep out of his way, and he never did kill no bartenders, or such, in his life, because he needs 'em. Don't you worry about him. It's just them animile sperrits which has been plugged up fer a long time, coming out an' sniffin' around. O' course, if he should happen to think o' somebody he don't like, he might bother 'em some; but they ain't no one about Trinity he ain't made up with long ago."

I debated the matter in my mind and came to the conclusion that I had better follow the clerk's advice. Who was I, that I should obstruct the course of a hero of the 'Dobe Walls, equipped with a cap and ball?

I lay awake for several hours, the tumult of the street pouring in at my window. Occasionally I heard above the hum of voices a pistol shot, which never failed to produce deep silence—after a great shuffling of feet. The pedestrians seemed to be seeking shelter. In the hush which followed these explosions there would come a voice, uplifted in warlike declamation. I could not make out the words, but there seemed to be a familiar ring to the belligerent chant.

When I went down the stairs the next morning, leaving Ellen at her toilet, a strange sight presented itself. It was nine o'clock. Outside, the sun was shining from a turquoise sky, and the air was soft as down, yet the lobby of the hotel was packed with men and women who stood gazing through the windows upon that scene of peace and quiet as if a terrible storm raged without.

Across the street, I could see, the stores were filled with similar crowds. The streets were deserted. An old man disengaged himself from the throng and sidled over to me. It was the hotel clerk.

"Son," said he, "I don't like fer to tell you-all, but yore ole man, Still Bill, he's a-goin' good and strong this mornin'. He's plum' busted this celebration, which it can't go on with him a-streamin' up and down the streets like a pestilence. He's a-holdin' forth down yonder at the Moose, an' every now an' then he comes a-boilin' up this way to see if they's any defenseless folks he kin devastate. Son, yore dad is a wolf—a curly wolf, that's all—and time don't change him none."

"He certainly is a long-winded ole party," declared another. "I reckon it's his superflus energy o' twenty year a-bubblin' out all to onct. He allows he has decided to postpone the parade an' celebration until to-morrow and that he ain't goin' to permit no moosee dedication a-a-a-tall. He ain't decided yet whether he'll move this town plum' away or not."

At that moment a high treble yell smote the air, and the crowd swayed back from the windows. I peered outside to see, far down the street, a small figure rocketing along at amazing speed. Clad in buckskins, feathered at the hems, a wide hat, which gave him the appearance of an animated mushroom, and waving a long-barreled revolver, my father surged along in a billow of sound. While I watched, shamefaced, some of his expressions came to my ears.

"I'm a howlin' wolf from ole Mizzou, an' I'm a-huntin' gore!" he bawled. "I picks my teeth with bowie-knives, an' the bark o' six-guns is music to my ears! Yee-owo-wow! I'm a snake in the grass, an' I hiss when you pass, an' I'm searchin' for folks to eat! Wow!"

He had a clear path, and he swirled along the street for a block or two, then doubled back and disappeared in a vocal storm.

"Ain't he a bear?" inquired the hotel clerk; and I could see that among these Pioneers my father's exhibition, however much it shamed me, had aroused considerable admiration.

"Has he hurt anybody?" I inquired nervously.

"*Hurt* 'em, son?" said the hotel clerk. "*Hurt* 'em? Boy, they ain't nobody got near enough to ole Hell-on-Wheels out there to let him *hurt* 'em. He never *hurts* no one if he gits 'em. He jest KILLS 'em. An' he ain't bin able for to ketch no one here."

"Has he been going all night long?"

"All night," replied the clerk. "He ain't paused for drink for man or beast to date. An' bimeby we're goin' to set a bear trap out there in the street so business can proceed. Sim Leggins has gone after the trap now. Sim is the authorities, an' a pussonel friend o' yer dad's, but he's decided Still Bill has got his twenty years' worth."

Beyond the shadow of a doubt I should shortly have nerved myself to going after my father—there is no question in my mind but that I should have done it; but while I was steeling myself, my wife appeared—my wife, the immaculate Ellen, appeared in the crowded lobby, clad in a Japanese kimono, her hair in curl-papers.

"What is this I hear?" she demanded. "The members of my committee tell me that our dedication is being postponed by some beast of a man—what does this mean?"

I had not the heart to tell her that it was my father. I could never have found the heart to do so. But at that moment he disclosed his identity by reappearing in the street—gun in hand and a yell in his throat.

Again he careened past the hotel, the crowd falling back dismayed—and as I stood there, the picture of embarrassment, if nothing more, my wife edged close to the window and stared.

"Come back, Ellen, dear," I said. "They say he's very dangerous to people he does not like."

That was an unfortunate slip. I had never before suggested that my father did not like my wife—certainly he had never intimated such a thing.

"Yee-ow-wow!" yelled my father, as he swung back toward his Blue Moose retreat and disappeared.

My wife hurriedly left the hotel in a flutter of Japanese coloring, and with a toss of bedroom headgear. The crowd gasped. She was headed straight for the door of the Blue Moose. I followed—I have never permitted my wife to go where I would not go myself—and the crowd trailed along, nervously.

At the door of the Blue Moose saloon I paused, my heart beating with grave concern.

Imagine my feelings! My beloved wife, unappreciative of the danger attached to an eruption of twenty years of repressed pioneerial fervor, mindful only of the jeopardy of social standing, had flung herself headlong into the arms of Peril.

And my beloved father was Peril!

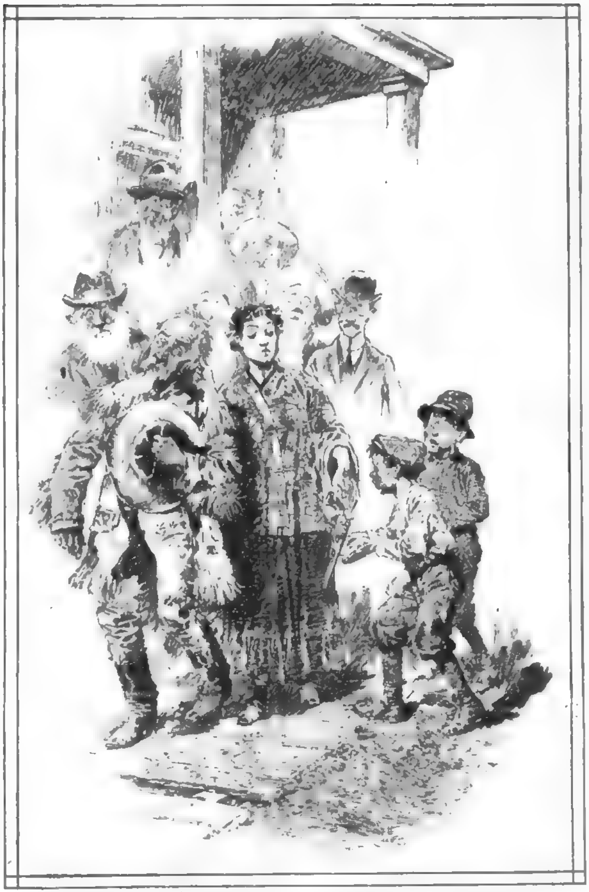
About me pressed the faces of the people, gray with apprehension, each head bent toward the door of the Blue Moose in a listening attitude.

Shortly I should have plunged through those doors regardless of consequences; shortly I should have rushed to my obvious duty.

From the interior of the Blue Moose arose a voice—a woman's voice—the voice of Ellen, my wife.

The door suddenly flew open with a bang, scattering the crowd like frightened sheep. My wife appeared. In one hand she held a long cap-and-ball revolver. In the other she clasped the left ear of a meek old gentleman, who was very white as to face, and who rubbed his hands together nervously.

"At your time of life, too!" my wife was saying. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you silly old man!"



"HERE, BOY!" SAID ELLEN, PUSHING THE FAMOUS REVOLVER INTO THE YOUNGSTER'S HANDS. "HERE'S A NICE PLAYTHING FOR YOU!"

The crowd collected itself again, amazed, startled.

"Now, Elly—" quavered my father.

"Hush!" she ordered, in tones such as I never wish to hear again. "Not another word, you ridiculous old man!"

And up the street, now teeming with an astounded multitude, she led the recently howling wolf and snake in the grass, while I, who seemed destined always to be in the rear of the procession, followed, still harassed by emotion.

"I'm going to lock you up in a closet until the next train leaves," my wife was saying. "You——"

"Don't lose my gun, Elly," my father exhorted humbly. "It's the one with the notches on it."

A little boy, perhaps ten years of age, was running along beside them, whooping shrilly.

"Here, boy!" said Ellen, pushing the famous revolver into the youngster's hands. "Here's a nice plaything for you!"

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said my wife, in closing her brief remarks at the dedication of the museum, "it is with a feeling of deepest reverence toward the wonderful men of that early period, and to those equally wonderful men who came at a later day to develop and perpetuate the path of progress that we dedicate this small monument in the hope that it will ever keep green the memory of the Spanish explorers and the American Pioneer!"

I have a high regard for my father as a Pioneer, which is not shared by my wife, Ellen.

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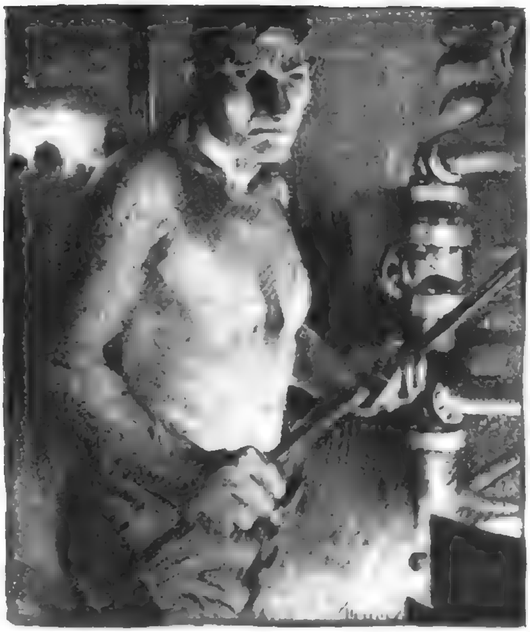
OPPOSITE LAY THE RAILROAD YARDS; AND BEHIND LOOMED THE MILLS, WITH FLAMING WINDOWS AND CHIMNEYS RISING THROUGH SHINING CLOUDS OF FLAME-LIT SMOKE



SLAG

by

James Oppenheim

Author of "DR. RAST," "WILD OATS," etc.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
W. M. VAN DER WEYDE
DRAWINGS BY
WARRANT PRYOR

A HUGE man, naked to the waist, bent down at the foot of the blast-furnace. The immense structure, like a gas-tank banded with coils of pipe, loomed up through the twilight of the shed and was lost in the spaces above. The hot summer air, smothering, thick, consuming, was reheated by the furnace, and the man felt like a fireman standing too close to a burning building. But he stooped deliberately, and with a long rod knocked in a clay plug that sealed the base of the furnace. Then he leaped back.

Through the opening glowed a heart of white fire, and at once a stream of molten iron ran out and down a channel across the platform. A gray scum formed on this stream and was drained off into another channel. This scum was the slag. The main stream ran on and went like a waterfall over into an immense steel-ladle standing on a flat car below. The stream, like glowing golden water, ran rippling, sputtering sparks; and when it fell, a shower of white flakes leaped in the air. A white smoke rolled up in clouds, luminous, wonderful, and at once the glare of fluid metal became so intolerable that the naked eye was blinded.

The immense blast-furnace was splashed with light and shadow, and the half-naked men standing about stood out like living statues. A nose here, a mouth there, a brown eye, a bristling mustache, hair on the chest, sinewy muscle on doubled arm, came sharp and distinct and intensely real. It was all a gigantic scene, tremendously modern—machinery, fire, and souls—in which the souls stood about like the careless gods of Steel. They were handling the elements with unfaltering might.

But the man who had set the scene aglow stood leaning on a long steel rod, his chin on his hands, flame in his face, flame on his swarthy arms and breathing, hairy chest. He had a little mustache on his big upper lip, his nose had a twist outward at the tip, his hair was black and thick and flat over his large forehead. And on his face, every line advertised by the flames, there was a terrible hate—and something else. The man looked dangerous and murderous.

He was staring at another man. This other, slim, graceful, small, was lounging against a pillar where the golden water fell down into the huge ladle. The big man kept muttering to himself:

"If I give him a *push,* he falls in the ladle. That ends him. But the ladle is not full yet!"

So he stood like a man of stone, remembering how once a laborer had fallen into a ladle of molten iron and been instantly killed. The slow minutes passed, the foreman walked back and forth, watching his "baby"—the furnace—and examining the fluid at his feet. Most of the men leaned against some support, for they were fainting with the killing heat. Then suddenly above the sizzle and snap of the metal the little man began humming an alien love-song:

Her eyes are like the sunset star.

The big man tightened his grasp on the iron rod as if to crush it, his muscles stiffened, his eyes dilated, and he bit on his lip—bit hard.

"Ha!—sing, my pretty one! Sing!"

It had been a long, terrible day of summer, and every few hours through the smothering air the blast-furnace had sent out its fires. Two men had swooned at midday, and now the twelve hours of toil were nearly over. But the big man was insane with more than heat. The humming seemed like powder blowing his brain up.

And oh, the sunset-streaks that are
Her lips, and oh, the night thick-curled,
Her raven hair—through all the air
She leads me out beyond this world!

He gave a low growl and started to advance like a man-crushing gorilla. No one noticed him—his pale lips and rolling eyes—the lumbering stride as he made for his man. The young singer went on, heedlessly, while the fourth ladle was filled nearly to the top, and the stream from the furnace had begun to slacken.

The big man was now very near, and he paused. Right below was that brimming ladle of swimming death, sputtering sparks and coated with gray scum; right before him stood the singer. It needed but a motion of his arm. There was a cry on his lips, a fire in his heart. And then the foreman yelled:

"Jo!"

The big man did not turn.

"Jo," shrieked the foreman, "stop 'er off!"

Jo stood again like a stone image. Then he half shut his eyes with cunning and muttered: "I'll wait till I get them together—I'll wait till I get them together!"

He turned, then, while the song

She leads me out beyond this world!

rang in his ears, and strode softly back to the furnace, yea, up to the mouth of hell, up to the scorch and knifing pain; he bent, gathered up some soft fire-clay on the end of his rod, jammed it into the opening, and cut off the stream. The last of it grew sluggish and began to cake at his feet. Almost at once a fresh crew came in—it was six o'clock—and the relieved crew knocked off work.

Jo pulled his shirt down from a hook, put his head through it, and jerked it over his wet body. Then he slipped on his coat. Looking into the twilight beyond the shed, his eyes blinked and saw fire. But he kept staring until the singer passed out. He followed him, keeping a hundred feet behind. An army of men were strolling homeward over the railroad tracks. Yard-engines came whistling shrilly as they bumped over the switches; yardmen walked up and down with lanterns that illumined their black, greasy overalls.

Suddenly in the west, up the main track, shone a spark, which swelled into a giant locomotive. The men scattered, and just before Jo a passenger train shrieked by, a lightning bolt thundering as it went. Its tail lights were swallowed toward the dark east. Then Jo kept on his way, and followed the singer through the mill-gate.

"HA!—SING, MY PRETTY ONE! SING!"

Right beyond the gate ran a street of low, two-story frame houses facing the mills—dreary little houses, smoke-blackened, flimsy, with broken wooden porches above the muddy gutter. The twilight was short, because of the smoke and soot that filled the air, and already windows all along the row were oblongs of hollow light. Shades were up; people were moving about within.

The singer turned up this street, and Jo stepped faster, his fists clenched, his breathing ponderous. He began to pant as he caught up with the little man, and then, all at once, the singer turned and entered a lighted house. Jo stepped on the porch, crouched, and peered through the window.

A bed stood in the window-corner, an open doorway was in the far wall, and the room was painted a glaring blue. Beside the inner door stood a brand-new black stove, and at this a young woman was cooking supper. She wore a little cook's cap on her black hair, which strayed from under it in little curls; she had small black eyes, and small lips, and a little tip of a nose—a graceful little woman. As the singer entered, she turned, smiling.

The boy—for he was only a boy, with brown-gold hair and the wistful eyes of a wolf—nodded, went close to her, and whispered something. The woman laughed softly, and the boy went through the open doorway into the inner room.

Jo stepped into the house. The woman turned again, noticed his vivid face, and stared at him.

Jo sat down slowly on a chair.

"*Pod sem!*" (Come here) he muttered.

The woman looked frightened; her face paled.

"*Pod sem!*"

She advanced slowly, her eyes on his face, her breath coming in gasps. He seized her and drew her close, his huge, greasy hands banding her bare arms, his eyes meeting hers.

"Are you feeling well?"

She spoke on an indrawn breath, answering him in their Slavic speech: "What's the matter? Why do you ask me that?"

"Are you well? Are you sure you are well?" He drew her closer.

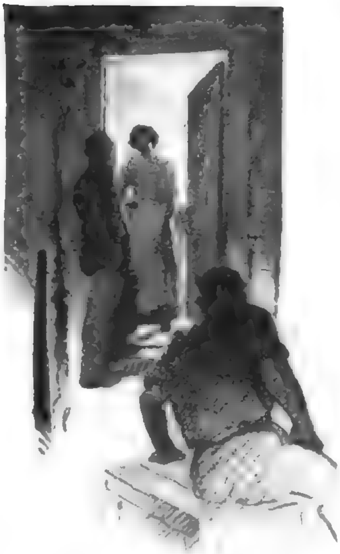
"Why do you do this?" she cried.

He pulled her downward. "Ha—you're a pretty woman—it's good to have a pretty wife! You're feeling well, aren't you? You can smile!—*Smile!*"

She tried to pull herself away. "Jo! Jo!"

He leaped to his feet with a terrible cry.

"*Parom ta udrel—parom ta udrel!*" (God's curses on you!)



"HELLO, LIDDIE," SAID THE BOY.

And with his fist he struck her twice in the shoulder. She cried out, staggered, lurched to the bed and leaned on it, and he swung out through the doorway into the rear room.

He seemed to be in a trance. A long, rough table ran down this room, with a backless wooden bench on either side. Jo sat down on one of the benches, and rested his head on the table. The room was in darkness: there was a tramp of feet above, and out in the rear before the outhouse a group of men were washing themselves at a little iron pump. There was a noise of splashed water, of rough laughter and husky foreign words, footsteps, and, as an undercurrent, the ceaseless, overwhelming roaring of the mills, pulsing through the hot summer's night.

Men began coming in out of the yard, and one went into the kitchen and returned with a lighted lamp, which he carefully set in a tall wall-bracket. In the high, dingy light the men showed shadowy and huge in their grease-black undershirts and trousers. They wore large suspenders; their knotty throats were bare; their faces were stolid and strong. They sat down at the table, which was laid with oilcloth, with heavy dishes and cheap cutlery.

At once the woman came in with a long platter, which she set in the center of the table. It contained big slices of beef swimming in a brown gravy. The men leaned forward simultaneously, almost standing, their faces eager and hungry, forked each as much as he could jab, slashed the beef on his plate, cut big hunks, and slewed it up. The oilcloth was blood-splashed, and mouths dripped.

But Jo ate nothing, not even sipping at the big, jug-like cup of steaming coffee. In that wordless noise of supper, he sat in his trance, one fist on the table, his face pale, his lips set tight, his eyes unseeing. The wolf-eyed boy sat nearly opposite, and though each time the woman entered the wistful eyes were lifted and followed her about the room, Jo did not notice.

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SOOT AND SMOKE WERE IN ALL THE AIR, BLOTTING THE STARS; SPARKLES AND FLAMES SHONE ALL ABOUT; AND THE EARTH SEEMED TO SHAKE WITH THE IRON THUNDER, THE CRASH AND ROLLING ROAR.

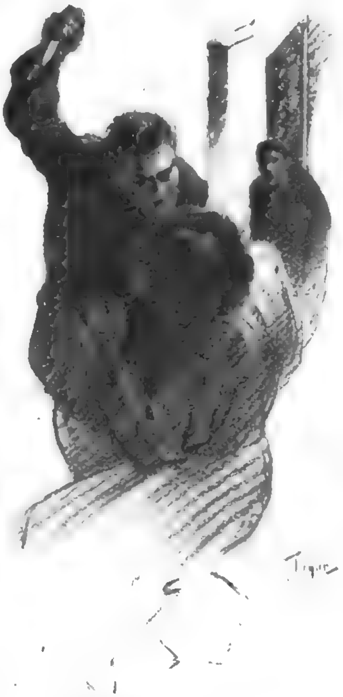
Once the woman stopped and murmured: "You must eat some supper."

Jo did not stir, and she went on, shrugging her shoulders.

After supper the men lit their pipes and went out on the front porch. One of them rolled out a small keg of beer, and another brought glasses. A third sat down on the porch-bench, and began clashing out wildly on an accordion:

Her eyes are like the sunset star.

Fifteen men's voices rose hoarsely and blended into the song.



"YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!"

At the sound, Jo stirred sharply, rose, passed through the kitchen without looking at the woman, and went out and sat down at the darkest end of the porch. Directly opposite lay the railroad yards; red and green signal-lamps glistened; locomotives rumbled back and forth; and behind loomed the mills, with flaming windows and chimneys rising through shining clouds of flame-lit smoke. Trains passed; soot and smoke were in all the air, blotting the stars; sparkles and flames shone all about; and the earth seemed to shake with the iron thunder, the crash and rolling roar, the clank and clatter.

The music of the accordion seemed to clash with the music of the mills, and the sound-strife sent a wild excitement into the heart. The men felt riotous. Penned in the fires all day, stupefied, stifled, exhausted, overworked, their whole being craved for wildness, for irresponsibility, for forgetfulness. They began drinking heavily, and the player played on.

There was one man, however, who spent his evenings in the little night-school for foreigners up on the hill. This man—David Wuk—was not drinking. He sat near Jo, and as a little light fell on Jo's face, he happened to notice the intense gaze and the livid hate. He followed the gaze to the little singer, who sat on the bench beside the accordion player and was singing his heart out.

Dave understood in a flash. His heart tightened in his breast, and his breath caught. He fastened his eyes on Jo.

As the time went on, Jo leaned a little farther forward, his eyes glaring at the black silhouette of the boy. Suddenly the woman stood in the doorway.

"Hello, Liddie," said the boy.

"Hello, Tony!"

The woman went back into the kitchen, but she had left a strange change behind her. At that moment Jo became totally an animal—ruled by sheer, insane jealousy, blood-lust, and hate.

Yet he could feel in his own blind way that once he had been different; that he had fallen upon evil days; that vast events had changed him. Only two years ago he had been a decent peasant out in Austria-Hungary, there among the bare hills, out in the ever-varying weather and the world's winds, in the bronzing health of the sun, and in the quiet of stars. He—like the rest—had lived in the ancient dead village, and had his plot of earth outside where he struggled with the tough soil. A hard life; a starved life—worth sixty cents a day; no fresh meat; no coffee.

And his young wife in autumn had to go three and four miles to the forest to lug home on her back a linen bag full of dead leaves to spread as winter beds for the horses. She had to bear home immense loads of branches, chop them small, tie them in bundles, and stack them about the walls of the house to break the winter winds. A hard life; a starved life. But it was in the sun and the wind, and he was decent and good.

In America he received a dollar and a half a day; he had meat daily; he had coffee daily. A luxurious life! But then it cost much to live, and one was homesick. One wanted to save a hundred dollars and go home and buy a farm and live on the five hundred crowns for the rest of life. So one took lodgers—fifteen crowded into two rooms. And strange things happened: surely this was a land of hate—a land of swindlers. A Hunky had to pay excessively for furniture and food; he had to give a foreman five or ten dollars for a job; he was arrested by the squire just for the fee that was in it. And, worst of all, the work was indoors; in terrific heat. It exhausted a man; it left him at night careless and wild. He wanted to go on a spree; he wanted to riot and forget. So he got drunk and did unmentionable things. Yes, he became an animal in his crowded lodging-house.

And so had Jo become. Dimly he felt it now—how he had been tossed into the mills like the iron ore, and melted—the pure iron drained from his soul, and only the slag left. Truly he was slag—he was the human slag of the mills. He, too, overworked, overdrank, and lived like a beast.

And yet was it *his* fault? Had he not come to America like a young, ignorant child to a new mother? And had America proved to be a mother? Had she tried to help him? Had she tried to throw her beautiful light on his eager face? Had she put out a great arm to shelter him? Or had she proved a cruel stepmother instead of a mother—hateful, spitting in his face, calling him "Hunky" and robbing him?

But if he was slag, yet there was a spark of the hot iron left. Beast as he was, he would not stand by and see his wife unfaithful. No—rather kill her—rather rise like a demon than be so dead to all good. And he would kill her! He would strike her down at his feet! He would tear her heart out! By heavens, he would not bear this! False to him—false—Liddie—*his* Liddie!

He leaned still farther forward, edging along the porch. Dave was breathless now. He knew not whether to cry out, to wait, or to go. With a fierce animal hate, Jo kept looking at the young head against the window-light, while the music clashed out and the mills roared.

Suddenly the woman stood in the doorway again.

"Can we dance now?" cried a man.

"Yes," said the woman.

The men, all save Dave and Jo, crowded into the kitchen, and the woman was turning to go, when the boy spoke softly:

"Liddie!"

The woman started. "What you want, Tony?"

"Wait!"

She hesitated; and then slowly Jo drew a big jack-knife from his back pocket and opened out its large, sharp blade. Dave slid away in the darkness, hurried to the little school on the hill, and told John Warner, the goldish-haired, smooth-shaved, spectacled young head-worker, that there would be murder on the Row if he didn't hurry.

The night seemed to grow hotter; the roar of the mills louder. It seemed as if the world were near the breaking point—as if the earth were rolling toward destruction. Jo leaned still nearer, the jack-knife in his fist.

"Why should I wait?" murmured Liddie.

"Because," came the soft answer, "I love you."

"Sh-h!" Liddie spoke in a frightened voice. "I have told you not to speak of it. *He'll* kill you yet, Tony."

"Ha!" muttered Jo, "well said, little devil!"

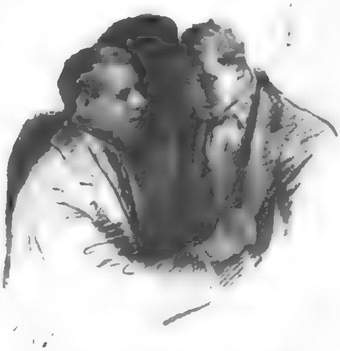
Tony leaped up with a cry: "Liddie!"

He reached for her hands. And then it came. Jo's brain seemed to explode. He was insane at the moment: he was going to plunge the knife into their hearts and roll them together at his feet—and it was because he loved her. False to him! False! Liddie—his Liddie! False to him! He arose, howling: "*Umres*" (You're going to die!).

Liddie shrieked; Tony backed against the bench; and the big man bore down upon them. The blade flashed over his head, swooped, ripped along Liddie's shoulder, and she fell.

There was a sudden hush. Frightened men poured out of the house about the fallen woman. Tony was sobbing, a terrified boy. Jo stood silent—dazed and trembling, the knife dropping to the floor. His eyes were on a little, twisting trickle of fresh blood that ran over the boards.

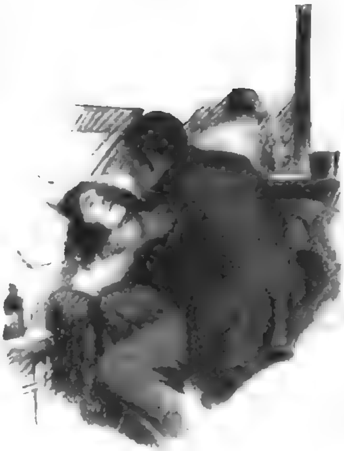
And then John Warner


"JO, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT OF JAIL."

stepped up on the porch. He pushed the other men aside, knelt, and examined the wound. Then he arose, turned to Dave, who stood behind him, and spoke in fluent Slovak:

"Get some woman of the neighborhood to wash this out with hot water and put her to bed! It's only a deep scratch!"

Dave went off.



SHE DREW HIM CLOSE, WITH HER FREE ARM

There was a deep silence, the ring of faces all staring at the bloody floor.

Warner touched Jo. "Why did you do it?"

The voice was searching, and touched with tenderness.

Jo looked at the head-worker, and spoke in a colorless low tone: "She made love to Tony."

Liddie cried out suddenly: "No. *No!*"

"No!" sobbed Tony. "*I* made love to her. *She* wouldn't let me."

"That's true," said a bulky man.

"Yes," said a third.

Jo hung his head, trembled, and again moaned softly.

The head-worker came very near.

"Jo," he murmured, "come with me."

He stepped off the porch, and Jo followed him. They walked in silence to the corner, and then up the hill to the frame schoolhouse. Its windows were all glowing. Warner pushed open the door, and they entered a dim-lit wooden hall. There was a noise of many voices—men's voices—in the adjoining room; a warm, friendly sound broken up by hearty, house-shaking laughter. Warner stood still, Jo beside him. The head-worker turned quickly, and looked at the abashed face of the laborer. Then he spoke quietly:

"What do you think I am going to do with you?"

Jo looked down at the floor. "Put me in the jail," he muttered sullenly.

Warner suddenly clapped him on the shoulder. "Jo," he said sharply, "I'm going to take you out of jail. Follow me."

He turned, opened the door of the adjoining room, and nodded to Jo to enter. They stepped into a large, well-lit, many-windowed schoolroom. Jo opened his big eyes wide. He saw many poor laborers standing behind the desks, and all looked so happy that it made one feel like crying. They all had their jackets in their hands. So did the young teacher—a tall, lean, blue-eyed boy.

Then the teacher said: "I put on my coat."

And at once, suiting the action to the words, the class cried in an alien chorus: "I put on my coat."

Jo found himself behind a desk. His eyes were riveted on the blue-eyed teacher. This young man suddenly began to unlace his shoe. At once the pupils put their feet on the desks, and Jo did likewise.

Then the young man said: "I unlace my shoe."

And somehow Jo understood that he must say this, too. So he joined the chorus: "I unlace my shoe."

The words seemed queer in his mouth, and instantly, like a blaze of light, he knew that he was learning English! It made him feel queer about the heart. Was it possible that in this terrible country any one wanted to help him? It made him feel like choking. He gave a low laugh. Was he being shown a new America—a place of hope and of light—yes, a place of love? Was he something more than slag in the eyes of his new country? It went through him like a hot rod of steel burning his heart. Suddenly he was all alert, and with a strange defiance grappled with unmouthed words. He shouted at the top of his lungs—he dressed and undressed—he did not miss an expression on the teacher's face.

And then, when the crowd trooped out, and the teacher turned off the lights, Jo went into the hall and hung around. Presently Mr. Warner came out.

"Yes, Jo," he said; "what's the matter?"

Jo looked at the floor; he tried to speak; he gasped and stammered; but it came at last, strange, beautiful, broken: "I didn't know—I didn't know it could be like this in America."

He heaved then as if he were going to sob, and hurried out into the night.

The mills were still roaring; the smoke-rolling heavens shuddered red; the engines panted and twinkled; the night was dripping hot. Jo turned down the desolate street. There was still a light in the front room. Softly he stepped up and pushed open the door and entered. He entered very humbly. The small room was hushed; a strange woman sat doubled up near the bright black stove; and in the bed lay Liddie.

Jo stood silent a while, looking down on his wife. She looked up at him. Neither spoke; but suddenly he began to tremble visibly, he put his hand to his mouth, he turned away, and all at once cruel and terrible sobs burst from his chest and his lips. He flung himself at the bedside.

"I'll be good, Liddie," he sobbed, "I'll be good!"

"Ach," murmured Liddie, "Tony's only a boy. But you—" She gave a wild cry that made the woman at the stove sit up and rub her eyes. "*Jo!*"

She drew him close, with her free arm.

Then, a moment later, he stood straight, sobbing and laughing. "Look, look," he cried in Slovak.

He began pulling off his coat, and as he did so he shouted gloriously: "I unlace my shoes!"

OONAGH OF BALLYBREE

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

I SAILED in me foine new hooker
To Ballybree, over the bay,
Where Oonagh O'Regan, me ould love,
Is livin' this many a day.

('Twas Oonagh took up wid a poacher,
A Ballybree blade called Neal,
Wid niver a ham nor a hare-skin
But what the poor habbage could steal!)

And Oonagh I found, faith, wid childer
As thick as the hairs on a goat,
All squealin' and crowdin' like rabbits
While I showed her me jule av a boat!

"But have ye no wife nor childer?"
Says she, wid a perk av the head.
(And her bosom as flat as a deck-board,
And her brats all squealin' for bread!)

"Och, sailin'," says she, "may be sailin',
But when it's all spoken and done,
'Tis us wid our foine homes and childer
Are livin' and havin' our fun!"

Under
THE PROPHET
In Utah

The National Menace of
A Political Priestcraft

BY FRANK J CANNON

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

In Collaboration with HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Editor's Note:—In this number, Senator Cannon enters upon a disclosure of present-day conditions in Utah that makes the remaining chapters a terrible indictment of the "New Polygamy." From the hierarchs' own testimony in the Smoot case, he shows how they break their anti-polygamy promises; how they are spreading polygamy among their followers; how they protect their favorites in the enslavement of women. He makes clear the terriffic pressure that the authorities of the Church bring to bear upon rebellious Mormons, upon officers of the law, and upon protesting Gentiles, crushing them into silence. And in the Senate's acceptance of Mr. Smoot, Mr. Cannon sees nothing short of a national endorsement of this "New Polygamy", with all its horrors, with the curse it lays on womanhood and childhood.

CHAPTER XIV

TREACHERY TRIUMPHANT

WHILE these disclosures of the Smoot investigation were shocking the sentiment of the whole nation, the Prophets carried on the conspiracy of their defense with all the boldness of defiant guilt. In Salt Lake City, the office of the United States marshal and even the post-office were watched for the arrival of subpœnas from Washington; men were posted in the streets to give the alarm whenever the marshal should attempt to serve papers; and before he entered the front door of a Mormon's house, the Church sentry had entered by the back door to warn the inmates.

If the Federal power had been moving in a foreign land, it could not have been more determinedly opposed by local authority. Notorious polygamists, wanted as witnesses before the Senate committee, made a public flight through Utah, couriered, flanked, and rear-guarded by the power of the hierarchy. One of these law-breakers (who, it was known, had been subpœnaed) went from Salt Lake City to take secret employment in one of the Church's sugar factories in Idaho. When he was discovered there and served with the Senate requisition, he gave his word that he would appear at Washington, and then he fled with his new plural wife to a polygamous Mormon settlement in Alberta, Canada—a fugitive, honored because he *was* a fugitive, and officially sustained as a ward of the Church.

THE PROPHET'S SCAPEGOATS

Apostles John W. Taylor and M. F. Cowley left the country to escape a summons to Washington; and President Smith pleaded that he had no control over their movements, and promised that he would, if possible, bring them back to comply with the Senate subpœnas. He knew, as every Mormon and every well-informed Gentile knew, that the slightest expression of a wish from him would be the word of God to these two men. They would have gloried in going to Washington to show the courage of their fanaticism. They would never have left the country without instructions from their President. But since, also, they could not have married plural wives after the manifesto, and solemnized plural marriages for other polygamists without Smith's knowledge and consent, their testimony would have placed the responsibility for these unlawful practises upon the Prophet; and the penalty would have fallen on the Prophet's senator.

They not only fled, but they allowed themselves in their absence to be made the scapegoats of the hierarchy. They were proven guilty of "new polygamy" before the Senate committee; and, for the sake of the effect upon the country, they were ostensibly deposed from the apostolate by order of the President, who, by their dismissal from the quorum, advanced his son Hyrum in seniority. But their apparent degradation involved none of the consequences that Moses Thatcher had suffered. They continued their ministrations in the Church. They remained high in favor with the hierarchy. They claimed and received from the faithful the right to be regarded as holily "the Lord's anointed" as they had ever been. They still held their Melchizedek priesthood. One of them afterward took a new plural wife. It seems to be well authenticated that the other continued to perform plural marriages; and every Mormon looked upon them both—and still looks upon them—as zealous priests who endured the appearance of shame in order to preserve the power of the Prophet in governing the nation.

Another crucial point in President Smith's responsibility was his solemnization of the plural marriage between Apostle Abraham H. Cannon and Lillian Hamlin, of which I have already written. One of the women of the dead apostle's family was subpœnaed to give her testimony in the matter. She thrice telephoned to me that she wished to consult me; but she was surrounded by such a system of espionage that she failed to keep her appointments. At last, late at night, she arrived at my office—the editorial office of the *Salt Lake Tribune*—having escaped, as she explained, in her maid's clothes. The agents of the hierarchy had been subtly and ingeniously suggesting to her that she was perhaps mistaken in her recollection of the facts to which she would have to testify, and she was distressed with the doubt and fear which they had instilled into her mind. I could only adjure her to tell the truth as she remembered it. But on her journey to Washington she was constantly surrounded by Church "advisers;" and the effect of their "advice" showed in the testimony that she gave—a testimony that failed to prove the known guilt of the Prophet.

"REIGN OF TERROR" FOR GENTILES

For the Gentiles, there had begun a sort of "reign of terror," which can be best summed up by an account of a private conference of twelve prominent non-Mormons held as late as 1905. That conference was called to consider the situation, and to devise means of acquainting the nation with the desperate state of affairs in Utah. It was independent of the political movement that had already begun; it aimed rather to organize a social rebellion, so that we might not be dependent, for all our opposition, upon the annual or semi-annual campaigns of politics.

The meeting first agreed upon the following statement of facts:

"Utah's statehood, as now administered, is but a protection of the Mormon hierarchy in its establishment of a theocratic kingdom under the flag of the republic. This hierarchy holds itself superior to the Constitution and to the law. It is spreading polygamy throughout the ranks of its followers. Through its agents, it dominates the politics of the state, and its power is spreading to other commonwealths. It exerts such sway over the officers of the law that the hierarchy and its favorites can not be reached by the hand of justice. It is master of the State Legislature and of the Governor.

"By means of its immense collection of tithes and its large investments in commercial and financial enterprises, it dominates every line of business in Utah except mines and railroads; and these latter it influences by means of its control over Mormon labor and by its control of legislation and franchises. It holds nearly every Gentile merchant and professional man at its vengeance, and by its influence over the patronage which he must have in order to be successful. It corrupts every Gentile who is affected by either fear or venality, and makes of him a part of its power to play the autocrat in Utah and to deceive the country as to its purposes and its operations. Every Gentile who refuses to testify at its request and in its behalf becomes a marked and endangered man. It rewards and it punishes according to its will; and those Gentiles who have gone to Washington to testify for Smoot are well aware of this fact. Unless the Gentiles of Utah shall soon be protected by the power of the United States they will suffer either ruin or exile at the hands of the hierarchy."

When this declaration had been accepted by all present as truly expressing their views of the situation, it was decided that they should confer with other leading Gentiles, hold a mass meeting, adopt a set of resolutions embodying the declaration on which they had agreed, and then despatch the resolutions to the Senate committee, as a protest against the testimony of some of the Gentiles in the Smoot case, and as an appeal to the nation for help.

But although all approved of the declaration and all approved of the method by which it was to be sent to the nation, no man there dared to stand out publicly in support of such a protest, to offer the resolutions, or to speak for them. The merchant knew that his trade would vanish in a night, leaving him unable to meet his obligations, and certain of financial destruction. The lawyer knew not only that the hierarchy would deprive him of all his Mormon clients, but that it would make him so unpopular with courts and juries that no Gentile litigant would dare employ him. The mining man knew that the hierarchy could direct legislation against him, might possibly influence courts, and could assuredly influence jurors to destroy him. And so with all the others at the conference.

WHY DID ROOSEVELT CHANGE HIS MIND?

They were not cowards. They had shown themselves, in the past, of more than average human courage, loyalty, and ability. All recognized that if the power of the hierarchy were not soon met and broken, it would grow too great to be resisted—that another generation would find itself hopelessly enslaved. Every father felt that the liberties of his children were at stake; that they would be bond or free by the issue of the conflict then in course at Washington. And yet not one dared to throw down the gauntlet to tyranny—to devote himself to certain ruin. They had to prefer simple slavery to beggary and slavery combined. They had to hope silently that the power of the nation would intervene. They could work only secretly for the fulfilment of that hope.

At first, in President Roosevelt they saw the promise of their salvation. He had opposed the election of Apostle Smoot. When the report of the apostle's candidacy had first reached Washington, the President had summoned to the White House Senator Thomas Kearns of Utah, and Senator Mark Hanna, who was chairman of the National Republican Committee, and to these two men he had declared his opposition to the candidacy of a Mormon apostle as a Republican aspirant for a senatorship. At his request Senator Hanna, as chairman of the party, signed a letter of remonstrance to the party chiefs in Utah, and President Roosevelt, at a later conference, gave this letter to Senator Kearns to be communicated to the state leaders. Senator Kearns transmitted the message, and by so doing he "dug his political grave," as the Mormon stake president, Lewis W. Shirtliff, expressed it.

Colonel C. E. Loose, of Provo, went to Washington on behalf of the Church authorities. He was a Gentile, a partner of Apostle Smoot and of some of the other Mormon leaders in business undertakings, a wealthy mining man, a prominent Republican. It was reported in Utah that his arguments for Smoot carried some weight in Washington. President Roosevelt was to be a candidate for election; and the "old guard" of the Republican party, distrustful of the Roosevelt progressive policies, was gathering for a grim stand around Senator Mark Hanna. Both factions were playing for votes in the approaching national convention. I have it on the authority of a Mormon ecclesiast, who was in the political confidence of the Church leaders, that President Roosevelt was promised the votes of the Utah delegation and such other convention votes as the Church politicians could control. The death of Senator Hanna made this promise unnecessary, if there ever was an explicit promise. But this much is certain: President Roosevelt's opposition to Apostle Smoot, for whatever reason, changed to favor.

ROOSEVELT'S FRIENDS FOR SMOOT

The character and impulses of the President were of a sort to make him peculiarly susceptible to an appeal for help on the part of the Mormons. He had lived in the West. He knew something of the hardships attendant upon conquering the waste places. He sympathized with those who dared, for their own opinions, to oppose the opinions of the rest of the world. He had received the most adulatory assurances of support for his candidacies and his policies. It would have required a man of the calmest discrimination and coolest judgment to find the line between any just claim for mercy presented by the Mormon advocates of "religious liberty" and the wilful offenses which they were committing against the national integrity.

I have received it personally from the lips of more than one member of the Senate committee that never in all their experience with public questions was such executive pressure brought to bear upon them as was urged from the White House, at this time, for the protection of Apostle Smoot's seat in the Senate. The President's most intimate friends on the committee voted with the minority to seat Smoot. One of the President's closest adherents, Senator Dolliver, after having signed a majority report to exclude Smoot—and having been reelected, in the meantime, by his own state legislature to another term in the Senate—afterward spoke and voted against the report which he had signed. Senator A. J. Hopkins, of Illinois, who had supported Smoot consistently, found himself bitterly attacked, in his campaign for reelection, because of his record in the Smoot case, and he published in his defense a letter from President Roosevelt that read: "Just a line to congratulate you upon the Smoot case. It is not my business, but it is a pleasure to see a public servant show, under trying circumstances, the courage, ability and sense of right that you have shown."

THE SMOOT CASE DELAYED BY PRESIDENTIAL PRESSURE

After the outrageous exposures of the violations of law, the treason, and the criminal indifference to human rights shown by the rulers of the Church, if an early vote had been taken by the committee and by the Senate itself, the antagonism of the nation would have forced the exclusion of the apostle from the upper House. Delay was his salvation. As much to the President's influence as to any other cause is the delay attributable that prolonged the case through a term of three years. During that time the unfortunate Gentiles of Utah learned that, instead of receiving help from the President, they were to have only the most insuperable opposition. They believed that the President was being grossly misled; that it was, of course, impossible for him to read all the testimony given before the Senate committee, and that the matters which reached him were being tinged with other purpose than the vindication of truth and justice. But it was impossible to obtain the opportunity of setting him right. Even the women who were leading the national protest against the polygamous teaching and practises of Smoot's fellow apostles, were told that the President had made up his mind and could not be reconvinced.

The Mormon appeal to his generosity was not confined to Washington. On his travels he met President Smith more than once—the Prophet being accompanied by a different wife each time—and naturally Smith made every effort to impress President Roosevelt with his earnestness, the purity of his life, and the high motives that actuated the exercise of his authority. And at this sort of pretense the Lord's anointed are expert. They themselves may be crude in ideas and coarse in method, but their diplomacy is a growth of eighty years of applied devotion and energy.

A POLYGAMIST "REACHES" THE PRESIDENT

The American people are used to meeting prominent Mormons who are models of demeanor—who are hearty of manner; who carry a kindly light in their eyes; who have a spontaneity that precludes hypocrisy or even deep purpose. These are not the men who make the Church diplomacy—they simply obey it. It is part of that diplomacy to send out such men for contact with the world. But the ablest minds of the Church, whether they are of the hierarchy or not, construct its policies. And given a system whose human units move instantly and unquestioningly at command; given a system whose worldly power is available at any point at any moment; given a system whose movement may be as secret as the grave until result is attained—and the clumsiest of politicians or the crudest of diplomats has a force to effect his ends that is as powerful for its size as any that Christendom has ever known.

Among the emissaries of the Church who were deputed to "reach" President Roosevelt, was our old friend Ben Rich, the gay, the engaging, the apparently irresponsible agent of hierarchical diplomacy. And I should like to relate the story of his "approach," as it is still related in the inner circle of Church confidences. Not that I expect it to be wholly credited—not that I doubt but it will be denied on all sides—but because it is so characteristic of Church gossip and so typical (even if it were untrue) of the humorous cynicism of Church diplomacy.

AND TELLS HIM "ALL ABOUT IT"

When President Roosevelt was making his "swing around the circle," Rich was appointed to join him, found the opportunity to do so, and (so the story is told) delighted the President by the spirit and candor of his good-fellowship. When they were about to part, the President is reported to have said: "Why don't you run for Congress from your state? You're just the kind of man I'd like to have in the House to support my policies." And here (as the Mormons are told) is the dialogue that ensued:

Rich: "I have no ambitions that way, Mr. President. For many reasons it's out of the question—although I'm grateful for the flattering suggestion."

Roosevelt: "Then let me appoint you to some good office. You're the kind of man I'd like to have in my official family."

Rich (impressively and in a low tone): "Mr. President, I'd count it the greatest honor of my life to have a commission from you to *any* office. I'd hand that commission down to my children as the most precious heritage. But—I love you too much, Mr. President, to put you in any such hole. I'm a polygamist. It would injure you before the whole country."

Roosevelt (leaning forward eagerly): "No! Are *you* a polygamist? Tell me all about it."

Rich: "The Lord has bestowed that blessing on me. I wish you could go into my home and see how my wives are living together like sisters—how tender they are to each other—how they bear each other's burdens and share each other's sorrows—and how fond all my children are of Mother and Auntie."

Roosevelt: "Well—but how can women agree to share a husband?"

THE MORMON STORY ABOUT ROOSEVELT

Rich: "They do it in obedience to a revelation from the Lord—a revelation that proclaimed the doctrine of the eternity and the plurality of the marriage covenant. We believe that men and women, sealed in this life under proper authority, are united in the conjugal relation throughout eternity. We believe that the husband is tied to his wives, and they to him; that their children and all the generations of their children will belong to him hereafter. We believe in eternal progression; that as man is, God was; and as God is, man shall be. We believe that by obedience to this revealed covenant, we shall be exalted in the celestial realm of our Father, with power in ourselves to create and people worlds. It is a never-ending and constantly increasing intelligence and labor. If I keep my covenants to my wives and they keep theirs to me, in this world, all the powers and rights of our marriage relation will be continued and amplified to us in the life to come; and we, in our turn, shall be rulers over worlds and universes of worlds."

Then—according to the unctuous gossip of the devout—President Roosevelt saw the true answer to his own desire to know what was to become of his mighty personality after this world should have fallen away from him! He saw, in this faith, a possible continuation throughout eternity of the tremendous energies of his being! He was to continue to rule not merely a nation but a world, a system of worlds, a universe of worlds! And it is told—sometimes solemnly, sometimes with a grin—that in the Temple at Salt Lake, a proxy has stood for him and he has been baptized into the Mormon Church*; that proxies have stood for the members of his family and that they have been sealed to him; and finally that proxies have stood for some of the great queens of the past (who had not already been sealed to Mormon leaders) and that they have been sealed to the President for eternity!

ROOSEVELT—THE MORMONS' FRIEND?

This may sound blasphemous toward Theodore Roosevelt—if not toward the Almighty—but it is told, and it is believed, by hundreds and thousands of the faithful among the Mormon people. It is given to them as the secret explanation of President Roosevelt's protection of the Mormon tyranny—a protection of which Apostle Hyrum Smith boasted in a sermon in the Salt Lake tabernacle (April 5, 1905) in these equivocal words:

"We believe—and I want to say this—that in President Roosevelt we have a friend, and we believe that in the Latter-day Saints President Roosevelt has the greatest friendship among them; and there are no people in the world who are more friendly to him, and will remain friendly unto him just so long as he remains true, as he has been, to the cause of humanity."

The Smiths have their own idea of what "the cause of humanity" is.

CHAPTER XV

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

As early as 1903, before the Smoot investigation began, the *Utah State Journal* (of which I became editor) was founded as a Democratic daily newspaper, to attempt a restoration of political freedom in Utah and to remonstrate against the new polygamy, of which rumors were already insistent. I was at once warned by Judge Henry H. Rolapp (a prominent Democrat on the district bench, and secretary of the Amalgamated Sugar Company) that we need not look for aid from the political or business interests of the community, inasmuch as our avowed purpose had already antagonized the Church. He delivered this message in a friendly spirit from a number of Democrats whose support we had been expecting.

And the warning proved to be well-inspired. Although a number of courageous Gentiles, like Colonel E. A. Wall, of Salt Lake City, gave us material aid—and although there was no other Democratic daily paper in Utah (unless it was the *Salt Lake Herald*, owned by Senator Clark, of Montana)—the most powerful Church Democratic interests stood against us, and we found it impossible to make any effective headway with the paper.

After the Prophets began to give their awful testimony at Washington, the Democratic National Convention of 1904 (which I attended as a delegate from Utah) considered a resolution in opposition to polygamy and the Church's rule of the state. This resolution was as vigorously fought by some Utah Gentiles as by the Mormon delegates, on the ground that it would defeat the Democratic party in Utah. It carried in the convention.

Upon returning to Salt Lake City I called a meeting of the Democratic state committee (of which I was chairman) and urged that we make our state campaign on the issue of ecclesiastical domination, in consonance with the party's national platform. Of the whole committee only the secretary, Mr. P. J. Daly, supported the proposal. The others considered it "an attempt to establish a quarantine against Democratic success." Some of them had been promised by members of the hierarchy that the party was to have "a square deal this time." Others had fatuously accepted the assurances of ecclesiasts that "it looked like a Democratic year."

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* It is a not uncommon practise in the Mormon Church thus to "do a work" for a Gentile who has befriended the people or otherwise won the gratitude of the Church authorities.

In short, the Democratic party in Utah, like the Republican party, proved to be then, as it is now, less a political organization than the tool of a Church cabal. We found that we could no more hope to move the Democratic machine against the hierarchy than to move the Smoot-Republican machine itself.

But when Joseph F. Smith, before the Senate committee, admitted that he was violating "the laws of God and man" and tried to extenuate his guilt with the plea that the Gentiles of Utah condoned it, he issued a challenge that no American citizen could ignore. The Gentiles of Utah had been silent, theretofore, partly because they were ignorant of the extent of the polygamous offenses of the hierarchy, and partly because they were hoping for better things. Smith's boast made their silence the acquiescence of sympathy. A meeting was called in Salt Lake City, in May, 1904, and, under the direction of Colonel William Nelson, editor of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, the principles of the present "American party" were enunciated as a protest against the law-breaking tyranny of the Church leaders.

Later, as it became clear that the opponents of the Smith misrule must organize their own party of progress, committees were formed and a convention was held (in September, 1904) at which a full state and county ticket was put in the field, in the name of the American party of Utah.

THE FLAG AND THE ANGEL MORONI

We agreed that no war should be made on the Mormon religion as such; that no war should be made on the Mormon people because of their being Mormons; that we would draw a deadline at the year 1890, when the Church had effected a composition of its differences with the national government, and all the citizens of Utah, Mormon and Gentile alike, had accepted the conditions of settlement; that we would find our cause of quarrel in the hierarchy's violation of the statehood pledges; and that when we had corrected these evil practises we would dissolve, because (to quote the language used at the time) we did not wish "to raise a tyrant merely to slay a tyrant."

In the idea that we would fight upon living issues—that we would not open the graves of the past to dig up a dead quarrel and parade it in its cerements—the American party movement began. Its first enlistment included practically all the Gentiles in Salt Lake City who resented the claim of the Prophet that they acquiesced in his crimes and his treasons. But the most promising sign for the party was its attraction of hundreds of independent Mormons of the younger generation. As one Mormon of that hopeful time expressed it: "The flag represents the political power. The golden angel Moroni, at the top of the Temple, represents the ecclesiastical authority. I will not pay to either one a deference which belongs to the other. I know how to keep them apart in my personal devotion."

THE CHURCH VS. THE AMERICAN PARTY

This was exactly what the Church authorities would not permit. It would have destroyed all the special and selfish prerogatives of the Mormon hierarchs. It would have subverted their claim of absolute temporal power. It would have set up the nation and the state as the objects of civic devotion—instead of the Kingdom of God.

Although we of the American party disavowed and abstained from any attack upon the Mormon Church as such—and confined ourselves to a war upon the treasons, the violations of law, the breaches of covenant, and the other offenses of the Church leaders, as the practises of individuals—these leaders dragged the whole body of the Church as a wall of defense around them, and in countless sermons and printed articles declared that the Church and its faith were the objects of our assault. In other words, though Smith claimed in Washington—and Smoot continues to claim before the nation—that the Church is not responsible for the crimes of its Prophets, whenever a criticism or a prosecution is directed against any of these men they all unite in declaring that the Church is being persecuted; and the members of the hierarchy rouse all their followers, and use all their agencies, in a successful resistance.

There was no blithesomeness in the campaign. It was not lightened by any humor. It was a hopeless assault on the one side and a grim, overpowering resistance on the other. The American party, being organized as a protest, had at first little regard for offices. It sought to promulgate the principles of its cause for the enlightenment of the citizens of Utah and for the preservation of their rights. Some of the Gentiles who did not join us felt, perhaps, as strong an indignation as those who did, but they were entangled in politics with the hierarchs, or had business connections that would be destroyed. These men, in course of time, became the most dangerous opponents of our progress. (The average Mormon is obedient and supine enough in the presence of his Prophets, but he is a man of personal independence compared with the sycophantic Gentile who accepts political or commercial favors from the Church chiefs and yet continues to deny the existence of the very power to which he bends the knee.)

REBELLIOUS MORMONS

Of the rebellious but discreet Mormons many came to the leaders of our party to say: "I think you're quite right. I, myself, have suffered under these tyrannies. I have no sympathy with the new polygamy. But, as you know, I'm attorney for some of the Church interests"—or "I'm in business with high ecclesiasts"—or "I'm heavily in debt to the Church bank"—or "I'm closely connected by marriage with one of the Prophets"—"and I can do you more good by my quiet efforts than by coming out into the open. I'd be treated as an apostate. All my influence would be gone." And in most cases they preserved their influence and we lost them. The Church had effective ways of recovering their support.

For many reasons the American party looked for its recruits chiefly among Republicans, the Democracy being almost entirely Mormon. And in the first flush of enthusiasm some of our leaders laughed at the boast of the Republican state chairman that, for every Republican he lost, he would get two Mormon Democrats to vote the Republican ticket. (This was the Honorable William Spry, a Mormon, since made governor of Utah, for services rendered the hierarchy.) But the claim proved anything but laughable. He got probably four Mormon Democrats for every Republican he lost. As usual, the hierarchy "delivered the goods" to the national organization in power.

According to our best calculations, we got from 1500 to 1800 Mormon votes. And, during this campaign and those that followed, I was approached by hundreds of Mormons who commended our work and gave private voice to the hope that we might succeed in freeing Utah so that they themselves might be free. After I joined the staff of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, as chief editor, these came to my office by stealth and in obvious fear. I could not blame them then, nor do I now. The cost of open defiance was too great.

One woman, the first wife of a prominent Mormon physician, came to me to enlist in the work of the party. (Her husband was living with a young plural wife.) We accepted her aid. Her husband cut off her monthly allowance, and she had to take employment as a book canvasser, so that she might be able to earn her living.

A Mormon who came out openly for us was superintendent of a business owned by Gentiles. He was somewhat prominent as an ecclesiast, and he was a Sunday-school worker in his ward. He reconciled his wife and daughters to his revolt against the recrudescence of polygamy and the tyranny of the Church's political control. He carried with him the sympathy of his brother, who was a newspaper editor. He won over some of his personal friends to pledge their support to our cause. He seemed too sturdy ever to retreat, too independent in his circumstances to be driven, and with too clear a vision to be led astray by the threats, the power, or the persuasions of the hierarchy.

UNDER THE CHURCH'S BIG STICK

Yet, before long, he came to confess that he could not continue to help us openly. His employers—his Gentile employers—had notified him that his work in the American party would be dangerously injurious to their business. They were in hearty accord with his views; they recognized his right as a citizen to act according to his convictions; but—they dared not provoke a war of business reprisals with the commercial and financial institutions of the Church. He must either cease his active opposition to the Church leaders or lose his place of employment. . . . He retired from the fight.

Another Mormon who joined us was Don C. Musser, a son of one of the Church historians. He had been a missionary in Germany and in Palestine. He had been a soldier in the Philippines and had edited the first American newspaper there. His contact with the world and his experience in the military service of the United States had given him a high ideal of his country; and a feeling of loyalty to the nation had superseded his earlier devotion to the Prophets. His family was wealthy, but he was supporting himself and his young wife by his own efforts in business. As soon as he came out openly with the American party, his father's home was closed against him. His business connections were withdrawn from him. He found himself unable to provide for his wife, who was in delicate health. After a losing struggle, he came to tell us that he could no longer earn a living in Utah; that he had obtained means to emigrate; that he must say good-by. And we lost *him*.

POLYGAMY—AND ITS PREY

Two other young men—the son and the son-in-law of an apostle—came to me and asked helplessly for advice. They admitted that the practises of the hierarchy were, to them, a violation of the covenant with the nation, a transgression of the revelation from God given to Wilford Woodruff, and destructive of all the securities of community association. But would I advise them to sacrifice their influence in the Church by joining the "American movement" publicly? Or had they better retain their influence and use it within the Church to correct the evils that we were attacking?

With awful sincerity they spoke of conditions that had come under their own eyes, and related instances to show how mercilessly the polygamous favorites of the Church were permitted to prey on the young woman teachers in Church schools. They spoke of J. M. Tanner, who was at that time head of the Church schools, a member of the general Board of Education, and one of the Sunday-school superintendents. According to these young men—and according to general report—Tanner was marrying right and left.

I knew of a young Mormon of Brigham City, who had been a suitor for the hand of Miss L——, a teacher at the Logan College. He had been away from Utah for some time, and he had returned hoping to make her his wife. Stopping over night in Salt Lake, on his way home, he saw Tanner and Miss L—— enter the lobby of the hotel in which he sat. They registered as man and wife and went upstairs together. He followed—to walk the floor of his room all night, struggling against the impulse to break in, and kill Tanner, and damn his own soul by meddling with the man who had been ordained by the Prophets to a wholesale polygamous prerogative.

He had kept his hands clean of blood, but he had been living ever since with murder in his heart. Could these two sons of the Church do more to remedy such horrors by using their influence to have Tanner deposed, or by sacrificing that influence in an open revolt against the conditions that made Tanner possible? I could only advise them to act according to their own best sense of what was right. They *did* use their influence to help force Tanner's deposition, but we lost the public example of their opposition to the crimes of the hierarchy.

I relate these incidents as typical of the different kinds of pressure that were brought to bear upon the independent Mormons who wished to aid us, and of the local difficulties against which we had to contend. Washington, of course, gave us no recognition; and we did not succeed in reaching the ear of the nation. Here and there a newspaper noted our effort and paid some small heed to our protest, but the overwhelming success of the Republican party—and the dumb-driven acquiescence of the Democracy—in Utah and the neighboring Church-ruled states, left the agitation with little of political interest for the country at large.

THE PROPHET'S GRIP ON POLITICS

And yet the struggle went on. Animated by the spirit of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, the leading newspaper of the community, the American party entered the city elections in the fall of 1905 and carried them against the hierarchy's Democratic ticket, with the help of the independent Mormons, under cover of the secret ballot. Emboldened by this success, we proposed to move on the state and county offices, with the hope of gaining some members of the legislature and some of the judicial and executive offices, through which to enforce the laws that the Church leaders were defying. But here we failed.

Outside of Salt Lake the rule of the Prophets was still absolute and unquestioned. The people bowed reverently to Joseph F. Smith's dictum: "When a man says 'You may direct me spiritually but not tempo-rally,' he lies in the presence of God—that is, if he has got intelligence enough to know what he is talking about." The state politicians knew that they would destroy themselves by joining an organization opposed by the all-powerful Church; and sufficient warning of this doom appeared to them in the fact that no member of the American party could obtain any recognition in Federal appointments. The Church had meanwhile dictated the election of another United States senator (George Sutherland) to join Apostle Smoot, and Senator Kearns was retired for his opposition to the hierarchy.*

SMOOT—INFANT FOE TO POLYGAMY—

It began to be more and more apparent that, whatever success we might achieve locally, the power of the financial and political allies of the Prophets in Washington, aided by the executive "Big Stick" of the President, would beat us back from any attempt to rouse the state or the nation to our support.

Smoot was in a happy position: All the senators who represented the "Interests" were for him, and all the senators who represented the supposed progressive sentiment of Theodore Roosevelt were also for him. The women of the nation had sent a protest with a million signatures to the Senate; but they had no votes; they received, in reply, a public scolding. Long before the Senate voted on its committee's report, many of the notorious "new" polygamists of the Church returned from their exile in foreign missions and began to walk the streets of Salt Lake with their old swagger of self-confident authority. We foresaw the end.

Early in December, 1906, Senator J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, chairman of the committee that had investigated Smoot, called up the committee's report and spoke to it in a denunciation of Smoot. Senator Dubois, of Idaho, followed, two days later, with a supplementary attack, and censured President Roosevelt for "allowing his name and office" to be used in defense of the Mormons. After an interval of a month, Senator Albert J. Hopkins, of Illinois, undertook to reply with a defense of Smoot that reduced the apostle's excuses to the absurd. Smoot, he declared, had opposed polygamy "even from his infancy"; there was "nothing in the constitution" prohibiting "a state from having an established Church"; the old practises of Mormonism were dying out; and Smoot, as an exponent of the newer Mormonism, was largely responsible for the improvement.

This bold falsehood was received with laughter by the members who had heard the testimony before the Senate committee or read the record of its sittings; but it was wired to all newspapers; and the contradictions that followed it failed (for reasons) to get the same publicity. It was repeated by Senator Sutherland (January 22, 1907); and he had the audacity to add that the Mormon Church, as well as Smoot, was opposed to polygamy; that the "sporadic cases" of new polygamy were "reprehended by Mormon and Gentile alike"; that polygamous marriages in Utah had been forbidden by the Enabling Act, but that polygamous cohabitation had been left to the state; and that the latter was rapidly dying out. And Sutherland knew, as every public man in Utah knew, that almost every word of this statement was untrue.

—IS RETAINED IN THE SENATE

Senator Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania (February 14, 1907) took up the lie that Smoot had been "from his youth against polygamy," and he added to it a legal argument that the Senate could only expel a member, by a two-thirds vote, if he were guilty of crime, offensive immorality, disloyalty, or gross impropriety during his term of service. Senator Tillman (February 15th) accused President Roosevelt of protecting Smoot in return for a pledge of Mormon support given previous to the last campaign. Apostle Smoot (February 19th) declared that cases of "new" polygamy were rare; that they were not sanctioned by the Church; that every case since 1890 "has the express condemnation of the Church"; and that he himself had always opposed polygamy.

On February 20th, the question was forced to a vote after a debate that repeated these falsehoods, in spite of all disproofs of them.

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* When Senator Aldrich was carrying the tariff bill of 1910 through the Senate, for the greater profit of the "Interests," Smoot and Sutherland did not once vote against him. Smoot supported him on every one of the 129 votes and missed none. Sutherland voted with him 117 times and was recorded as not voting on the remaining 12. Only two other senators made anything like such a despicable record.

And Apostle Smoot was retained in his seat by a vote of 51 to 37, counting pairs.

After this event, no growth of organization was immediately possible to the American party. Having gained political control of Salt Lake City and given it good municipal government, we were able to hold a local adherency; but hundreds of Mormons, who still vote the American city ticket, vote for the Church in state elections, because, though they want reform, they are not willing to risk the punishment of their relatives and of the leaders of the Church to attain that reform. And when the national government granted its patent of approval to the hierarchy—by holding the hierarchy's appointed representative in the Senate as its prophetic monitor—nearly all the people of the intermountain country lost heart in the fight. Thousands of Gentiles, who knew the truth and had fought for it for years, argued despairingly:

"If the nation likes this sort of thing—I guess it's the sort of thing it likes. I'm not going to ruin myself financially and politically by keeping up a losing struggle with these neighbors of mine, and fight the government at Washington besides. If the administration wants to be bossed by the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, *I* can stand it."

The nation, having accepted responsibility for past polygamy, now, by accepting Senator Smoot, gave its responsible approval to the new polygamy and to the commercial and political tyrannies of the Church. In the old days the Mormons had claimed immunity for their practise of polygamy on the ground that the constitution of the United States protected them in the exercise of their faith. The Supreme Court of the country determined that the free-religion clause of the constitution did not cover violations of law; and the Church deliberately abandoned its claim of religious immunity. But now a majority of the Senate, supported by President Roosevelt, took the ground—which the Supreme Court had made untenable and the Mormons themselves had vacated—and practically declared that violations of law were a part of the constitutional guaranty!

The July Instalment of **"Under the Prophet in Utah"** will deal with **"The New Polygamy."**

IN AN OLD CEMETERY

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THRONGED with shadows is the hemlock driveway,
Few now follow to these fields unmown,
Where the vine and bush, together tangled,
Overhang the slant and crumbling stone.

Here, a thicket maze of firs and spruces,
Like a breastwork of primeval wars,
Hides the grave of some young Continental,
And his carven flag of thirteen stars.

Green the knoll where the proud squire is lying;
But the lilacs planted at his head,
Straying far along the mossed embankment,
Spend their beauty round a nameless bed.

Little marble lamb, the mountain winters
Drift and buffet thee in this lone wild;
But thou dreamest through enchanted summers
By the pillow of "An Onlie Child."

"WHAT·AVAILETH·IT?"

by·Edwin·Lefèvre

Author of "THE GOLDEN FLOOD,"
"SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET," etc.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROWN BROTHERS

WHEN will men learn to die wisely? It is the supreme test of ability. For, you see, it is the highest duty of man to leave the world the better for his having lived—to benefit his fellows not only in life but after his death. Men live on in their monuments, not in the banal observations of their contemporaries. He who dies wisely, therefore, sees to it that he doesn't die at all!

Consider how few men have accomplished a wise death. As a man can not die unless he first lives, so no man can die wisely without first having lived wisely. Errors of living are not important in life; it is after death that they glare. "Whom do you esteem the greatest?" was asked of Epaminondas. "You must first," he replied, "see us die." And so, when we consider the lesson of the death of Charles Tyson Yerkes, we are really studying the life of other men of his type. The Great American Novel can be nothing but pages taken from the lives of Americans Who Do Things. Only in death is the moral of their tale plain. You read "Finis" and then you begin to think. The glitter tarnishes; the jingle of the dollar ceases; envy is stilled. What remains?

Take a man who for years tells himself, and is told by sycophantic hundreds, that he has contributed greatly to humanity's progress; who has heard curses from men out of work and votes of thanks from boards of directors; a man whose toothaches have killed bull markets and whose smiles have checked panics; whose head was so high above the world that he could not hear what the men said upon whose prostrate bodies he marched toward his shining goal—A Successful American! He dies. What remains of him?

Nothing!

Yes, but his Monument? That is what they all dream of—their Monument!—these born leaders visioning a stable dynasty. "Later on," says the Great Man, "the world will see how wise I was, how unjust the accusations of dishonesty, how absurd the reproach of greed! Individuals must suffer that mankind at large may benefit. The greatest good to the greatest number is obtained by efficiency, and my seeming ruthlessness was exercised merely to insure efficiency. My work shall be *My Monument!*"

And his Monument is what?

Nothing!

They do not die wisely, these Great Men. They do not have Death in mind when they design their mausoleums. The one imperishable Monument is built not with marble, but with years; the mortar is not of lime and sand, but of brains and love; and it is mixed not with water, but with sweat and tears. But there must be, always in the builder, *the sense of Death;* else

Nothing!

If dead Charles T. Yerkes has been chosen as the text of this sermon, it is precisely because he *is* dead, as the others must die;

and because as he lived, so many are living to-day. He was the archetype of the Captain of Industry—the most highly accentuated product of our inconclusive experiment in democracy. His was a picturesque personality, an adventurous career, a life of romance. He built works; he was an expert in transportation—which to so large a degree measures civilization, since nothing else so greatly contributes to industrial efficiency and the material comforts of the masses. A millionaire, with the virtues and vices of millionaires, he had a hawk's vision for the dollar, a tiger's courage against his foes, and the perseverance of the ant in whatever he undertook. He was a lover of beauty and an infallible appraiser of the market-price of greed-stricken men. Increasingly, as his life went, even as he labored, he dreamt of his Monument—but always with the thought of Death too far away! It was his mistake. Wherefore his clay was scarcely cold when there remained of that one desire of his later years, of that imperishable Monument of his, exactly

Nothing!

The grim tautology of his death is that Yerkes is *deader* than he ever thought he would be.

He would leave to the world:

A great art gallery to proclaim his love of the beautiful.

A great hospital to bear witness to his love of man.

A great transportation system to prove his love of accomplishment.

Truly, all these were veritable marble blocks whereof to fashion Monuments and deathlessness. And yet it can be said of him not only that he is dead, but that he is *very* dead!

A dismal epitaph, that, for any man who, living, had a chance to live!

And the lesson for future Yerkeses and Harrimans and for present Ryans and Rockefellers to learn is this:

All men die; mankind lives forever! No man can live in stone or in gold, in railroad tracks or in art galleries. Death, shod with eternity, can grind to dust libraries and churches, hospitals and even schools. But it can not kill the race. To live forever is rightly to remember that mankind does not die. If this is forgotten, the Fates confer, snip, and the moment the individual's organic functions cease, there is left of him

Nothing!

II

Charles Tyson Yerkes was born in 1837, of Pennsylvania "Dutch" ancestry. We hear less of his parents than of his own childish exploits. Once, as a boy of ten, he was watching an auction and saw among the things to be sold some boxes of the same kind of soap that his mother used. He immediately ran to the family grocer, asked if he would buy soap at less than the wholesale price, and then found out what the wholesale price was. Having made sure of his market, he sought his mother, told her what he proposed to do, borrowed some money from his father, making him consent to take his pay in soap—at the grocer's price—went back to the auction, bid in the soap, and sold it to the grocer, except what he sold his best friend. Without much labor and with no money of his own, he cleared some dollars. It was the precursor of similar deeds later on.

At seventeen he left the high school and went into the office of James P. Perot & Brother, commission brokers. The first year he received no wages, but the firm was so well pleased with his aptitude and diligence that they gave him fifty dollars at Christmas. The second year he received a hundred dollars, the third, three hundred, and was made cashier and chief bookkeeper. In 1859 he went into business for himself as a stock-broker—a likable sort of chap, called "Charlie" by everybody who had met him twice, and withal respected for his keen mind. In 1865, while he was still under thirty, he suggested that Philadelphia might do well to employ brains when it had bonds to sell. The best the City of Brotherly Love could do when it needed money was to borrow it at sixty-five cents on the dollar. Yerkes was able to place the city's bonds at par. The officials already were his personal friends, and his successful sale of the bonds gave him good standing in business circles.

In the panic of '71 Yerkes's firm failed, but friends came to his aid and he was able to resume business. In the panic of '73, brought on by the failure of Jay Cooke, he failed again. Many others did and outlived it. But in the case of Yerkes it happened that the city treasurer had been speculating with funds not his own, and on charges of embezzlement and larceny—largely, it is now admitted, of a technical nature—Yerkes was tried, convicted, and sentenced to two years and nine months in the penitentiary.

Yerkes used to say that a man should have a hobby outside of his business to relax his mind and keep him from worrying. When he was a boy, he used to raise goldfish. In prison he divided his time systematically: so much for physical exercise, so much for reading and study, and so much for pleasure. His pleasure consisted of a garden where he grew flowers, the wardens aiding and abetting. He always insisted that his conviction was unjust, his trial having been a sop to the populace thirsting for a victim. At all events, he was pardoned after serving seven months. It is also a fact that former business associates and acquaintances in Philadelphia trusted him in business after he left the penitentiary. He might have worked in his native place, reestablishing himself in the respect of his fellow-men at large, but he did not.

Instead, he went West. All he carried was a jail-record, a desire to make money, and the intention to secure a divorce from his first wife. All manner of stories have been told of the attachment of a beautiful girl for the married man who was serving a term in jail for embezzlement. Skeletonized, as it is, you can see the romance of Charlie Yerkes's career so far.

He went to Fargo, and while there, establishing a legal "residence" for Dakota divorce purposes, he dabbled in real estate. The local real-estate dealers objected to the effete Easterner's taking the bread out of their mouths and made it rather disagreeable for him, socially and financially. But he made money just the same. These modern soldiers of fortune, like their medieval prototypes, ask only one thing—weapons. Beaten, wounded, despised in their defeat, the swashbucklers of three hundred years ago asked but to feel the hilt of a good sword in their right hand; and then, no odds and no quarter! The Yerkes type of to-day, after a defeat, asks only for some dollars; they will carve new fortunes for him.

But the Dakota real-estate game wasn't worth the candle, and Yerkes went to Chicago. He naturally sought the thick of the fight, where the plunder was—the Board of Trade. He made money in commissions and in speculation; but he lost it. In later years he told a friend: "I have made my money by a combination of good luck and good judgment. Some of it I made speculating; but I did not keep that up. The man who speculates is an idiot."

Speculative, reverses, however, did not kill Yerkes. Chicago was a rich, growing city, but wofully behind the times in street transportation. And Yerkes, a friend of the traction experts of his own town, saw the possibilities of Chicago. He secured an option on the North Chicago Street Railway—a horse-car line—from Ex-Chief of Police Rehm, for $1,250,000, and, armed with it and his genius, went home to Philadelphia, saw the Widener-Elkins coterie, and took back to Chicago a certified check for the million and a quarter. Rehm refused to take the check. "No checks for me!" said the ex-policeman. "I want the cash—gold." And he was paid in gold and took his money away in a dray.

From that day Yerkes strode toward opulence with Colossus strides. In the fifteen years following, he reorganized forty-eight lines, changing them from horse to cable; he equipped 240 miles with electricity, and built thirty-three miles of track for his suburban railway. He also built the Union Loop, which gave down-town connections to the elevated roads, and did other things. Highly imaginative, he visioned a quicker-moving population and the marvelous growth of the Western metropolis. And his dreams became realities before he had quite done dreaming. Time, indeed, is the undoing of such men. Yerkes's habit of disregarding time came from seeing his properties treble in value over night. The miracle of the desert blossoming into a garden the moment the water was turned on, destroyed his sense of perspective. It engendered a supreme confidence in his star. The pen in his hand became not only mightier than the sword, but toward the end he grew to regard it as a magician's wand. When, having conquered, he dreamt of his Monument, he could not realize that he was foredoomed to failure, as are all men to whom Death is always far away.

I have not heard that Yerkes invented new forms of high finance or aldermanic bribery. He had a quick, observing mind. He studied men much as he studied railway problems. He saw first the end; and then he thought of the means. Whatever made his progress to that end both easy and quick he took. He followed the line of least resistance, and it was usually the road whereof the guide-posts are printed in dollar-signs.

If dollars pointed his way to that which he himself desired, he saw also that they pointed the way to the complaisance of other men, for you must bear in mind that he had eminently the constructive instinct. His ruling passion was accomplishment. He was a builder. He might loot a treasury, but he would not wreck a property. In him the dual personality consisted of the builder of material works and the lover of works of art.

He used his mind actively, accurately in business. There was no device in high finance that he was not familiar with, no expedient for grafting at the expense of business associates which he hesitated to use. He was loyal in his personal friendships, but friendship in business was to him the height of the absurd, besides being a myth. To him bookkeeping was not a science but an art, like selling goods. The published accounts of his companies often showed that he used figures with great skill, and concealed his losses with all the nicety of a consummate mathematical psychologist. As a corporation boss he was highly efficient, for to him the corporation was always Yerkes.

Now a man who "does things" as did Yerkes and as so many others do, must necessarily think in terms of self; and his "boodling," in his mind, consists merely in fixing his own salary. That is why even his associates—those whose financial assistance helped the ex-convict to become a multi-millionaire—complained bitterly that Yerkes "double-crossed his best friends in all his deals." He was, indeed, superbly arrogant in his dealings with other business men of his own stamp. He hated sham and pretense; and the self-labeled and over-paraded respectability of certain associates of his who looked the other way when Yerkes was franchise-grabbing, but were punctually on the spot when the loot was divided, aroused in him much the same contemptuous wonder that Dick Turpin might have felt at a pal's insistence upon not robbing stage-coaches on the Sabbath.

Once an associate of his suggested that it would be wise to take time by the forelock and voluntarily make public certain documents relating to affairs of the traction company, adding: "That would protect us if the papers should fall into the hands of unscrupulous men."

Yerkes looked at him and said, with cheerful assurance: "That's all right, old man. Don't worry. They are not likely to fall into the hands of men more unscrupulous than we are!" Nevertheless, it is not pleasant to be told such things. The habitual disregard by Yerkes of what may be called the amenities of smug business life made him have business *associates*, but never business *friends*. His cynical contempt for public opinion disgusted those who respected it and alarmed those who felt it wise to do certain things with at least a semblance of legality and propriety. But they never disturbed him. "That man," said Lyman J. Gage, once, "has the heart of a Numidian lion!" And time and again he showed it, especially when fighting against odds.

In 1893, when the panic was on, Chicago's leading financiers met at the residence of the late Philip D. Armour to discuss ways and means of "relieving the situation—" that is, to choose a victim who, in paying for his own financial recklessness, might enable others to pull through. The Moore Brothers were having trouble with their Diamond Match deal, and Charles T. Yerkes having put $7,000,000 into his elevated proposition and spent $2,000,000 in his New York palace, the Yerkes Observatory, and other money-consuming affairs, was supposed to be virtually bankrupt. The Moores were decenter citizens, privately and financially, wherefore it was decided to summon Yerkes and inform him of his doom.

It was a hot night in August. The Chicago financiers were sitting in the big room when Yerkes walked in. He knew the meaning of the meeting. He came in blithely, a fine figure of a man, in his blue serge suit, his hat on the back of his head, the most unconcerned person in the room. They looked at him sternly. He looked back cheerfully. He broke the awkward silence—a man who was there told me the story—by saying: "Well, this is the biggest collection of straw hats I ever saw at a funeral!"

Forced laughs followed. Then he said: "Between Moore and me, you've decided it is easier for me to be the corpse?"

They nodded.

"I'm no good: already busted, a bad egg, a menace to conservative business, and so forth—eh?"

"Yes, you are," said one.

"So my loans will be called and my stocks sold to-morrow; what?"

"Correct!"

"Very well." He turned to go, calm,

cool. At the door, he paused, faced them, and said almost cheerfully: "Go ahead. I'll call the loans I've made Moore. If it's selling of stocks you want, you'll see the damnedest exhibition of stock-selling to-morrow you ever saw in your lives. If the Stock Exchange doesn't close down, your banks will. Good-night."

They discussed the situation. And because they believed he would do as he threatened, they sacrificed the Moore Brothers. As for Yerkes, not only were his loans not called, but he made the unfriendly banks lend him more millions!

Once a blackmailing editor went to him and showed him the proofs of an article that he proposed to publish unless $50,000 were forthcoming. Yerkes read the article carefully and handed it back. He looked at the blackmailer calmly and said: "The publication of that article will hurt me. It will hurt me a great deal. It will hurt me permanently. I shall be down and out. There will be nothing for me to do. I tell you all this so that you may not underestimate the consequences to me. I also inform you that if you publish it, I myself, personally, will kill you—sure! Good morning!"

That blackmailer was a man of iron nerve, who had shaken down many very prominent people in Chicago. But the article was not published.

The damage Yerkes wrought was twofold: In the organization and management of his enterprises he came more and more to regard them as mere money-makers for him, for as time went on and Chicago's society turned a cold shoulder on him he began to think of a home elsewhere. This prevented in him the development of local patriotism, as it were—that pride in his town which so often offsets the absence of higher motives in a man who "does things." But chiefly his crime against society was the debauching of public officials. He bribed away blithely and expeditiously. He could use finesse and real art when necessary, but he found it was usually best to come to terms and pay cash; and he had the unconsidered generosity of the winning gambler. So open and brazen was his corruption of aldermen that his fellow-citizens on more than one occasion held mass-meetings at which he was denounced. The newspapers were against him, either because they really believed him a dangerous man, or because their owners had not come to terms with him. That is why he bought the *Inter-Ocean.*

But he cared so little for public opinion that it may be doubted whether he ever felt real regret over the failure of his efforts to appear as a public-spirited citizen. He built the Yerkes Observatory, and there was no revulsion of feeling in his favor. He stood in the public eye for all that which, even in those ante-muckraking days, stood for danger to our institutions. He was not worse than so many other captains of industry. He merely was less hypocritical than the rest. And, in any event, he had more personal uses for the dollars he took from the community than his more anemic fellow-buccaneers who offer in self-defense the curious plea that their home life at least is above reproach!

Yerkes, you must remember, was a strong man physically, and a handsome man. He had, everybody admits, an engaging personality. He loved beauty in paintings and statues, in rugs and in bronzes, but most of all he loved it in women. "God bless them all!" he used to say, and he undoubtedly hoped his prayer might be answered. He himself was a Louis XIV. in the number of his mistresses and in his financial generosity toward them. His private life, which he kept apart from his business life, was calculated to intensify the narrow selfishness of his business enterprises. Money, which at first meant the power to accomplish, to build material works for the comfort of men, came to mean tribute levied on a slower-witted or a crassly apathetic mob. Chicago ceased to mean a rich field for the profitable exercising of exceptional abilities, and changed into an orange, to be sucked dry and abandoned.

When he retired from the Chicago street railway world, he took away, it was estimated, about $15,000,000 in cash—not bad for a man with a jail-record to gather in twenty-five years!

At his farewell reception, old conductors and bookkeepers and motor-men and engineers wept like children and declared that Charlie had been the best friend they ever had.

Also, after he left, those to whom he had sold his properties said Yerkes had gutted the treasuries, had lied to the purchasers, had deceived his closest friends—and other things. There was even talk of the penitentiary. And it will take many years of uplift to heal the lesions to the moral fiber of the city fathers who gave to Yerkes for dollars the property of the community. Yerkes had worked for Yerkes and not for Chicago. And Chicago made Yerkes a millionaire—and then took the only revenge possible: It kept him from perpetuating either his fortune or his name.

He was a freebooter of the type of the conquistadores, a voluptuary whose prototype is found oftener in the seventeenth than in the nineteenth century. But for all that, he was really a lover of the beautiful. He paid $67,000 for Turner's "Rockets and Blue Lights," not because it was rare and costly, but because it was beautiful. He had it in his office in London. A friend once asked him why he didn't keep it in his gallery, and he answered: "I spend more time in my office than anywhere else, and I love to see it. That's why it's here."

CHARLES TYSON YERKES.

His house in New York was a palace, an architectural *tour de force*. You hear a great deal from men whose minds are catalogues of "periods" about this or the other "incongruity." But the fact remains that the Yerkes house in New York was not only characteristic of its owner but also very beautiful. It was such a house as an Athenian of the Golden Age might have built had he lived in New York in the twentieth century. Yerkes could cross the threshold and go back a thousand years. He could leave the asphalt of Fifth Avenue and in ten seconds be within a palm garden, with sculptured walls of rare marbles. Caryatides supported marble galleries. His superb collection of art treasures he kept in two galleries of museum size. His pictures, his bronzes, his rugs, his ivories, were worthy of a man who has levied tribute on entire nations.

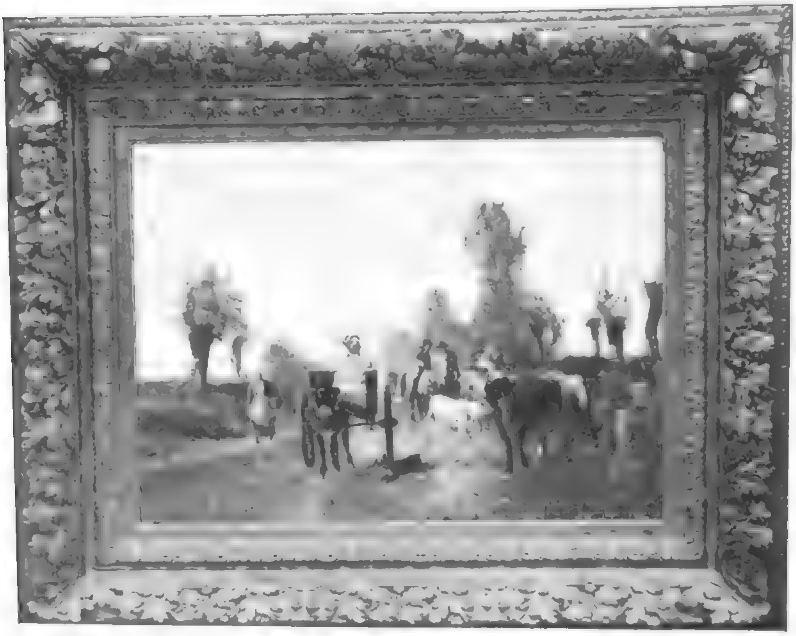
And the man who had gathered them together and loved them devotedly, could, within the same city home, tread graveled walks, past busts and marble seats, through palms and growing green things, and, sitting down among them, see the flash of water and hear the tinkle of a rill. His wall-fountain was far better than "true to period;" it was really a woodland spring; it trickled over moss-grown rocks and dropped from various heights into little pools, so that he heard many notes of water-music, as from a brook in the cool greenness of the woods. There the freebooter, home from a successful raid, would dream of peace and savor

GOLD BEDSTEAD ONCE OWNED BY THE KING OF BELGIUM AND BOUGHT BY YERKES FOR $80,000.

its pleasures—and dream of new conquests, even while the musical notes of the fountain soothed his ears, weary of the clamor of the Board of Trade, or the vocal pandemonium of the Stock Exchange.

At every step in that house you saw not only beauty but the evidences of man's *work*. The wainscoting-rail was carved, not elaborately, but chastely; not ostentatiously, but with infinite pains. And yet, somehow, every bit of wall and floor and ceiling suggested *labor subjugated;* each foot of corridor meant so obviously months of toil by men! In his office, looking out on Fifth Avenue, there were some windows of stained glass, medieval, beautiful, stolen from desecrated churches! The impression was: Cash! Cash! Cash! Not vulgarly at all, but overwhelmingly: *Money paid for it!* An army of dollars marching across Europe, looting incessantly, its ranks thinned by onslaughts on treasured art—but the survivors bringing back booty.

And this man, the commander, seeing the depleted ranks of his army, would raise recruits by forced levies, seizing whole villages of dollars at each new raid, to bring his army to its full fighting strength, that he might again send forth his looting coins to bring to him more spoils from ravished Europe. For he loved beautiful things, this freebooter of street-railways, as Whitney did, and Widener, and Elkins, and other street-railway conquistadores, who, buying aldermen by the dozen, purchased pictures by the millions of dollars.



"GOING TO MARKET," BY CONSTANT TROYON. ONE OF THE MANY VALUABLE PAINTINGS IN THE YERKES COLLECTION.

Indeed, as his life went on, he dreamt of conferring immortality upon himself with paintings and rugs and statues. They were deathless; they were his; they would therefore extend their deathlessness to him who gathered them and brought them together. He would leave them for all men to enjoy forever—and thereby remember his name. And he so willed

CARVED STAIRWAY IN YERKES'S NEW YORK HOUSE. THIS HOUSE WAS NOT ONLY CHARACTERISTIC OF ITS OWNER, BUT VERY BEAUTIFUL.

—that his treasures should go to all the people.

They were sold at auction, for over $2,000,000—they were, curiously enough, his best business investment!—and scattered to the four quarters of the land. Some went back to Europe.

But though his love of the beautiful filled one of his heart's desires, his mind, alert, active, far-seeing, could not rest. The bandit says after each raid: "This shall be my last!" And when the fatigue of the last is over and the keen edge of peaceful pursuits wears off, adventure fills his veins—and he raids again.

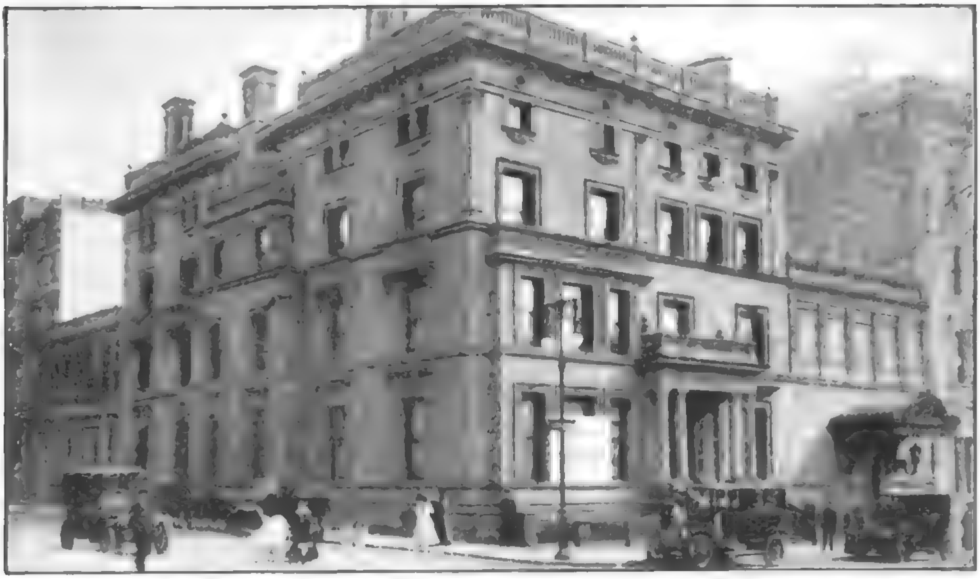
Yerkes was a friend of Cecil Rhodes. They had points in common, these two men. And when the Englishman advised the retired Chicago street-railway magnate to invest in South African mines, Yerkes said: "I've found the biggest mine in the world here in London!" He had visioned the greatest city in the world enjoying an efficient system of urban transportation. Its 'buses and hansoms irritated him. And he conceived the idea of giving to the world's metropolis a street-railway system worthy of it and of Charles T. Yerkes. The more he thought about it, the more the vision thrilled him; its difficulties stimulated him; the obstacles made the foreseen triumphs infinitely sweeter than his fortune-winning of the past. He saw a great work—so great a work that it would be worthy of a very great man.

"This," he said, "shall be my Monument!"

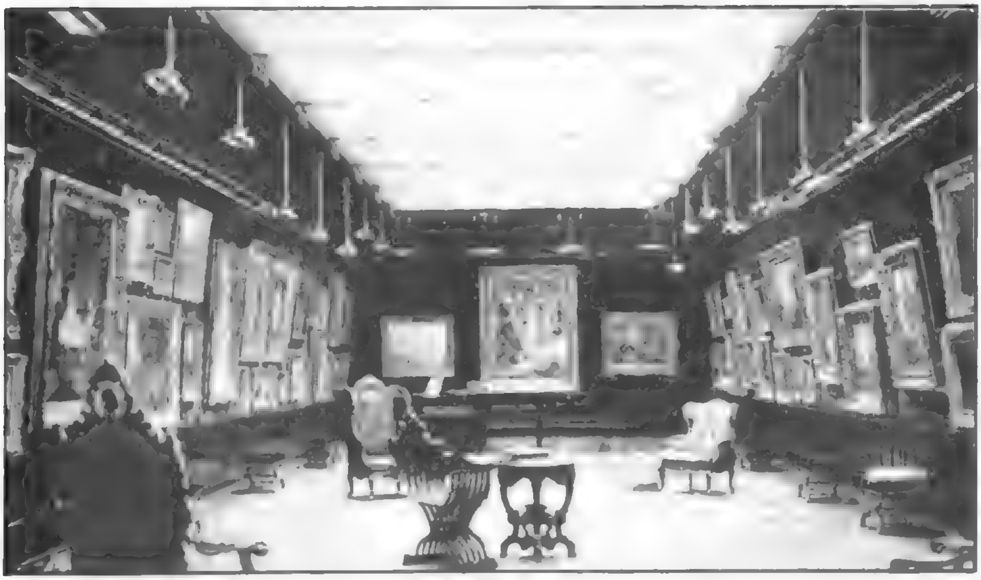
Indeed, the more he thought, the better

A COSTLY MANTEL IN THE YERKES HOUSE. AT EVERY STEP YOU SAW NOT ONLY BEAUTY BUT THE EVIDENCES OF LABOR SUBJUGATED.

HE SENT FORTH HIS LOOTING COINS TO BRING TO HIM MORE SPOILS FROM RAVISHED EUROPE.



YERKES WILLED THAT HIS ART GALLERIES SHOULD GO TO ALL THE PEOPLE—AN IMPERISHABLE MONUMENT—BUT THEY WERE SOLD TO PAY DEBTS.



HIS SUPERB COLLECTION OF ART TREASURES WAS KEPT IN TWO GALLERIES OF MUSEUM SIZE.

YERKES COULD LEAVE THE ASPHALT OF FIFTH AVENUE AND IN TEN SECONDS BE WITHIN HIS OWN PALM GARDEN.

pleased he was, and the thought of his monument actuated him almost entirely. I have the best authority for saying that he thought more of the accomplishment of the work than of the financial reward, though he expected greatly to increase his fortune. And the more he thought of the London Underground as his monument, the stronger became his desire to leave what he possessed to his country. He made his will. He left to New York City his home, to be used as a gallery; he left millions to build a hospital for *all* the people, and amply endowed both with cash. He left large bequests to the Yerkes Observatory and other institutions.

In his declining years he was thinking of —his Monument—and it bid fair to last for centuries.

Well, his London Underground was not the early success he expected it to be. This is not the place to enter into a detailed explanation of reasons and causes. Briefly, the failure came from this: He was born a leader, imperious, autocratic, demanding —and obtaining—implicit obedience from his followers. It bred in him indifference to advice from lesser men—and to him most men were not very great. Because for years he *would* not, so in time he *could* not, listen to suggestion nor brook contradiction. He went ahead in his old age, as he had been wont to go in his prime. He had no true friend to tell him that physical decay had followed moral decay, that excesses had impaired the clearness of his sight, and rusted the machinery of his marvelous mind. It is the revenge of Nature on worldly success! Yerkes in London was not the Yerkes of

HE CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF GIVING TO THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS A STREET RAILWAY SYSTEM WORTHY OF LONDON AND OF CHARLES T. YERKES.

Chicago—Napoleon at Austerlitz and Napoleon at Waterloo—*and for the same reasons!*

III

And so, as all men must, he died. He died at the wrong time, as nearly all such men die. Possibly, had he lived, he might have carried his last enterprise to financial success, as others probably will do. But because he had not lived wisely, he died unwisely. And because he died unwisely, his clay was scarcely cold when his executors announced that, instead of carrying out his wishes, they would sell his house and his art treasures at auction, in order to pay debts. As he looted in life, so was his estate looted after life. And therefore his fellow-citizens will not see wonderful paintings in a Yerkes gallery, and will not be healed in a Yerkes hospital, nor will Londoners ride in a Yerkes-built or Yerkes-controlled subway. When the glamour of the sensational sale of his house and art collections is forgotten—as already it is—you will find that of the Monument which Yerkes, a great man, planned to erect in order to avert oblivion, there remains

Nothing!

He sought to bribe Death by offering to benefit his fellows *after* he had ceased to live—and Death blotted him out. *He had taken and had not given!* And when he would give, posthumously, to atone, Fate snatched the gifts from his powerless hand and flung them to buyers—not to the people, for whom he meant them.

IV

The great Harriman, too, is dead. How dead? You will have to think, to remember how great he was—this great man so great only a few months ago! He left the greatest amount of dollars ever gathered by any one man in a decade—the world's record for successful grabbing—something like $100,000,000 in ten years. He was the organizer of a great railroad system, the master of a half-dozen legislatures. When he frowned, giants encased in solid gold trembled or spoke placatingly. When he said: "I will!" none said: "You mustn't!" On the day he was buried, all the wheels of all the trains on the Union Pacific ceased to revolve for five minutes! And now he is remembered when the wheels of the stock ticker do not revolve fast enough, when one stock gambler says to another: "If Harriman were living, there would be some business." And the other answers: "Perhaps!"

He left two hundred millions of dollars; and not one of his dollars speaks to the world of or for him! In a few years these two hundred millions will cease to moralize on the vanity of wealth, and E. H. Harriman will not even be a Horrible Example. This giant of Finance, Czar of Railroads, Genius, is dead! Alas, he also is very dead!

H. H. Rogers died in 1909. Besides an unpleasant reputation, deserved or not, he left a railroad in Virginia. It was to be *his* Monument; he planned to build it with his own money, that all the glory might be his. But it was built for personal vanity and gain—wherefore few people know even its name. Its ownership will pass into other hands. And when those whom he wronged have passed away or forgotten their animosities, and a new generation of his fellow-townsmen in Fairhaven has arisen that will not know the pleasanter personal side of the donor of school-buildings; when only a student of the economic history of the United States reads "Frenzied Finance—" what will remain of H. H. Rogers—the great, the formidable H. H. Rogers—before whose will and golden might the strongest in his day felt none too strong?

Nothing!

John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, has sought to purchase immortality, to bribe Death with dollars! His gifts will benefit humanity. But his Institute will immortalize—oh, obdurate Death! —not Rockefeller, but Flexner, or Dr. Smith, or Dr. Jones, or whoever it is that isolates a microbe or finds a cure for cancer or tuberculosis. For where he gives money, they will give service; where he has written a check payable in dollars, they have written a check payable in life to humanity. He did not *make possible;* he made *easier!* He deserves thanks, but he can not earn deathlessness. Can you imagine that he will ever be to Chicago University what John Harvard is to his college or Eli Yale to his? In his later years Rockefeller has done good with his money: to get that money he did—what? But apart from his million-winning is the fact that he began to give too late; and that in giving he has given only money.

And what remains of Louis Pasteur and Abraham Lincoln, of Vincent de Paul, Benjamin Franklin, and of so many others?

And what will remain of Thomas F. Ryan?

V

That in man which does not perish is his personal influence. Since we are creatures of environment and heredity, if you wisely shape the environment of those about you and transmit that which is good to your—and their—posterity, you will live. And the waves of time shall dash impotently against your life, next year and next century. You will be living ten generations hence in ten thousand or ten times ten thousand descendants of yourself and of those whose lives your life beneficently influenced. And you can not buy life with gold nor with great works that pay dividends in dollars, but with service and self, coined into deeds of unselfishness.

And thinking of the life of your great and the death of your great, remember to die wisely—and remember early—that ye may live forever, oh, Unintelligent Rich!

Otherwise
Nothing!

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE GROWLING DOG WITH A WAGGING TAIL

BY D. O. EDSON

SOME one in the group said, as he placed his empty cocktail glass on the mantelpiece, "He's like a dog that barks and growls with a wagging tail." Then he helped himself to a neatly folded napkin from one of the twenty covers at the huge round table in the center of the room, carefully replaced it, and wiped his mouth with his handkerchief.

Another of the group, who had just selected a "sherry and bitters" from the heavily trayed "Buttons," turned to the speaker, his glass poised in the air, and ponderously remarked: "Oh, I say, who's afraid of a dog with a wagging tail?"

"Good for Chichester!" was heard in the general laugh that followed; and from the man beside him: "I say, Chichester, you're coming on; you'll be a full-fledged American before you know it."

"Is that what you call 'going it some,' you know?"

"Going some!" It was repeated like a well-organized chorus, with a soloist right in the wake of it saying: "Why, it hornswoggles the whole gazinstazle, Chi!"

"Dear me!" It was Chichester, again thrown into hopeless despair.

"As I was saying," the original speaker resumed, "the trouble with Smith is you can't depend on him. 'What's the constitution between friends,'" he laughingly elucidated, "is his principle if you're discussing his bailiwick."

Baffled by the rapid gun-fire of remarks, the only conclusion Chichester could arrive at was that Smith must be a very unusual character. And he secretly hoped this might be the case, for to know such a person, he felt, might prove a short cut to American euphemisms; so he ventured what he thought an equivalent for "unusual" by asking:

"Is he an Anarchist?"

"Hardly, Chichester," Jim Appleby, the host of the evening, laughingly replied. "He's what might be called a Smith-i-cist—a sort of a humanarchist—in a class by himself." Glancing at his watch, which he drew from his low-cut dinner vest, he said: "Five minutes after seven, and he's not here yet!"

"Oh, but I say," protested Chichester, "neither is 'Old Sanctimonious!'"

"Quit it, Chi!" Jim Appleby nudged him in the ribs with his elbow. "Here's 'Old Sanctimonious' now." Then, to the immaculate, side-whiskered one who had just entered the room, "Good evening, Mr. Walker."

"Good evening, gentlemen," Walker took them collectively; he would fine-tooth comb them later. "I'm not late." It was an assertion. He glanced at his watch, the lid of which flew back—trembling; *it was seven minutes fast.*

"Good evening, Mr. Baldwin." Walker was the first to notice the president of the United States Brake Shoe & Casting Company, who had closely followed his entrance. In a company the size of that which Baldwin represented, there was always a large "unearned increment" that had to slumber in some bank. It was instinct with Walker.

"Good evening, Mr. Walker," Baldwin retaliated, as president—then, to his host: "Hello, Buck."

"Hello, Otis."

"Aha! Judge! I'm glad to see you."

The warm handshake that accompanied Otis Baldwin's last greeting wagged like a dog's tail—in the eyes of Chichester, whose conclusions were arriving by freight. He called excitedly, "Oh, I say! Everybody! I say, just fancy—" But it was lost—lost to all but Chichester, who laughed at the thought of it three times during the dinner—alone.

"Have you chanced to meet Da lately, Judge?" It was Otis Baldwin ragging the Judge.

"Unfortunately, no, Mr. Baldwin—nor Souse, nor the doctor—" he laughed. "A very interesting trio; he's here, no doubt—the doctor?"

"He? Yes"—Otis glanced about the room—"late, perhaps, but never absent." Dinners that Jim Appleby gave were better than any married man could give at home, and consequently there were never any absentees.

"He *is* late"—this from Walker—"twelve minutes late." He was exhibiting his watch with the trembling lid. "No excuse, gentlemen—no excuse for lack of punctuality."

"I'm afraid Doctor Smith is the one exception to your rule, Mr. Walker," Baldwin politely ventured.

"Aha! That's your noble benevolence, sir. But, believe me, I've listened to excuses for thirty years and have yet to hear one worthy of consideration." He was toying with his eyeglasses, and raising himself on the balls of his feet alternately.

"We'll wait a few minutes longer," announced their host, who had just joined them, from giving the head-waiter final instructions. "I'm really anxious to hear what excuse he'll give," he continued, and then, to account for the smile that had spread over his face, he placed his hand on Baldwin's shoulder, and, facing "Old Sanctimonious" and the others who hovered around, added: "He'll get away with it somehow."

But that didn't sufficiently account for the smile, and as he still held the attention of those about him, he began again: "Just reminds me of a little incident. It was up in the assembly room at our 'prep' school, just before we were about to start for a baseball game with the Presby School." Every one looked interested, even "Old Sanctimonious" himself. "The master told 'Doc,'" Appleby continued, "and two or three other incorrigibles to stand up while he delivered this ultimatum to the whole school by way of the standing trio. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I want you all to understand that the first boy caught smoking cigarettes will be expelled from school.'

"Ten minutes later, we were all in the big 'bus, going over the hill to the ball game, with Doc smoking like a fire-engine. It was a heavy load, so of course we had to go slow; at any rate, the carryall with the faculty in it caught up with us, and, as it passed, 'Doc' jumped out and in a spirit of deviltry seated himself on its back spring and smoked cigarettes, to the delectation of the crowd, all the way over to the grounds."

Every one laughed but "Old Sanctimonious;" he had a son Harold, who smoked cigarettes.

Jim continued: "But he arrived there a little sooner than he expected. You see, he couldn't see ahead, and so the first intimation he got of their arrival on the grounds was when the carryall came to a stop, with the cigarette only half smoked.

"He didn't dare throw it away, so he stuck it in his pocket and tried to put it out with his fingers; the loose matches there caught fire, of course, and in a minute his pocket was ablaze. Apparently without a thought, he began emptying the contents right before the master, throwing out handfuls of cigarettes, stamping them out as fast as he flung them to the ground. When he finally finished, it looked like a little heap of Fourth of July, and Doc caught with the goods; but 'nothing doing.' 'There,' he said, looking up at the astonished master with the most virtuous smile on his face, 'no more cigarettes for me!' And he got away with it, too."

"Got away with it?" It was the perplexed Chichester, with his mouth open.

The man by the mantelpiece elucidated: "Yes, Chi; that is to say, he lollypopped the whole skedusis."

"How extraordinary! But, I say, why isn't he here?"

The door opened; Smith entered hurriedly, smoothing his wet hair with the palms of his hands, and brushing the shoulders of his sack coat.

"Well, you old dinner wrecker, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Smith was blushing like a schoolboy. His host continued: "Come, what have you got to say for keeping us waiting twenty minutes?"

"Old Sanctimonious" was frowning at his open watch. "Twenty-two minutes late!" he interjected.

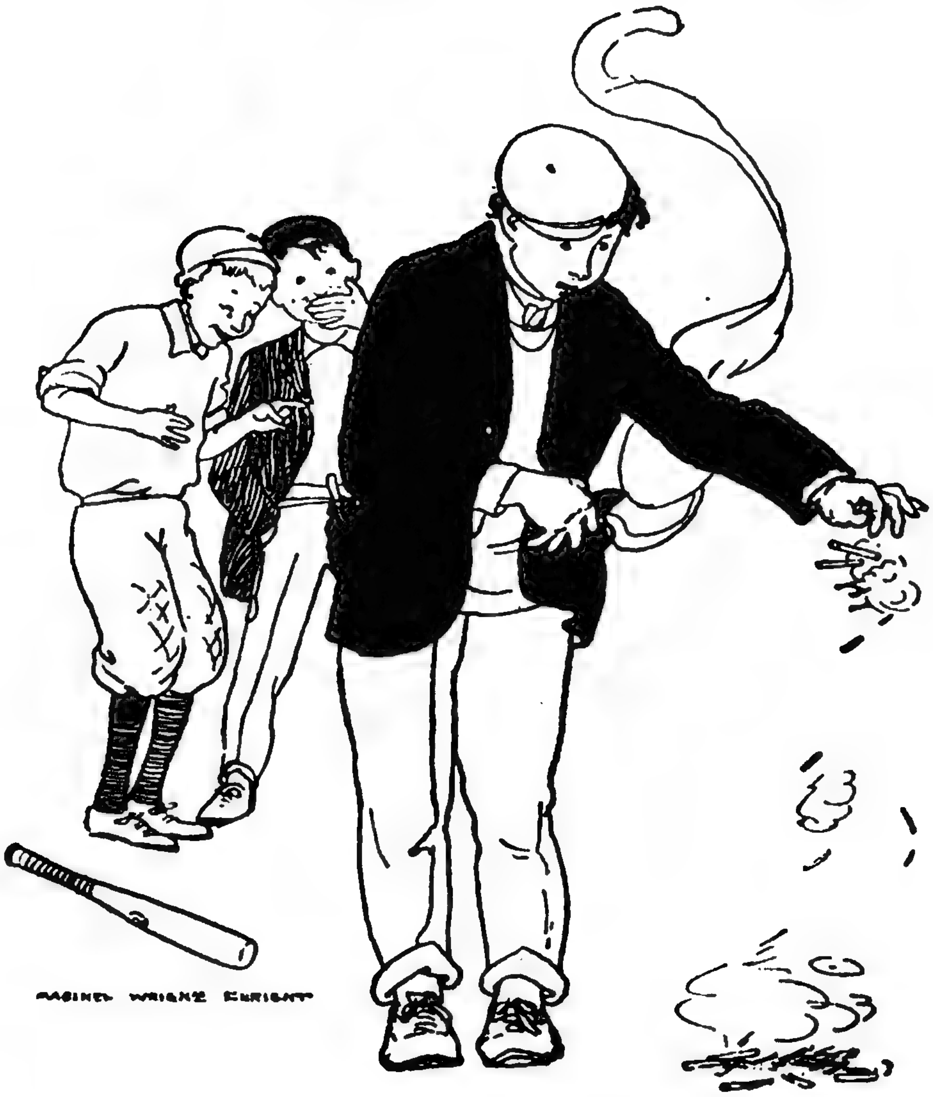
"Well, you see, Jim—" Smith's tone was quite different; it was like a charcoal sketch in comparison with the flashy water-colored one of his predecessor. "If I'd been on time, a dinner-party of three that was late—a week late—wouldn't have happened at all."

"Flag that, old boy." Jim's hand rested on his shoulder as he continued: "You can't hypnotize a hungry bunch like this—none of your rag-doll stories here. You might get away with it in court—with the judge"—he laughed at the judge as he said it—"but not with us."

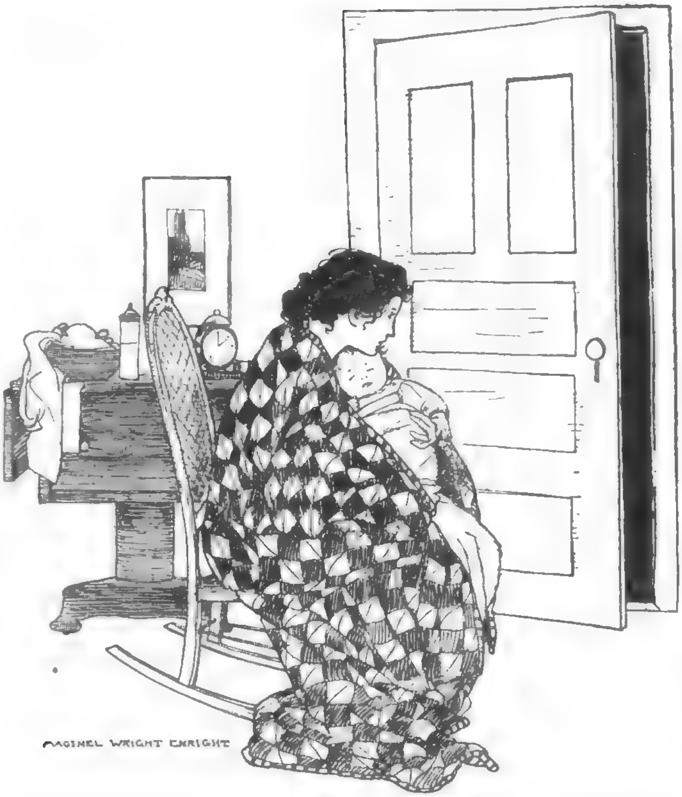
Throughout the dinner, John Smith was silent—silent as the bivalves of the first course. The discussions of things commercial and political were about as interesting to him as an opera. Once he had occupied a seat at the opera—with his wife, under protest—and later he described it as a "bum singer, sitting on a bum rock, singing a bum song."

Now he was silent until "Old Sanctimonious," having found an opportune moment, broke in to tell the sad story of a promising young man in the bank who had gone wrong—incidentally creating a little coloring for himself, whom he felt had been neglected. "Came to me when a mere lad of fourteen," he said, having got the attention of the entire gathering. "Bright, capable; rose from bank runner to bookkeeper. I had had my eye on him from early youth—watched him with interest," he added this as a side light on his own benevolence. Gazing at the coping over the fireplace, his fingers placed together, his voice mellowed to happy recollection, he continued: "And when we decided to open a branch on Columbus Avenue two years ago, I chose him to fill the very responsible positions of receiving and paying teller—the size of the bank not warranting two clerks for the work at that time.

"Two days ago, gentlemen—" Smith was now tipping *his* fingers together, unwittingly stroking imaginary side-whiskers, as Walker went on—"Two days ago, gentlemen, we discovered he'd been systematically



"THE LOOSE MATCHES CAUGHT FIRE AND IN A MINUTE HIS POCKET WAS ABLAZE."



"SEND AN OFFICER DOWN TO THE TENEMENT, WHERE A WOMAN WITH A BROKEN HEART WATCHES OVER A BABY, AND LISTENS —LISTENS ALL NIGHT AND ALL DAY."

robbing the bank!" He was nodding his head. "The day we relieved him from his position, to go over the books, he disappeared—two thousand dollars short in his accounts."

Smith ceased his imitation to sit up straight, his face smiling as he cleared his throat for speech. Every one felt something was coming; that a "rise" had been gotten out of the Doc; that is, everybody but Hiram Walker, and not even when Smith ventured the question, "Was he married?" did Walker suspect.

He went right on and answered: "Yes, and had a baby, ten months old. What a start in life, gentlemen!" Walker preferred to address the entire gathering.

It was Tom Costigan, Assistant District Attorney, who said to his neighbor in a whisper: "Watch Doc, the wheel-tester, tapping the commercial Juggernaut for cracked metal; watch him get it, too."

"How long did you say he'd been in the bank?" Smith was again interrupting.

"Fourteen years, Doctor."

"Fourteen years." Smith repeated it in a dismal voice. "How much did you say he was getting?"

"We doubled his salary when we put him uptown!" The old fox had got a smell of the trap.

"Twelve hundred, did you say?"

And the old man bit. "Eighteen hundred." It was a liberal smile that accompanied the proud statement.

"Eighteen hundred!" Smith repeated it as if the liberality were incredible.

"Of course you're making every endeavor to catch him?"

"Oh, yes!" His high moral sense would sustain him in this unpleasant duty.

"That's right—that's right." Smith's voice seemed miles away, and soft and gentle as he said: "And I'll tell you how to do it, and in the most *economical* way. Send an officer down to the tenement, where a woman with a broken heart watches over a baby, and listens—listens all night and all day; let the officer wait there; he'll come back, he's got to come back, for he's got to look deep in a young mother's haunted eyes; he's got to feel those soft arms around his neck; he's got to comfort her and love her in God's way even if he has *violated your law.*" His eye snapped Walker like a steel trap. He was now leaning forward, talking straight into the gold-rimmed eyeglasses just across the table. "And he's got to bury his face in the pink folds of that cooing baby's neck, for the sweet smell of its flesh calls him. It's God's law of love, sir, even if it *is* wrong." Then his eye challenged each diner.

"Poor beggar—poor beggar!" It was Chichester beginning to leak.

Smith had pushed back from the table, his right fist pounding the palm of his left hand, once more looking at Walker. "And when you catch him, tell him—tell him—well, tell him anything you damn please, but give him the balance of the money *you owe him. Nine thousand dollars in fourteen years*—that's about what you've paid him." He had smelt it out like a hound with his nose to the ground. "Nine hundred a year at the end of the twelfth year, with the stock of the bank selling at four hundred dollars a share!" He was poor at figures, but these were facts.

"Nine thousand dollars for the fourteen years' labor of the clerk, and $420,000 for the president." He couldn't stop.

"No, gentlemen," he said, "these poor boys of mine don't fall; they're defeated in an unequal fight. The laws of God stupidly pitted against the laws of man in the lust for wealth." Then he laughed, as a new thought came to him: "Try and stop it by laws!—Try to stop the comet with laws; try to stop the very heart of nature, the deep, compelling voice that bids the parent sustain the offspring even at the price of life. Oh, gentlemen!"—once more his voice was mellow and soft—"try to measure, if you can, with all the gold in the world, that early morning scene where the light comes in, even through a dingy window, and you wake to find between you God's gift with eyes wide open, watching a beam of light that dances on the ceiling.

"There it is, gentlemen, right in your grasp—the crown for your gold—to help them on; but you're blind and you don't see it; it's harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom——" His voice was trailing off as though he had forgotten, then he said: "'Forgive us our trespasses, just as we forgive those who trespass against us'—and that's how we'll get it, just that way."

Then his face grew red and all screwed up as he rose from his seat, looking straight at Hiram Walker. "'Give us this day our daily bread,'" he said, "and don't forget to have it on time." No one laughed; and no one seemed to realize that he was leaving.

They were watching the erect figure of Hiram Walker, president of the Wheat Exchange Bank. "Will you prosecute him?" It was the quiet voice of Judge Parker that spoke; Walker looked about the room, scanning each face, then his gaze rested on Otis Baldwin, president of the United States Brake Shoe & Casting Co. Baldwin was looking in another direction.

"Well, gentlemen, you see the matter rests entirely with the Bankers' Association," Walker answered at last.

Otis Baldwin turned with a look of disgust on his face.

"Of course I shall use my influence to have the matter hushed up." It came from Walker as quick as a flash.

Then a waiter out of breath came into the room and looked about anxiously.

"Who are you looking for?" It was Jim Appleby, the host, glad for the opportunity of speaking about something else.

"Doctor Smith, sir. He forgot to sign the check for the things he took away."

"Let's see it." Jim Appleby read it aloud, with a little hitch in his voice:

One bottle chicken soup	$0.60
Four sandwiches	.40
Twelve mottoes	.20

Suddenly seventeen hands were extended in Jim's direction. "Let me sign it!" It came in unison—a chorus of deep, manly voices. But Jim held the check aloft. "Gentlemen," he said, "as host I claim that privilege. Waiter, give me your pencil."

JUNE LURE

BY FLORENCE GILMAN

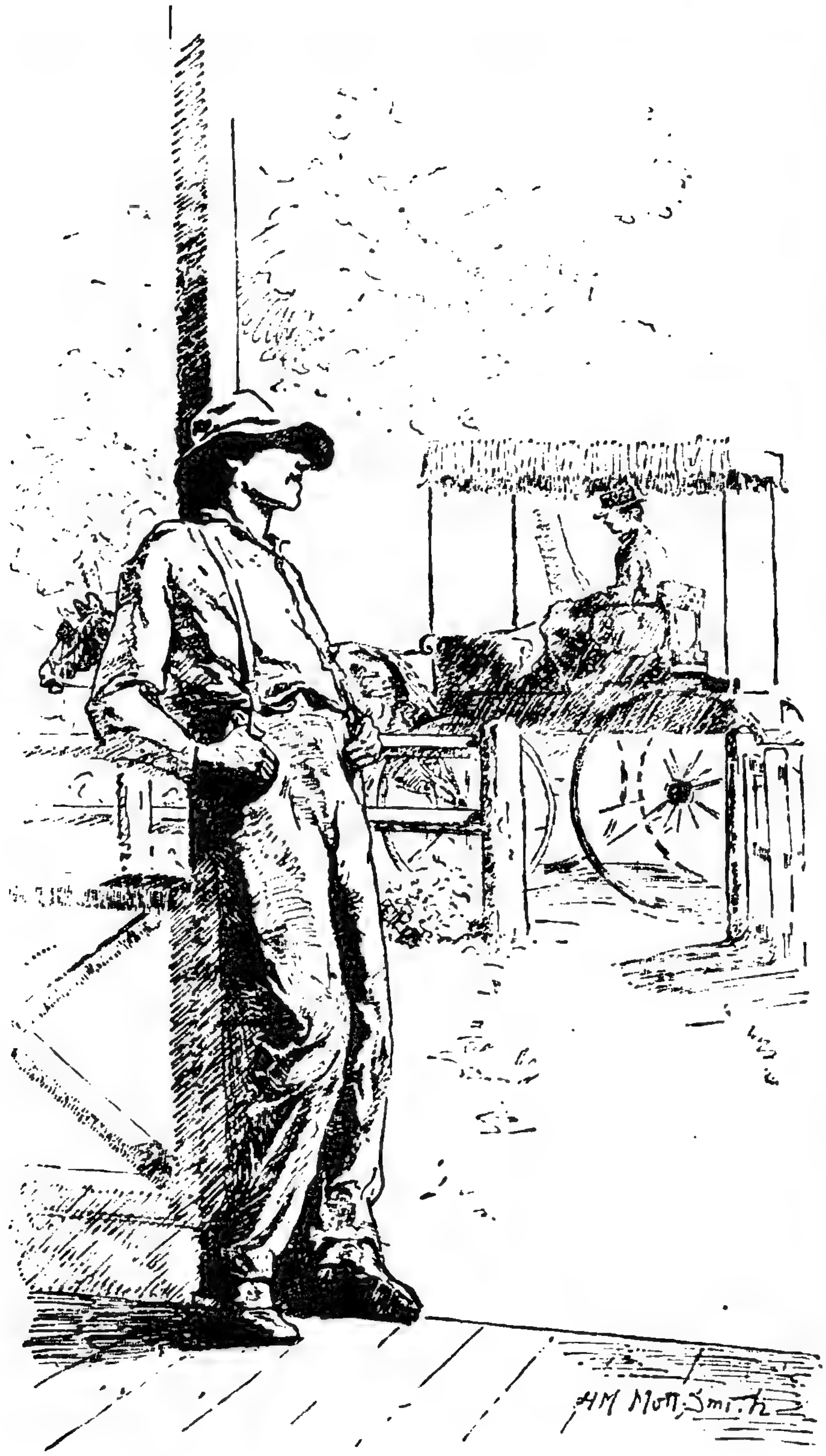
OLIVER stood on the front porch, thumbs stuck in his "galluses," sniffing the air like a bird dog. It was Sunday, he was sixteen, and, chores being done, he could follow his own free will till sundown. He smiled derisively as he saw his brother drive down the road toward Millie Hodge's, arrayed in his very best.

"Ain't he a fool, drivin' a girl round all day, playin' clown ter please her, when he might be up woods! Huh! Say, Maw! Guess I'll be off. I'll be back in time to go fer the cows."

Whistling shrilly, he opened the closet door in the hallway and took out some fishing tackle and a battered tin pail. Helegrammite were plentiful in the brook, so he did not have to wait to dig bait. As he strode along, the lithe strength of him was apparent in spite of the loose shirt and overalls. The red blood pulsed beneath his skin, but his gray eyes were cool and undisturbed.

Deep into the woods he went, growing silent as he walked. His eyes darkened, his nostrils quivered. It was June, and a subtle lure reached out for him from the odor of the soil, the whispering of the tree-tops, the soft cooing or wild ecstatic trills of birds that were around him everywhere.

He heard the smooth trickle and splash of the brook long before he reached it, and when he came to the bank he flung himself down among the ferns, letting his rod lean, idle, against a tree-trunk. Had he but known, this was Paradise. And it was not long before Eve interrupted the drowsy spell that lay upon him by crashing through the bushes, singing at the top of her lungs.



IT WAS SUNDAY, HE WAS SIXTEEN, AND, CHORES BEING DONE, HE COULD FOLLOW HIS OWN FREE WILL TILL SUNDOWN.

"Oh, shucks!" growled Oliver. "A girl! Wal, I ain't a-goin' ter move, 'n' mebbe she'll go further down the brook."

But not she! Ma'y Jane Bisbee was noted for a truly diabolical faculty for doing exactly the thing people did not wish her to do. Down she plumped on the opposite side of the brook. Leaning away over, she laughed at her reflection in the water, her teeth gleaming against the red of her lips and tanned skin.

"You're a tomboy, you're a tomboy," she crooned over and over. "Millie said so."

Then she threw back her head and laughed long and gleefully for no reason at all.

Oliver forgot he was an eavesdropper and watched her breathlessly, although with some disapproval. She was nearly fifteen, almost a young lady, but all the village knew how her father spoiled her; how he called her his baby and let her run wild.

She suddenly reached down for a stone, but lost her balance and tumbled into the brook. Fortunately, the water was only up to her knees.

Oliver sprang up. "Here," he called, "take my hand! I'll help you out."

Astonishment and a touch of fright kept her motionless, staring up at him, eyes wide and lips parted. Oliver bent over, unconsciously lifted her up bodily, and lightly put her down beside him.

"Wal, I declare," she gasped, "you're mighty strong, ain't yer? An' I weigh some. Where'd you come from, anyhow?"

"I've been here all the time. Allers come here on Sundays."

"Huh! thet's queer. So do I, but I ain't never see you before."

Then they eyed each other, one warily, the other openly. Out of the corner of her eye, she scanned him closely, from his thatch of unruly black hair down to his feet, wringing the water out of her skirt the while. When Oliver's candid gaze reached her wet shoes and stockings, he spoke:

"Yer better take them things off 'n' dry 'em. I'll hang 'em on a tree in the sun. 'Twon't take long, a warm day like this."

Ma'y Jane was never much of a talker, and by the time his suggestion was out of his mouth she was tearing at her shoe-laces. Off came the shoes and then the stockings, with no formality at all.

Oliver stared at her white, slim feet and strong, well-turned ankles, surprised and curious. As he looked, a shyness came over him; but Ma'y Jane was too absorbed in what she was doing to notice.

"I dunno how I'm goin' ter get 'em dry," she chuckled. "Skirt's all wet, too. Heven't a pocket hankercher yer not usin', hev yer?"

When she looked up, he dropped his eyes and awkwardly reached down into the pocket of his jeans and brought out a clean but faded bandanna. She leaned back luxuriously against a stump, and with a quick, childish movement stretched her feet out toward him.

"You wipe 'em. Rub 'em, too; they're dreadful cold."

He obediently got down on his knees and began, clumsily at first; but as he looked at the slender feet he could not help comparing them with his own—big and calloused. By comparison hers became wonderful. His touch grew deft and delicate, and a new feeling toward her began to grow upon him. When he had finished, he flung himself down on the ferns again and looked at her, till her wandering gaze met his.

"Say, yer brother's up ter my house. Goin' to take Mill out ridin'."

"Yup."

"Why ain't you out takin' your girl ridin'?"

"Huh! I ain't got none. I ain't no use for girls. Don't know nothin' but clothes and the presents t'other fellers give um. I wouldn't have a girl; but 'f I did, I'd want to be first fiddle an' all."

A mutinous look crossed Ma'y Jane's face. "Yer on'y a boy," she remarked loftily. "Who's a-goin ter go 'ith you an' nobody else? There's about three fellers ter every girl in this village. You bet *they* ain't a-goin' to be so particular. Some's mighty glad to hang on by their teeth."

"Wal, *I* won't," repeated Oliver doggedly. "I don't care if I never have a girl."

Just then some new little devil took possession of Ma'y Jane. She leaned forward and looked down at him; her big brown eyes softened and softened and—finally she asked: "Not ever an' ever?"

His gray eyes deepened as their gaze met hers—slowly he sat up, still gazing.

"P'raps if—if—Say, if I did, would you be my girl?"

She leaned back against the stump, her eyes half shut, her teeth gleaming. "Me? Oh, but I ain't a girl. I'm on'y a tomboy," and then she laughed and laughed again, without any reason at all that one could see.

Oliver felt irritated, though why he was not sure. He would have said something smart to her, if it were not that he was too much interested in the curve of her chin and the little hollow in her neck. When she threw her head back in her merriment, her throat thickened and rounded. It fascinated him. He moved unconsciously toward her, but down came the chin, and he forgot what it was he had wanted to do. Instead, he idly glanced at her feet. Again they held him with their femininity.

"You air a girl, jest ther same," he said flatly.

She suddenly felt conscious of his gaze and quickly drew her feet up beneath her skirt.

"Wot if I am!" she blazed forth unexpectedly, sparks in her eyes, her chest heaving. "I ain't your girl, an' I wouldn't be! Jes' you an' no other beaus? How'd I know who I liked best?"

"You'd like *me* best if you *wuz* my girl; but I ain't ast yer," Oliver remarked candidly.

She quickly put out her hand and gave him a little stinging slap. He was motionless for a second, and then with a spring he was on his feet. He grabbed her in his arms and held her tightly. She was helpless to make the slightest move.

"Don't you never dare to do that again, Ma'y Jane!"

"I will, I will, I will!" she shrieked, struggling in vain in his strong young grip. "You let me go this minute, you big overgrown lout of a boy!"

Oliver's jaw set. "Say you're sorry, 'n' I will."

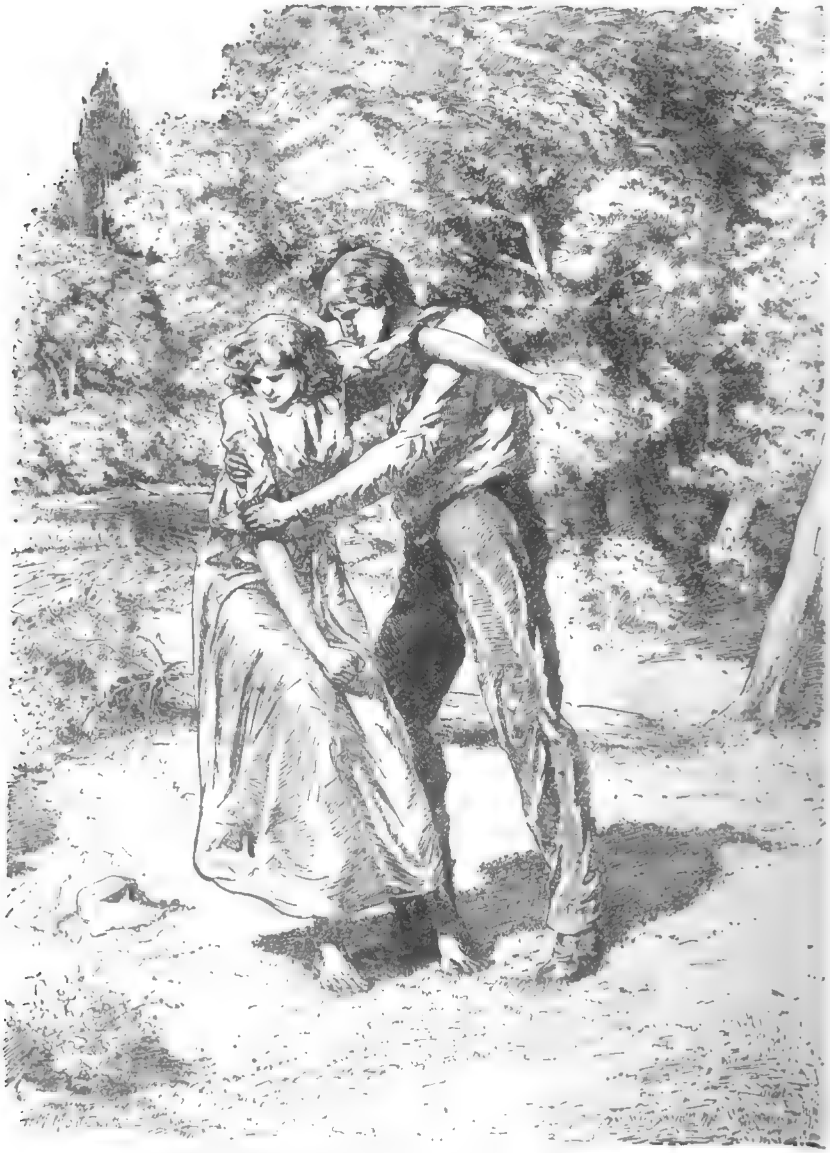
"I won't! I never will! Never, never, never!"

"I won't let yer go till yer do."

Ma'y Jane struggled for a while longer, then was still. The blood began to beat in Oliver's temples, and he did not seem to care if she never said she was sorry. He held her close against him. His breath came faster. Ma'y Jane looked up at him, terror growing in her eyes, and something else.

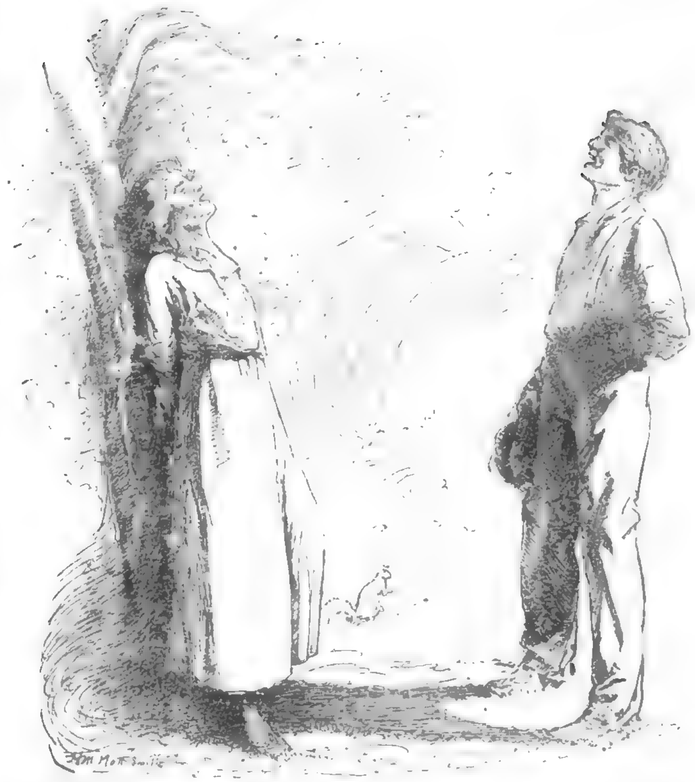
"Please let me go, Oliver," she begged. "I'm sorry."

At last his reluctant arms released her, and she fled away among the trees. He gazed after her stupidly, knowing she was going to get her shoes and stockings. She would then leave him and go home. All around him were the perfumes of the woods, drawn out strongly by the noonday sun. They intoxicated him, and the drowsy hum of the locusts filled his ears until a new



"SAY YOU'RE SORRY."
"I WON'T! I NEVER WILL! NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!"

sound penetrated his understanding — a sound of sobbing that stung him to the heart.



THEN SHE THREW BACK HER HEAD AND LAUGHED, AND OLIVER THREW BACK HIS HEAD AND LAUGHED, JUST AT NOTHING AT ALL, SO FAR AS ANY ONE COULD SEE.

"Ma'y Jane, Ma'y Jane!" he called.

When he reached her, he saw she was sitting on the ground, awkwardly trying to put on her stockings, tears blinding her, her pretty little red mouth quivering and curved down pitifully. He got down beside her without a word, helped put on the shoes, and laced them tenderly. Her sobs grew less and less; she accepted his help unconsciously, even when he gently lifted her to her feet and brushed off the twigs that clung to her. He stood in front of her while she fussed with her belt, looking down at her fluttering eyelids, sorry and repentant.

"Ma'y Jane!" he pleaded.

At last she slowly lifted her eyes and looked at him; but then he could not say anything. His temples began to throb more wildly than before. Suddenly a blush began in Ma'y Jane's neck and crept upward, vivid through the tan. A thrush called to his mate in a near-by bush. Ma'y Jane turned away her head till her chin touched her shoulder. Her lips pouted bewitchingly, and she shut her eyes tightly, like a scared baby.

"O—o—oh, Ma'y Jane," Oliver cried exultantly, and his arms swept around her again. This time she did not struggle and, instead, it was Oliver who was saying he was sorry.

"*Will* you be my girl, Ma'y Jane?" he urged eagerly.

She shook her head negatively.

"But you must be my girl—you *must*," he protested.

He put a strong hand underneath the hidden chin and relentlessly turned her face up to his. "You jest must, Ma'y Jane."

Still she shook her refusal, but deep in her eyes Oliver saw that she was fighting for the last bit of ground.

"I want *three* beaus," she ejaculated fiercely.

For an answer he leaned his head over hers; her eyes filled with terror, and she struggled vainly. He deliberately pressed his fresh young lips to her quivering mouth.

"Will you be my girl?" Oliver insisted once more.

With her face hidden against his shoulder she nodded violently.

"An' you can have three other beaus ef you want them, Ma'y Jane."

She drew a little away and stared up at him with eyes deep and wonderful.

"O—o—oh, but, I don't never want no beaus but you, Oliver," she breathed joyously.

Then she threw back her head and laughed, and Oliver threw back his head and laughed, just at nothing at all, so far as any one could see.

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

IN THE last month or so I have met several confirmed admirers of Mr. John Galsworthy's work who not only seemed somewhat disappointed in his new novel, "The Patrician" (Scribner), but were quite evidently inclined to be a bit grouchy over—well, that was exactly where the trouble came in—over something that they were manifestly bothered to give a name to—over, let us say, some unidentifiable injustice toward them, whether of omission or of commission they could not tell, of which they dimly felt Mr. Galsworthy to have been guilty.

And this fact has greatly interested me because (being persuaded that, divested of Mr. Galsworthy's name, "The Patrician" would at once have been recognized by these same judges as a very beautiful piece of work and a very sound and subtle criticism of life) it seems to me quite revealingly to illuminate one of the pitfalls which our preconceptions are constantly digging in the path of our appreciation. And, incidentally, it brings to a direct issue a delicate question that I have never heard canvassed by any of the constitutional lawyers of criticism: namely, whether, by undisturbed possession through a series of years and of novels, we can be said to acquire any vested rights in an author's habitual attitude in art or method of approach to life.

Mr. Galsworthy is perhaps most succinctly defined as a man who sees with unusual clearness the hidden interdependences and masked reciprocal relationships of human intercourse, and who instinctively interprets and presents these to us in terms of the ironies resulting from their non-recognition. He proves his theorems (although, to be Irish in order to be just, he is far too genuinely the artist to have any ulterior theorems to prove) by a sort of fictional *reductio ad absurdum*. In other words, while utterly free from any rancor against the individual exponents of amiable and self-sufficient and well-intentioned narrow-mindedness that he portrays, he is never content until, by the exercise of just that sympathetic and tolerant understanding of them which he possesses, he has, as it were, given them enough rope to hang themselves with. Naturally enough, he has been called a cynic. And although behind the openly caustic irony of his novels there has ever lain the essentially cleansing humor and healing charity of his comprehension, yet, having dubbed him "cynic," we have come to seek him out in the confident expectation of finding a sly dog.

And lo, the author of "The Patrician" is a poet!

Mr. Galsworthy's novel is a wonderful word-picture of a family of aristocrats with its three generations subtly differentiated by their successively lessening consciousness of caste; with its many members, clean-cut as cameos, seen from the authentic and indicative angles of their individual outlooks; with its patriarchs philosophically resigned or desperately at bay before the inroads of modernity, and its high-hearted and stern-minded youths equally yet variously fretting at the curb of tradition. The story is wrought rather than written; with infinite loving labor; in words weighed to the fraction of intrinsic appositeness and phrases of exquisite imagery. Yet, for all its beauty, for all that it is no satirist's tale embodying the restrained but shared enjoyment of its own keen insight, there is a sardonic note in its dénouement—the echo of a knell. For the work is not only a portrait, but a prophecy. It is a valedictory as well as an appreciation. It is the swan-song of a type.

◆

Mr. Chesterton says, in his delightfully inchoate introduction to his volume of "Criticisms and Appreciations of the Works of Charles Dickens" (Dutton), that, in writing this series of what were originally prefaces for a new edition of the novels, he had had a general notion of what needed saying about Dickens to the new generation, though he probably had not said it. Both statements are justified. He adds that he is about to try again in this introduction, and will probably fail again. And again he is twice truthful. And while one hopes that some time he will make still another attempt, it is not with any expectation of his succeeding, or, indeed, with any desire that he should succeed. For while it is doubtless important that the new generation should have Dickens synthetically interpreted to it; and while there is vast comfort, in a busy world, in having things authoritatively docketed and filed for us, it is, after all, the man who is hopefully but tumultuously struggling to exhaust the subject that still appears inexhaustible to him who alone gives us the sense of being glorious intellectual adventurers in an undiscovered country. And to Mr. Chesterton, Dickens is the inexhaustible subject.

Of course, however, it goes without saying that these papers are a strange, and at times a maddening, mixture of perspicacity and perversity. There are pages of crystalline exegesis. There are paragraphs of almost uncanny insight and sentences of flashing illuminativeness. And then the insidious craving for antithesis that seems to have become an uncontrollable appetite in Mr. Chesterton's mind, gets the upper hand, and he goes off, as it were, on a paradoxical spree. And before he recovers he is as likely as not to have pawned his best epitome in order to buy a poor epigram.

◆

Pâté de foie gras is a comestible eagerly consumed by young would-be gourmets under the impression that to eat of it is to sit at table with the gods. Also, many of its yellow jars are opened by reminiscent epicures searching for vanished zests. But, as a matter of fact, neither the ambrosia of the Olympians nor the bread and meat of daily nourishment is derived from the disproportioned livers of funnel-fed fowls.

There is a thing much talked of in contemporary criticism that is called the "literary taint." It does not, as might be supposed, mean the banal habit of trying to write prettily. It means the decadent (and often unconscious) habit of living life in order to write about it. It means the Strassburg attitude in art. It means the tying up of one's soul, like a captive goose, and the pouring of experiences down its helpless throat in order that the world may feed on its disordered emotions.

Mr. Upton Sinclair's new novel, "Love's Pilgrimage" (Kennerley), is at once one of the most flagrant and one of the most unconscious examples of this emotional perversion. It is a story manifestly autobiographical in its derivations. It is written in the full conviction of what one can only describe as the illusion of having a message to deliver. And the essentially Strassburg qualities of its self-analyses and self-revelations are curiously linked with, and partially disguised by, the headlong unrestraint, haphazard prolixity, and hammer-and-tongs execution that result from our American belief that to be desperately in earnest is to be an artist.

The book tells the story of a young writer who is ignorant of the world, distrustful of life, and convinced of his own genius; who half kills himself writing half-baked masterpieces and blames the world for not supporting him; who marries at twenty, swearing to live celibate in order that he may pour his whole virility into his work, and, mating in spite of his vows, rails at Nature as a traitress; who induces the doctors to turn his wife's childbed into a clinic that he may lash himself into emotional paroxysms over her pain; who suffers (through over-reading and non-assimilation) violent attacks of intellectual indigestion, and is alternately the victim and the self-elected Messiah of his uncoordinated enthusiasms. And the whole history, instead of being presented as a pathological study of paranoia, is unmistakably offered as the significant biography of a hero. Considered piecemeal, it is easy to praise; for it contains frequent examples of excellent sensational journalism, numerous passages of amazingly vivid description, and isolated discussions of genuine intellectual interest. But synthetically it leads nowhither from nowhere. And the taint of the *pâté* is over it all.

◆

There is a large, and, one likes to think, a growing, body of readers to whom poor old human nature, even with all her lamentable shortcomings, is at once a more amusing companion and a more hopeful teacher than the most lifelike puppet-shows of rule-of-thumb perfection. And to these, or to such of them as are not too far from the middle thirties to anticipate or to remember that period's possibilities of romantic reawakening and of necessary readjustment, Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of his Youth" (Kennerley), in spite of the occasional clumsiness of its assembling, is commended as a deft and in parts a delightful comedy. Conrad is an exceptional example of that perennial subject of fictional exploitation, the beneficiary of a sudden legacy. He has been clerking it in the colonies. He is thirty-seven. He comes home, not hotfoot to the cutting of a gold-strewn swath, but reminiscently bent upon the leisured splicing of severed associations. And the book traces the history of five of his adventures. For its proper enjoyment, however, it is well to recognize that Mr. Merrick is so far the amateur—meaning, not the tyro, but the purely love-driven practitioner of art—as to have brought to the verge of complete plasticity and refined to the approximation of perfect restraint his ability to express those visions which inspire him; yet to have neglected to develop the stock-in-trade facility of the professional who hides the yawns of his muse behind a skilled handicraft.

◆

Any one who has ever amused himself by studying the imagined possibilities of the "fourth dimension" knows that from what, to our senses, seems to be a sealed room without doors or windows or other means of egress in any of its three dimensions, a four-dimensional being could walk out unhindered. And while, of course, this is nothing but a mathematical pipe-dream, yet it has its counterpart in our workaday lives. There are thousands of fairly well-to-do people who, when things go wrong and failure or even starvation threatens them, can conceive of no escape from the familiar prison made by the economic customs, the social traditions, and the personal habits of their immediate class environment. The way may stand wide open, yet, to their cramped senses, be non-existent.

One of the most stirring books of the season is the true story, told by himself, of a young American's entrapment in this predicament and—of his escape. It is called "One Way Out. A Middle-Class New-Englander Emigrates to America" (Small, Maynard), and it tells how a bred-in-the-bone clerk, commuter, and hand-to-mouth maintainer of genteel appearances broke the deadlock between a lost job and a suburban dignity. The author, who proved himself a four-dimensional being by possessing an imagination and having the grit to follow it, calls himself "William Carleton."

◆

I recall a lady (I use the word advisedly) who, when woodland circumstances over which she had momentarily lost control forced her twelve-year-old daughter to shake hands with an Ojibway Indian, immediately drove to the nearest village and had the offended fingers bathed in peroxide of hydrogen. She thought that she was merely taking hygienic precautions; but, as a matter of fact, I think it was really her caste consciousness that she was disinfecting. And as there are people whose esthetic sensibilities have been over-educated to a similar nicety of panicky refinement, I take occasion, before introducing George Cram Cook's fictionally exciting and intellectually interesting novel of socialistic adventure and exposition, "The Chasm" (Stokes), to state frankly that there is a strain of the native literary Indian in this young writer. Strip his story about the beautiful daughter of a Moline, Illinois, plow magnate, her titled Russian suitor, and her father's Socialist undergardener, of its vital concern with big issues and of its fine perception and presentation of the mixed motives and mental biases of men's disagreements, and you would have as aboriginal a figure of melodrama as ever wore eagle's feathers and whooped the scalp song. And there are places where the melodrama almost sticks through. In spite of this, however—possibly, even, because of it—the freshness of Mr. Cook's observation of contrasted characters and the fervor of his analysis of conflicting arguments gives to his dramatic story a vibrant quality that makes it quite the most living bit of Socialist fiction that has recently come to light in America.

OTHER BOOKS

"The History of the Telephone" (McClurg). A surprisingly interesting account of its invention, its scientific perfecting, and its commercial conquest of the modern world, written by Herbert N. Casson; in which the personalities of the able men who have contributed to the astonishing development, whether as inventors, backers, legal defenders, or executive heads, are creatively presented; in which the tangled technique of operation is simply outlined; and in which the Aladdin-like romance of this thirty-five-year-old marvel is placed vividly before us.

◆

"The Fine Art of Fishing" (Outing), by Samuel G. Camp. A sane and helpful little volume in which the author of one of the best simple reference hand books on anglers' outfits—"Fishing Kits and Equipment"—discusses the practical handling of fly- and bait-casting rods and tackle, the habits and distinguishing qualities of American game fishes, and, in general, the lure of sport and the love of sportsmanship.

◆

"The New Criticism" (Columbia University Press). The text of a lecture by Professor J. E. Spingarn, which is warmly commended to all whom a simple and elucidating creed as to the essence of art and the sources, sanctions, and uses of interpretative criticism may aid in recognizing the one and profiting by the other.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh, one day, with a hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing. Most sensible woman I ever saw."

◆

Murphy was a new recruit in the cavalry. He could not ride at all, and by ill luck was given one of the most vicious horses in the troop.

"Remember," said the sergeant, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders."

Murphy was no sooner in the saddle than he was thrown to the ground.

"Murphy!" yelled the sergeant, when he discovered him lying breathless on the ground, "you dismounted!"

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did."

"From headquarters, I suppose?"

"No, sor; from hintquarters."

◆

Teacher—What is a philosopher?

Pupil—One who rides a philosopede.

◆

"Yes, sir," said the man who would not vote for a Republican, even though he was on a reform ticket, "I'm a Democrat. And so was my father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather."

"Huh!" said the candidate, "and if your father and grandfather and great-grandfather had been horse-thieves, what would you have been?"

"Wal," responded the other thoughtfully, "in them circumstances I reckon I'd 'a' bin a Republican."

◆

It is a fortunate wife whose husband not only knows more than she does, but has the grace to enlighten her ignorance without putting on airs.

"I see that a post-mortem examination is often made in murder cases. What does a post-mortem examination mean?" asked a young wife of her better half.

"A post-mortem examination, my dear, is intended to allow the victim to state, verbally, his own testimony against his assailant, and is taken down in writing."

"Thanks, darling; you won't look down on me, will you, because I haven't your education?"

He said he wouldn't.

◆

Ma—Gracious! What's the matter with the baby?

Pa—Oh, he bumped his head against one of the pedals of the piano.

Ma—Poor little dear! Perhaps he's seriously hurt.

Pa—Nonsense! It was the soft pedal he struck.

◆

In this country, when the contracting parties to a marriage desire to inform the public of the event, you will see inserted in the proper column a little notice like this:

BROWN-SMITH: Married, on Saturday, March 4th, at St. Joseph's Church, Mary Smith to William Brown.

It's simple and sufficient; but did you ever take up one of the English social weeklies and see how a marriage is recorded? It will read something like this:

Married at Ramsgate Rookery, near Oakley, Stafford, at noon on Thursday, 30th instant, by the Reverend Plantagenet Clutterbuck, LL.D. F.R.S., A.T.S., M.N.O., Q.R.D., uncle to the bride, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, Elephant's Head, Briary Lane, Berkeley, assisted by the Reverend Theophilus Timoleon Titmouse, J.O.B., R.R., R.X.Y.Z., D.B.F., cousin of the bridegroom, Rector of Calvary Church, St. Martin's in-the-back-cellar, Man's Nose, Grantly, Gertrude Maude Beatrice Constance, daughter of Grantville Neville Bollingbroke Bopgappers, Esq., L.P., M.P.T., S.P.Q., W.P.N., of Bareknees Briary, Cholmondeley Chairbones, Somerset, to Harold St. John Evermont Stragsby, K.C.B., R.B.A., L.G.J., and T.E.C., late of the 14th Royal Lancers, of Pumpernicle Priory and Stonehenge and Stickleneck Lodge, St. Christopher's-under-the-Hedge, Mumblepeg, Hartford.

◆

William —— was said to be the ugliest, though the most lovable, man in Louisiana. On returning to the plantation after a short absence, his brother said:

"Willie, I met in New Orleans a Mrs. Forrester who is a great admirer of yours. She said, though, that it wasn't so much the brilliancy of your mental attainments as your marvelous physical and facial beauty which charmed and delighted her."

"Edmund," cried William earnestly, "that is a wicked lie, but tell it to me again!"

◆

Little Willie had worn pajamas for two years. But while visiting an aunt, he discovered that his night-clothes had been forgotten. When Willie saw the nightie donated by a girl cousin he protested vigorously, winding up with:

"An' I won't wear no nightgown ever, ever. Not even if I have to go to bed raw."

◆

A prosperous merchant was just beginning to recover from a severe attack of typhoid. Finally his nurse told him that he might have something to eat. Visions of a modest repast—an egg, some toast, and maybe a custard—occupied the patient's mind, only to be rudely dispelled as the nurse appeared with a spoonful of tapioca pudding. "And the doctor emphasizes that everything you do must be in the same proportion," she said as she left.

In a short time a frantic ringing of the bell brought her hurrying to the room. "Nurse," gasped the man, "bring me a postage stamp. I want to do a little reading!"

◆

A professor of Greek who was noted for self-appreciation, bought a dozen collars and marked the first one with his full name and the others simply "Ditto."

◆

"How is it that you want a raise?" asked the foreman.

"Why, I've been and got married," said the man.

"Well," replied the foreman, "I'm sorry for you, I'm sure, but I can't help you. I'm only responsible for accidents that happen at the factory."

◆

Mark Twain and his peculiarities were being discussed by an English class in a Missouri High School. One youthful orator had very eloquently described Mark's personal appearance and had laid unusual stress on the author's fondness for wearing white flannels.

"Gee!" said one much-interested youth, "I don't see how the public knows whether his flannels was red or white."

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* *Editor* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

THIS IS OUR BIRTHDAY.

Another year has rolled round in the life of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. The twelfth year since Mr. Wanamaker founded the magazine, and the eighth of our ownership.

For the information of the many thousands of new readers who have never celebrated a birthday with us, it is proper to explain that we are accustomed to make the occasion one of earnest inquiry as to the physical, mental, and spiritual health of the magazine, and to set down in this department in the anniversary number a frank report of our findings.

Our frankness, our purpose to be honest, are known to the readers of the magazine who have been readers for some time. We would not consciously misstate the findings about ourselves any more than we would misstate the facts about others. Our temptation would be to err in understating the findings creditable to our management and overstating the discreditable; but our purpose and effort are to neither overstate nor understate.

As to the physical health of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE we are in some uncertainty. This, notwithstanding the fact that we are printing one hundred and fifty thousand more books this month than we did a year ago, running far in the lead of our friendly rivals. And, further, notwithstanding the fact that we have continued to lead all friendly rivals in the amount of advertising carried.

You have heard about the man who suffered from nervous prosperity, and about that other one who was disgustingly healthy. EVERYBODY'S is so healthy it makes us nervous.

For two years previous to last fall we had been averaging around five hundred thousand circulation. We were not growing. Perhaps we were doing well to hold our own in the face of the hard competition of old and new friendly rivals. But we were not satisfied. We wanted to see EVERYBODY'S growing. So we started in to add to the circulation. Two plans were worked out by the circulation department, and both adopted on the theory that one might succeed.

Circulation plans have a way of not succeeding. We had little hope that either of these plans would make more than a fair showing. Well, both of them went with a rush, and at the height of the campaign season we found ourselves viewing with consternation the success of both plans launched with so faint a hope.

MAGAZINE APOPLEXY.

Whatever the choice with men, with magazines there is little choice between an anemic and an apoplectic circulation. Too much circulation is critical.

If you do not already know, you may be interested to learn how a magazine may have too much circulation.

The circulation of a magazine is apoplectic when the management is not able to get the price for its advertising which the circulation justifies and compels. Now advertising rates must, in fairness to the advertisers, be advanced by easy lifts and after sufficient notice. Advertisers make their contracts with magazines usually by the year; but different advertisers at different times. To get a big, sudden increase in circulation and then promptly raise the advertising rates demoralizes the advertising end of the business. Some contracts have a long time to run; others a short time. No advertiser wishes to pay more than his competitors, nor more than other advertisers. No one likes to feel that some one else is getting a better rate. A magazine should have the same rate for all advertisers, and when it raises that rate it should give every advertiser ample time to protect himself and readjust himself to the new rate.

FLIES IN CREAM.

In a very few instances, magazines have grown so rapidly that the publishers, for self-preservation, have been obliged to raise rates over night. We had to do it in the Lawson boom. But the advertisers knew the situation, and the new rates were so good a buy that no complaint was made. The old rates did not pay for the paper on which the advertising was printed. If we had not raised the prices to advertisers and readers, we should have perished in our prosperity like flies in cream.

When we added 150,000 to the circulation last fall, with no possibility of increasing the advertising rate until this fall, it was bad business. There can be no two opinions about that—and both intelligent.

This is how it worked. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE costs, say, eighteen cents a copy. We get about eight cents a copy of the money the retailer pays for it. The difference between eight cents and the retail and subscription prices goes to newsdealers and canvassers. Every copy of EVERYBODY'S, then, costs ten cents more than we get for it. That ten cents comes out of the revenue from advertising. Five cents of this is chargeable to the paper on which advertisements are printed, and to the securing and printing of them. Five cents is put into the body of the book for the reader's benefit. That is what publishers mean when they say they pass on the bulk of the excess revenue from advertising to the readers. You see that, don't you? Now suppose that our circulation is 500,000 per month, costing eighteen cents per copy and bringing eight cents per copy, a loss of ten cents per copy. Ten cents on 500,000 is $50,000 per month, $600,000 per year. Of this, $300,000 is chargeable to getting and printing the advertising, and $300,000 to making a better book; and all of it comes out of the advertising revenue. If the advertising revenue is $750,000 annually, we have left $150,000 for bond interest and dividends. That's plain. Now suppose we jump our circulation 150,000 over night, without any possibility of materially increasing the revenue from advertising for months. You get it?

That looks a bit unhealthy, does it not? It may be, and again it may be very robust. Therein lies the uncertainty. If the circulation holds around 650,000 and the advertisers give us as many pages at the new rate as they gave us at the old rate, we shall have succeeded in accomplishing in one year what ordinarily would have required three years. That is what we are hoping will happen, and with reason; but it was not good business, just the same.

Another occasion for uncertainty lies in the second-class postage rate. If Congress had not blocked Mr. Hitchcock's vicious "rider," we should now be facing another increased cost without being able to increase the revenue. That "rider" would have cost us $150,000 a year. We stated our position on this question last month. If the government ought to have more for carrying second-class matter and if it gives proper time for readjustment to new rates, the publishers will pay more. But the advance will be paid ultimately by the reader, because the average profits of the publishing business are low. Publishers can not stand an increase without raising prices or cheapening products.

A low postage rate was intended to diffuse information cheaply, and it has so operated. The operation of a tariff, on the other hand, in mothering the trusts, raises the price to the consumer. There is some confusion of thought on the subject and a disposition to charge that publishing is a *protected* industry. It is not.

QUITE WELL, THANK YOU.

As to the physical health of EVERYBODY'S, it seems fair to say that the magazine was never so popular with readers and advertisers; that while we may run through a period of small dividends, we shall be getting on a bigger, solider foundation, and that holders of our bonds need not feel the slightest concern, as their interest will be paid promptly,

With "Everybody's" Publishers is continued on Page 80 of the Advertising Section.

JUNE
15 CENTS

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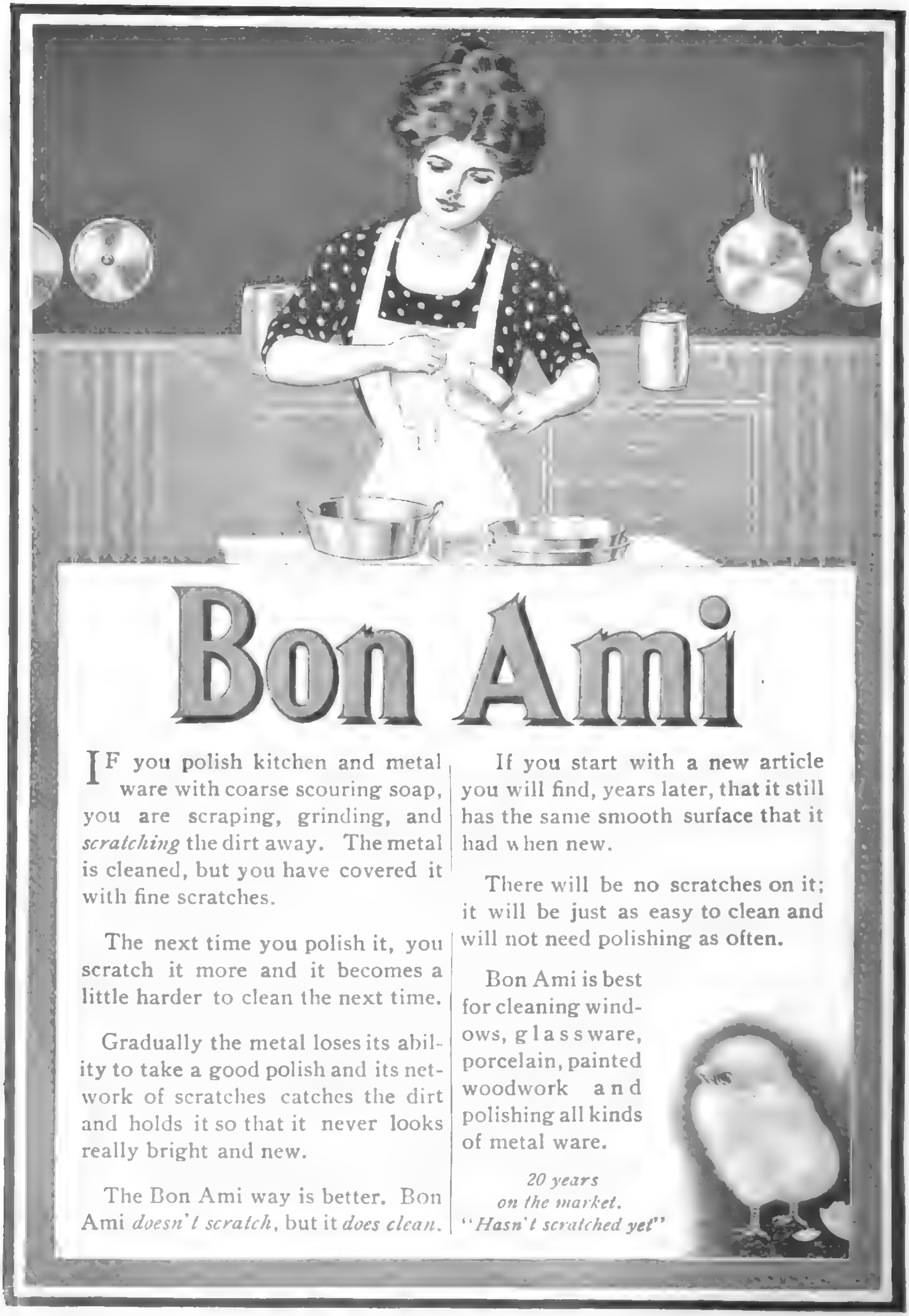
Everybody's Magazine

BIRTHDAY NUMBER

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY PUBLISHERS



Bon Ami

IF you polish kitchen and metal ware with coarse scouring soap, you are scraping, grinding, and *scratching* the dirt away. The metal is cleaned, but you have covered it with fine scratches.

The next time you polish it, you scratch it more and it becomes a little harder to clean the next time.

Gradually the metal loses its ability to take a good polish and its network of scratches catches the dirt and holds it so that it never looks really bright and new.

The Bon Ami way is better. Bon Ami *doesn't scratch*, but it *does clean*.

If you start with a new article you will find, years later, that it still has the same smooth surface that it had when new.

There will be no scratches on it; it will be just as easy to clean and will not need polishing as often.

Bon Ami is best for cleaning windows, glassware, porcelain, painted woodwork and polishing all kinds of metal ware.

20 years
on the market.
"Hasn't scratched yet"

JUST WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT MEXICO

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No. 6

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We Take Off Our Hats to the Men Who Know How

TWO months ago we answered a Congressman's question, "Why does EVERYBODY'S carry so much advertising?" The answer was, you may possibly remember, "EVERYBODY'S carries more advertising than its contemporaries because of the character and number of its readers. That is—*the advertiser's verdict follows the people's verdict.*"

Then came a letter from another man, and he said in it, "That answer answers as far as it goes; but go farther and tell me the *Why* of that verdict."

The reason that a lot over 650,000 people buy this magazine is that every man concerned in making it does the very best that in him lies,—without stinting the cost,—to make it match his ideal; not only his own, but the combined ideal of publisher, editor, art director, printer, and binder.

They know the variety of tastes among the thoughtful and earnest people of this country. They know these people's demand for reliable articles, and their responsiveness to sincerity. They know the kind of stories which right hearted and educated people like. They know the standards of art which such people require. They know the quality of paper which refined people like to handle and the presswork they demand.

Even the binder feels the spur of that superlativeness. For notice the new binding of the June issue: not the old "saddle-stitch" which required two hands to hold the pages open. But the new application of book-binding to a magazine, whereby the pages lie flat when you open them—the first standard magazine to equip itself thus for the comfort of its readers.

Our men know how. We of the advertising staff, who have no hand in the making of the magazine, either editorially or physically, take off our hats to the real makers of EVERYBODY'S.

It's what those men create that brings the Verdict of the great army of individuals who take EVERYBODY'S. And *their* verdict in turn brings that vast plurality of advertisers.

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TIFFANY & CO.

TIFFANY & CO.'S METHODS OF MANUFACTURE AND THEIR FACILITIES FOR PURCHASING AT THE MOST FAVORABLE ADVANTAGE IN THE BEST MARKETS OF THE WORLD, ENABLE THEM TO SELL THEIR GOODS AT PRICES WHICH THEY KNOW WILL BE FOUND UNEQUALLED IN ATTRACTIVENESS. IN THE PREPARATION AND SELECTION OF THEIR LARGE STOCK OF PEARLS, PEARL NECKLACES, DIAMOND JEWELRY, GOLD JEWELRY, SILVER, WATCHES, CLOCKS BRONZES, CHINA, GLASSWARE, STATIONERY, ETC. TIFFANY & CO. MAINTAIN CERTAIN STANDARDS OF QUALITY AND EXCELLENCE TO WHICH ALL ARTICLES MUST CONFORM. PURCHASES CAN BE MADE OF TIFFANY & CO. EITHER IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

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Very Little "Ads"—But The Right People Saw Them

SUCH letters as this give a view of the kind of people who read the advertisements in EVERYBODY'S. Out of thirteen publications last year and this year, EVERYBODY'S showed it had more people interested in motor-boats than any other except a "trade" paper which goes exclusively to marine enthusiasts.

TUTTLE MOTOR COMPANY
CANASTOTA, N. Y., April 4th, 1911.

MR. ROBERT FROTHINGHAM,
Everybody's Magazine.

Dear Sir: We are pleased to give you some information regarding the results of our advertising in EVERYBODY'S during the season of 1910.

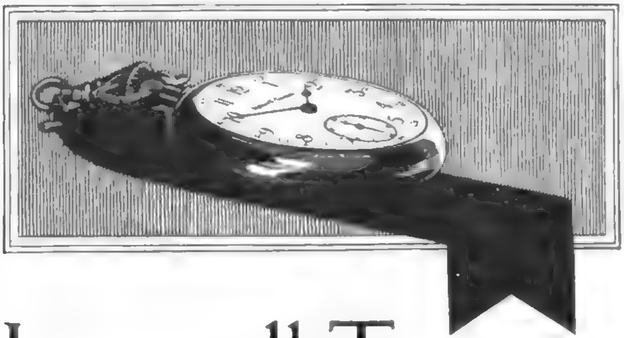
EVERYBODY'S stood second in the number of inquiries received. The only one ahead of EVERYBODY'S was a trade paper going exclusively to the class of people we endeavor to reach, and which of course naturally brought a greater number of inquiries.

We notice also from our key numbers that EVERYBODY'S continued to draw for many months after publication, and that the inquiries in general appear to come from the best purchasing class for our line of marine motors.

The above comparison is made from a list of thirteen magazines and trade papers. For the present season, up to the 1st of April, EVERYBODY'S still holds its position in second place.

Yours very truly,
W. J. FORBES, Advertising Manager.

The small size of these Tuttle "ads" makes this statement the more significant, for they ran from one inch to four inches—never more. It shows once more that no advertising in EVERYBODY'S is so small as to escape attention.



Ingersoll-Trenton

$5.00 to $19.00

The Ingersoll-Trenton watch offers such accuracy as can be had in only a few of the more costly watches. It combines with this accuracy, an attractive appearance and a very low price.

Its close timing is possible through the bridge-model construction of its movement—a type of construction shared only by the highest priced time-keepers.

Your jeweler will be glad to show you this modern product of efficient manufacturing methods which have created a high class time-piece at a moderate price. Watch satisfaction is now yours for the price you know should command it.

The Ingersoll-Trenton watch, movement and case, is fully guaranteed.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 27 Ashland Building, New York

To the Real Owners of Niagara Falls

YOUR property is in danger. You must act quickly if you would save for yourselves and the Nation one of the most magnificent pieces of scenery in the world—Niagara Falls—which draws each year more than a million visitors—a great army of travelers who spend Twenty-five Millions of dollars there and on the way. This vast income will increase if the Falls remain as a great spectacle. **Would it be good business** to destroy the source of such an income?

Here Is the Danger

The Falls have "unquestionably been seriously injured by the diversions already made" by the Power Companies, to run their giant turbines. This is the formal report of the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, after two years of accurate measurements and records. And he reports that "additional diversions, now under way, will add to the damage." The American Fall is very thin in places. The Bridal Veil is less in volume. Hundreds of feet on the Horseshoe Fall are barely covered. Portions of the Rapids are much less impressive.

The Power Companies, seeing an opportunity to increase their income more than Five Millions of dollars annually, are fighting the reënactment of the Burton Bill, **which expires June 29, 1911.** They want now the maximum limit of water allowed under our Waterways Treaty with Canada. This would mean an **INCREASED DRAIN** on the Falls of **SIXTY-EIGHT PER CENT** beyond the amount of water now taken by these corporations. They also want the limit removed on the transmission of power from Canada.

It Is to Your Interest

to have Mr. Burton's Senate Joint Resolution 3 passed **without amendment,** thereby preventing the passage of measures that would benefit only a few private corporations at the expense and the shame of the whole American people.

The Burton Bill, passed in 1906 and extended in 1909, was **more than fair** to the Power Companies. It gave them all the water they could then use, or were preparing to use. It did not stop any going enterprise. The Burton Resolution will continue permanently these fair, just, and protective provisions of the original Burton Bill.

Will You Help

to save this great National Asset from the Aggressions of Forty Millions of power-company capital? Write or wire your Senators or Representatives in Congress. DO IT TODAY. Write for further facts to the American Civic Association, which first called President Roosevelt's attention to the National ownership of Niagara. Send us copies of the replies you get. We are fighting for your rights and we need your assistance. Protect your own interests by using a dozen postage stamps. Tell your friends.

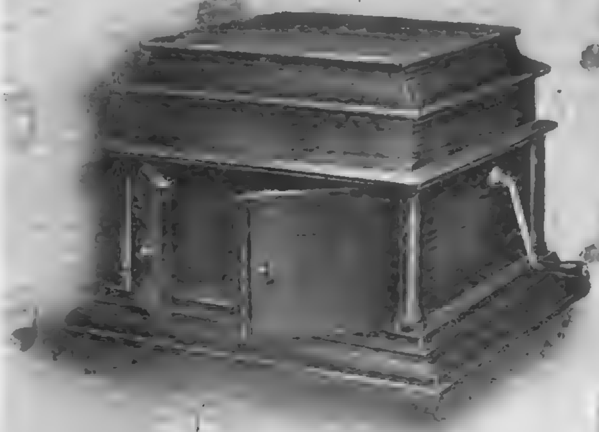
AMERICAN CIVIC ASSOCIATION

J. HORACE McFARLAND, President
RICHARD B. WATROUS, Secretary
WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, Treasurer

914 Union Trust Building
Washington, D. C.

Columbia Records

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The Columbia
Grafonola "Favorite" $50

Columbia
Double-Disc Records

bearing this musical-note trade-mark, will play perfectly on **your** machine.

Columbia
Records are superior in quality of *Tone*

Columbia
Records are superior in quality of *Recording Process*

Columbia
Records are superior in quality of *Duplicating Process*

Columbia
Records are superior in quality of *Material*

Columbia
Records are superior in quality of *Endurance*

Any Columbia dealer can prove it to you—and you can prove it for yourself. Send for catalog of disc records by Mary Garden, Nordica, Fremstad, Nielsen, Bonci, Constantino, Amato, Bispham, and hundreds of other artists.

☞ The Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" is the *first* hornless talking machine ever offered at $50—or near it. We believe it is the *best* hornless instrument that can ever be made and sold for $50.

Columbia
Phonograph Co. Gen'l
211 Tribune Building, New York

Creators of the Talking-machine Industry. Pioneers and leaders in the Talking-machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of Talking-machines in the world. Dealers wanted. Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented.

EVERYBODY'S SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Summer Schools and Camps

Summer School

Eastman offers a wonderful opportunity for young men and women just leaving High School or College to begin preparation in the summer for a successful business career and a good position.

Eastman is delightfully located, on the Hudson River, with an environment conducive to study. It has a national reputation based on more than 50 years of successful experience. Students are present from all parts of America and many foreign countries. The school is open the year round. A course at

Eastman

—the most widely known business school—will give you a thorough business training and qualify you to

Increase Your Salary

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Higher Accounting, Civil Service and Academic Departments. Telegraphy and Railway Work also successfully taught.

More than 1,000 young men and women trained yearly. Paying positions for graduates of complete commercial course. Write for FREE prospectus to

CLEMENT C. GAINES, M.A., L.L.D., President
Box 682, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MAINE, Sebago Lake.

Camp Overlook 11th SEASON. A profitable summer's outing for boys, under most attractive and healthful surroundings. Land and water sports. Boys always under careful supervision of competent instructors. Under auspices of Overlook-Selleck School. For booklet address
MR. GEORGE WILSON, Director, Box 5, Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y.

LONG ISLAND, Flushing, Kyle Institute, Box 504.

Kyle Camp CATSKILL MTS., CATSKILL, N. Y.

Bathing, Swimming, Fishing. Two baseball diamonds and two lawn tennis courts. Rifle range. Nature studies under specialist. All sleep in bungalows facing a beautiful grove. July and August, $100. DR. PAUL KYLE.

Camp Keoka for Boys In the best Camping and Canoeing Country in Maine. Ideal Location, Complete Equipment, Exclusive Patronage, Expert Physical Director, Mature Counsellors, Canoeing and Mountain Climbing Trips, Track Sports, Aquatics, Baseball, Tennis. Senior, Intermediate, Junior Departments. For beautifully illustrated booklet, address S. C. MITCHELL, A. B., Box D, The Peddie Institute. Hightstown, NEW JERSEY.

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Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Maine

A Summer Camp with a Definite Purpose

No Damp Tents—Boys Live in Bungalows. No Canned Foods—Supplies Fresh from Farm. Resident physician and registered guide. Long distance phone in camp. Tutoring, all sports and long trips. Moderate rates—no extras.

FRED EDSON CLERK, Ph.B., Head Master, Powder Point School
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Improve Your Boy's Health

this summer in one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Let him enjoy the pleasure of "hikes" and bivouacs in the Green Mountains, canoeing, swimming, all water sports, baseball, golf, tennis, horseback riding and other athletics at

CAMP WINNISQUAM

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Aloha Camps FOR GIRLS. Seventh season. Healthful location. Pure water. Safe sanitation. Water sports. Tennis, golf and handcrafts. Nature study, horseback riding, mountaineering. Substantial house. Board floor tents. Experienced counselors. Girls' welfare our first care. Booklet. MR. and MRS. E. L. GULICK, 75 Lyme Road, Hanover, N. H.

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WISCONSIN, Delafield, Waukesha Co.

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Boys' Summer Camp for recreation and tutoring. In Waukesha County, Lake Region of Wisconsin. Three hours from Chicago. Provides a summer of enchantment.
Address File D, CAMP ST. JOHN'S.

New York

Verbeck Hall **Saint John's School**

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WM. VERBECK, President

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Beautiful site on Seneca Lake. Boarding school for both sexes of 14 years and upward. Splendid training for best colleges and business. Advanced courses for young women in Art and Music. Special attention to health. Secure rooms early for Fall entrance.

Rates, $250 to $275. MARTYN SUMMERBELL, LL. D., Pres.

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C. A. ROBINSON, PH. D. } Principals.

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On-the-Hudson

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The Long Island (Episcopal) School for Boys.

Location—Beautiful and healthful Garden City, Long Island, 18 miles from New York.

Equipment—Fire-proof buildings; gymnasium; swimming pool; 30 acres of athletic fields.

Instruction—Both class and individual instruction given. Prepares for any college or scientific school.
Also a lower school for younger boys.

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MISS SARA LOUISE TRACY, Associate.

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Training school for Supervisors of Music in public schools. Both sexes. Graduates rank, upon graduation, as teachers of experience, taking positions in colleges, normal and city schools. Voice, Harmony, Form, Ear Training, Sight Singing, etc. Catalogue.

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Equipped and administered for the thorough preparation of 150 boys for college, technical schools, and higher business careers. Catalogue and illustrated booklets upon request.

JAMES C. MACKENZIE, Ph. D., Director.

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FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT
President

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(Courses III and IV are new, and both cultural and practical. Write for full particulars concerning them.)

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NEW YORK, Binghamton.

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For girls. Twenty-ninth year.

MRS. JANE GREY HYDE, Founder

MISS MARY R. HYDE, MISS JANE BREWSTER HYDE, } Principals.

IRVING SCHOOL For Boys

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Only 25 miles from New York, in the historic "Irving" country. Prepares for all colleges and scientific schools. Gymnasium, athletic field and swimming pool. Summer Camp, Bantam Lake, Litchfield Hills, Conn. 1100 feet altitude. Address

J. M. FURMAN, A. M., Head Master, Box 921

NEW YORK, Tarrytown, Box 752.

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General Courses and College Preparatory Work. Special advantages in Languages, Music and Art. The seventh year begins October 4th, 1911.

MRS. MAURICE C. BENJAMIN, Principal.

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson.

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For boys up to 16. Limited number assures every boy personal care and individual attention. Country life with most desirable environment. Complete modern equipment. Moderate rates. Separate Dept. for little boys. Summer Camp in the Adirondacks admits of all year home.

Emma Willard School

98th Year for Girls

On the hills 400 feet above the city of Troy. Four beautiful, new, fire-proof buildings, the gift of Mrs Russell Sage. Campus 30 acres. Tennis courts, hockey, basket ball. Gymnasium, with swimming pool, bowling alleys. Resident nurse. A broad variety of work, including college preparation and courses for girls not going to college. Special advantages in Music and Art. Practical courses in Domestic Science. Certificate admits to Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and Mt. Holyoke Colleges.

Illustrated catalogue on request.

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Established 1824

Troy, N. Y.

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Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.

Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN E. NUGENT, Registrar

A Superior School for Girls

This school will commend itself to parents wishing to give their daughters a broad, liberal education. It is our aim to develop each girl, not only mentally and morally, but physically also. The influences of an attractive Christian home surround the pupils.

The Ossining School for Girls

[Suburban to New York City
Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.]

Academic, Music, Art and College Preparatory Courses, Post Graduate and special work. Certificate privileges. Gymnasium. 44th year. **Hampton Hall**, annex of the Ossining School, for Younger Girls. Year book with views of the school on request.

Principal, CLARA C. FULLER.

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NEW YORK, Scarsdale. (40 minutes from New York City)

Heathcote Hall

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All the advantages of the metropolis with fullest opportunity for wholesome outdoor life; riding, tennis, field hockey, skating, gymnasium. General and College Preparatory Courses, Music and Art.

NEW YORK CITY, 607 Fifth Avenue.

The Gardner Home School for Girls

Exclusive location. Regular and Special Courses. Music and Elocution. Physical culture. Aesthetic dancing. Individual care. Much outdoor life. All advantages of city with delightful home life.

NEW YORK CITY, 2042 Fifth Avenue.

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Music, Art, Household Economics. Home care and social life. Regular courses and special studies. Physical culture, riding, outdoor exercise. European travel parties. (14th year.)

NEW YORK, New York City.

Have You Chosen a Profession?

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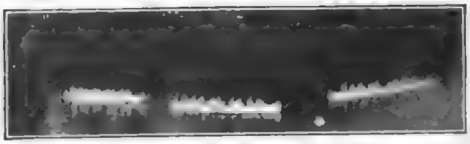

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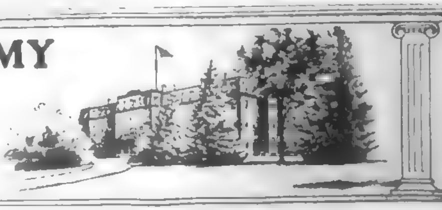

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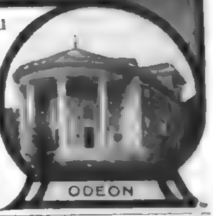

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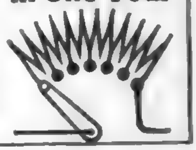

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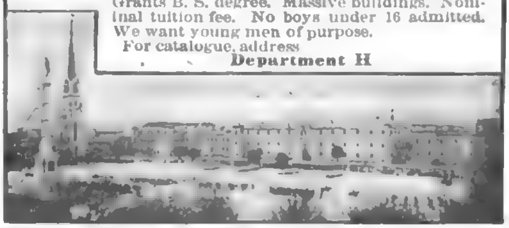

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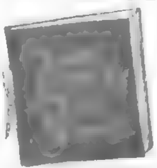

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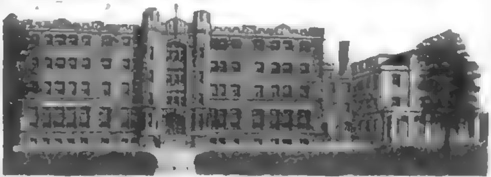

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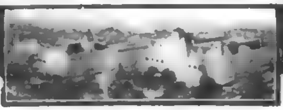

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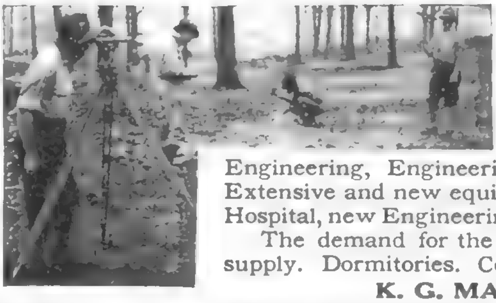

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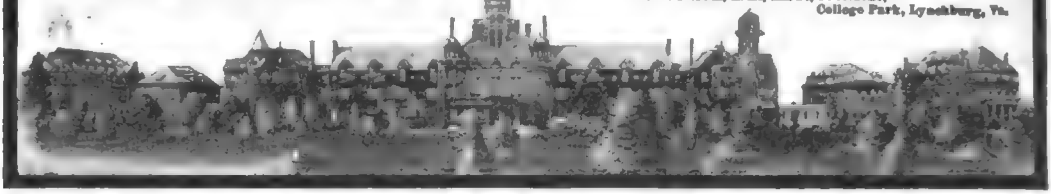

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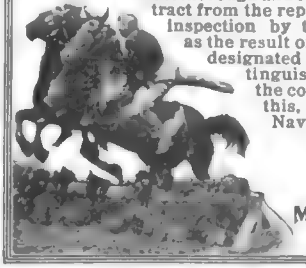

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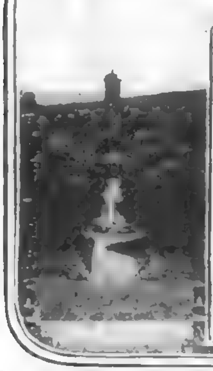

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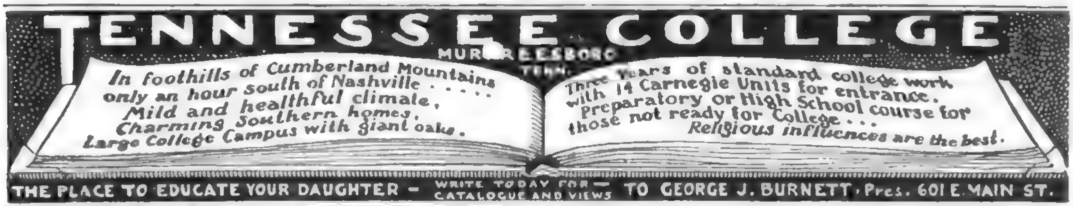
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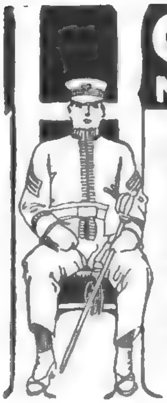

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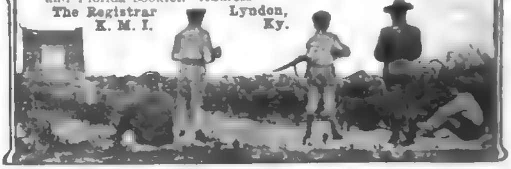

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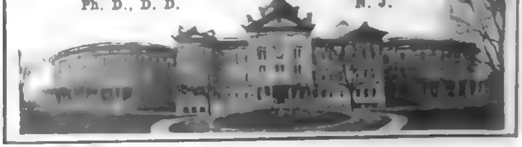

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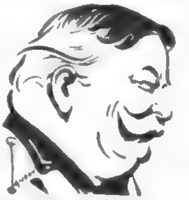

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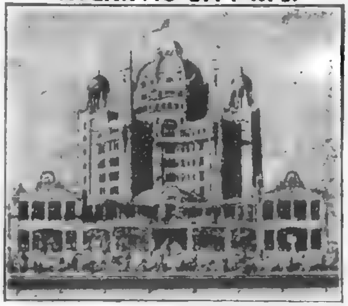

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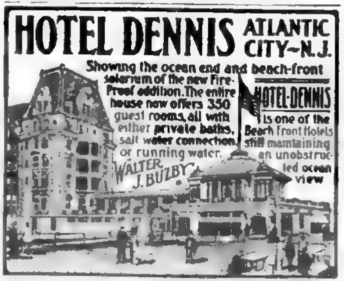

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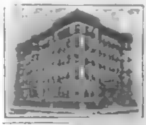

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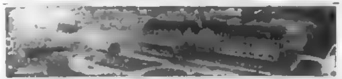

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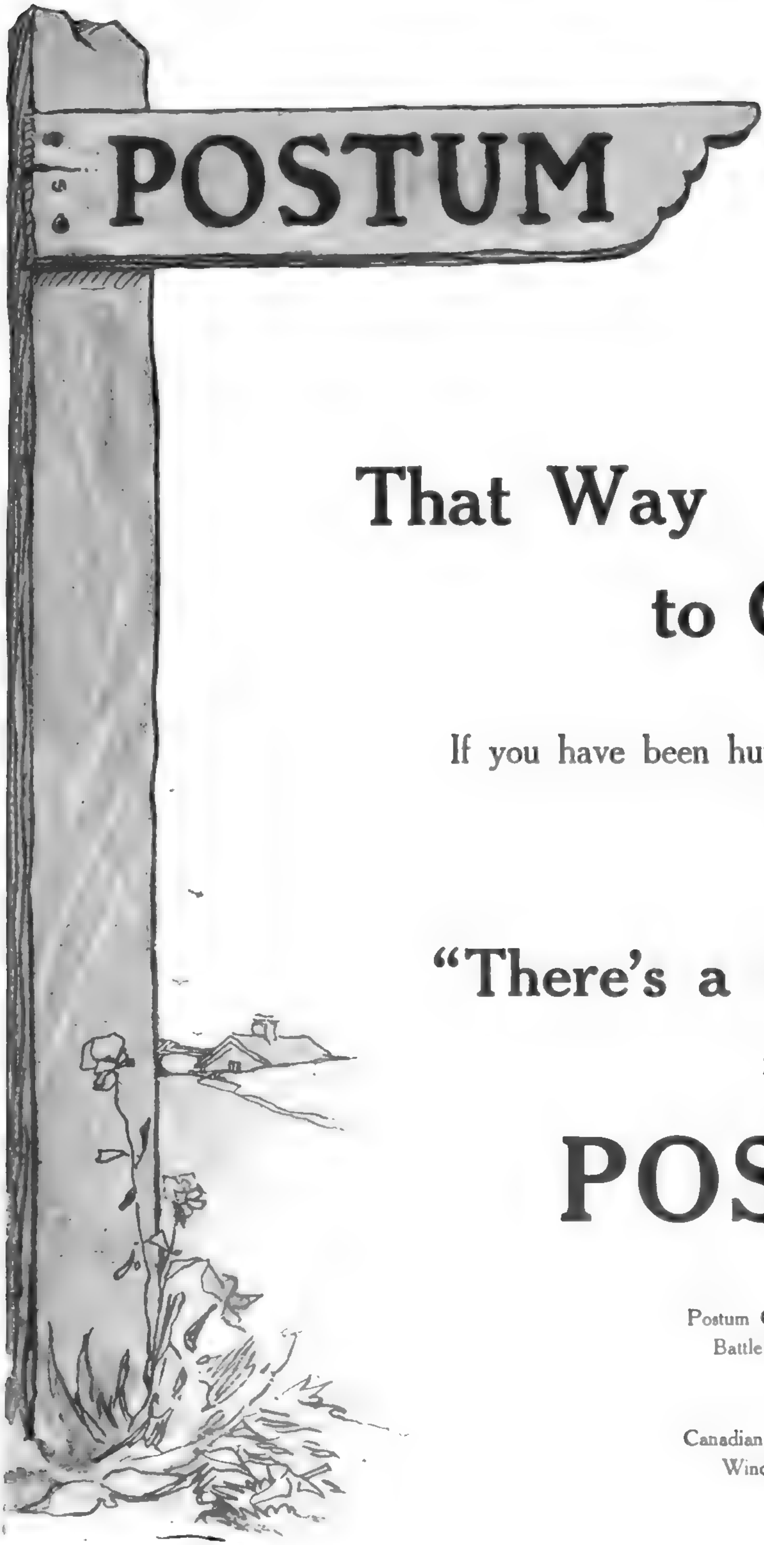

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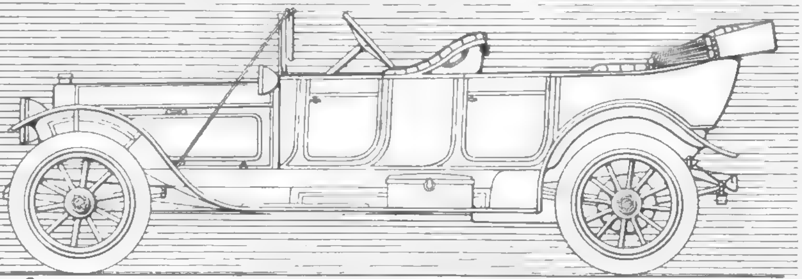

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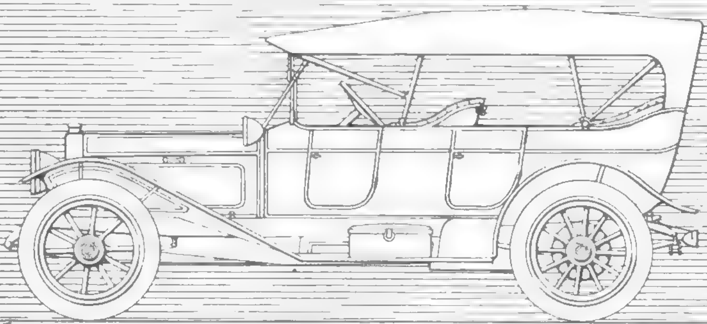

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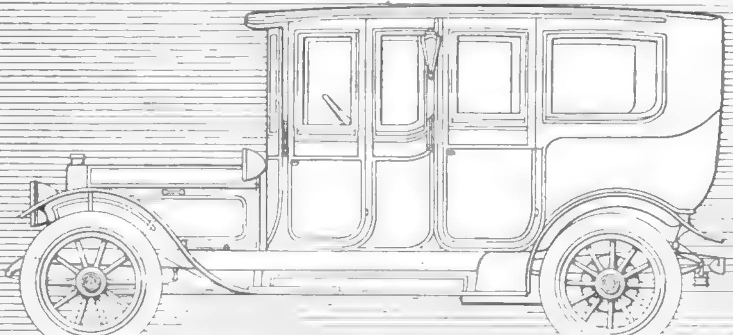

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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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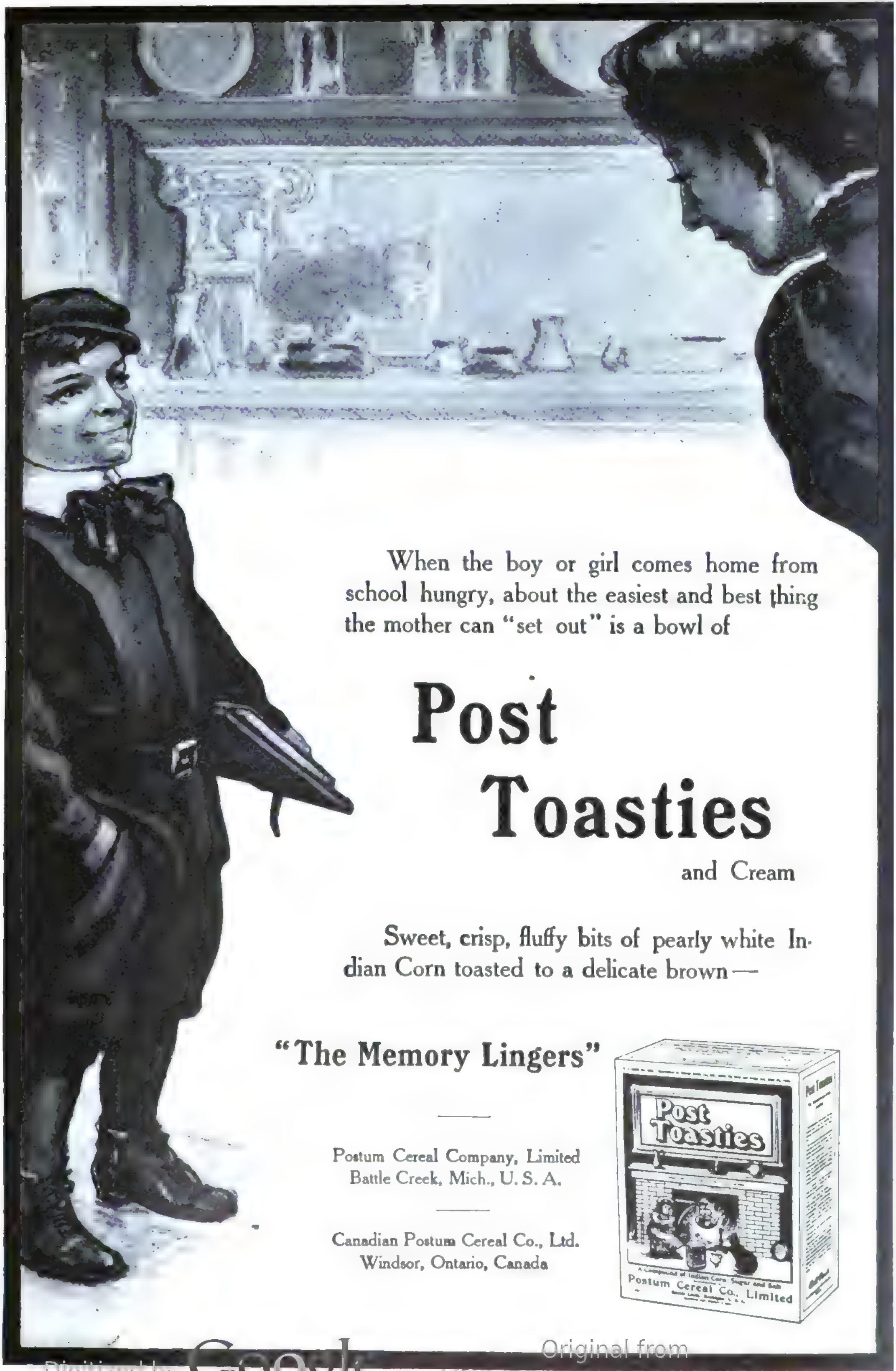

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Sweet, crisp, fluffy bits of pearly white Indian Corn toasted to a delicate brown—

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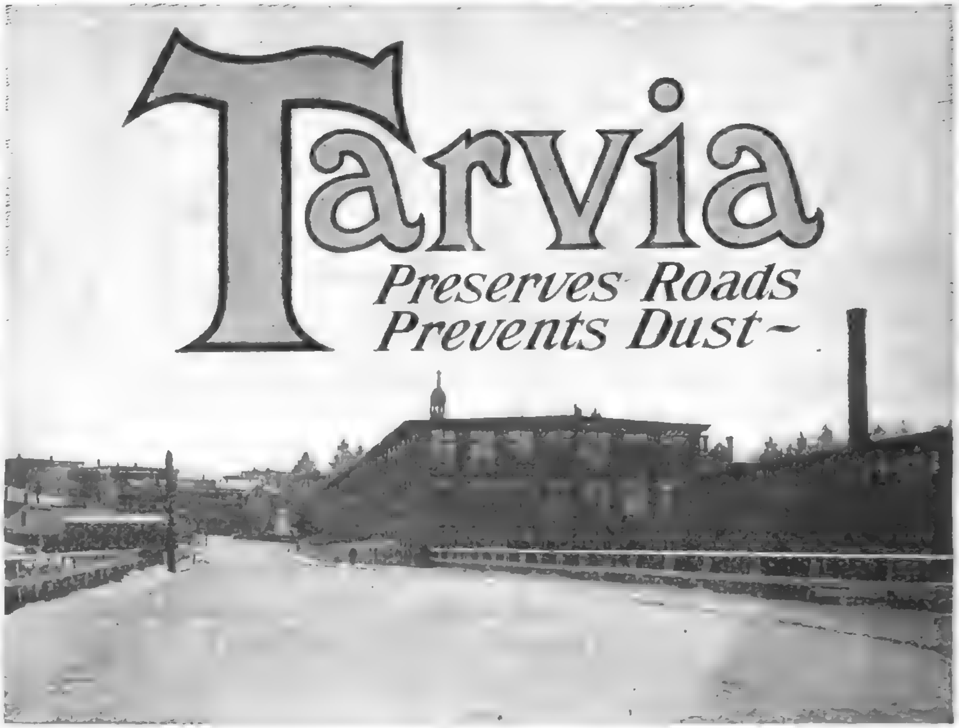

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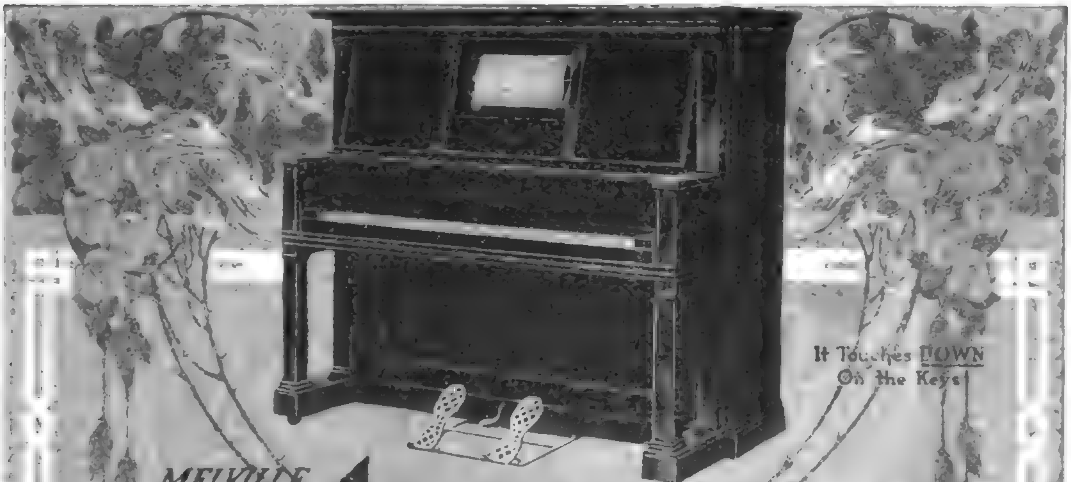
TRADE B MARK



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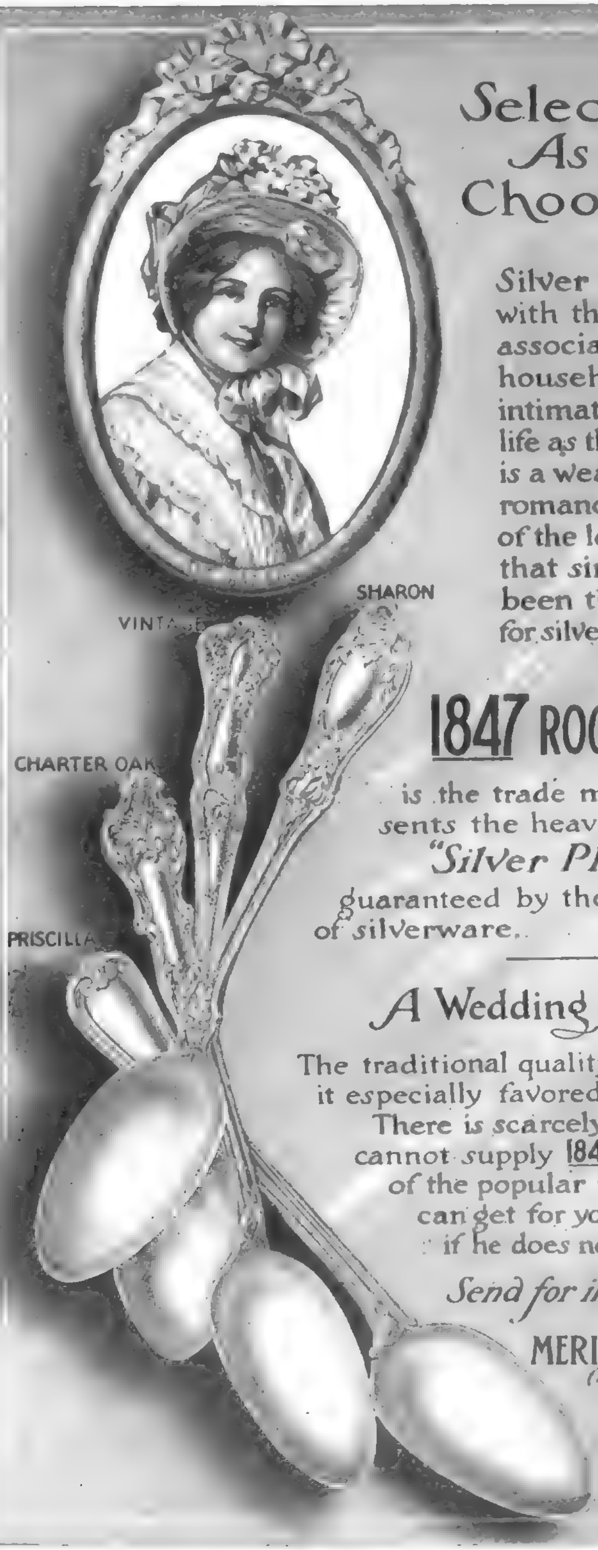
412 Fine Arts Building, Chicago

New York Show Rooms, 305 Fifth Avenue



Select Your Silver As You Would Choose A Friend

Silver is purchased usually with the expectation of long association. No article of household use becomes so intimately a part of the daily life as the family silver. There is a wealth of sentiment and romance attached to the name of the long-wearing silver-plate that since the year 1847 has been the standard of quality for silver-plated spoons, forks, etc.

1847 ROGERS BROS. XS TRIPLE

is the trade mark which today represents the heaviest grade of triple-plate

"Silver Plate that Wears"

guaranteed by the largest manufacturers of silverware.

A Wedding Gift of Character

The traditional quality of this silverware makes it especially favored for wedding gifts.

There is scarcely a town in which dealers cannot supply 1847 ROGERS BROS. ware in any of the popular patterns; and any dealer can get for you the pattern of your choice if he does not have it in his stock.

Send for illustrated catalogue "F-20"

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Co. Successor)

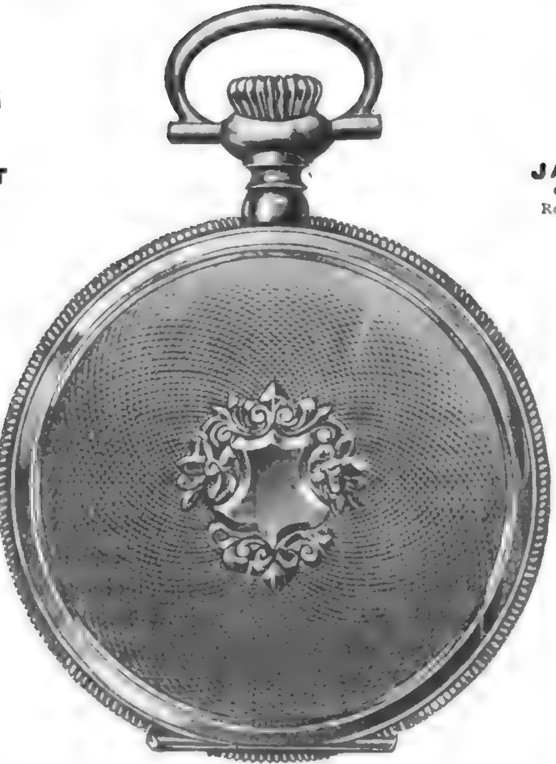
Meriden, Conn.

NEW YORK CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO HAMILTON, CANADA

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

TRADE MARK
CRESCENT
GOLD FILLED
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TRADE MARK
JAS. BOSS
GOLD FILLED
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Reliable Gold-Filled

We show here a staple and popular style of watch case: it is known as an "engine-turned" design. Note the depth of the engraving. This is done with a diamond-pointed tool on machines costing three to four thousand dollars apiece.

The deep, sharp, clear-cut work is possible because of the thickness of the gold.

The important thing for you to remember is that on ordinary filled cases the surface of gold is so thin that the design is not diamond-cut at all—it is merely burnished in. It soon wears smooth and the base metal shows through. But with Crescent or Jas. Boss gold-filled cases this work is done exactly as on our Keystone solid-gold cases.

The marks shown at the top of this page insure absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, and in the construction of your watch case. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for fifty years.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Established 1853
Philadelphia

Barrett Specification Roofs

For Large Plants

FOR use on a large modern plant like the Arlington Mills illustrated below, only one kind of roofing is suitable, namely, Barrett Specification Roofs.

The roof area of these buildings is about 22½ acres, which includes sawtooth, monitor and ordinary flat roofs, under which are valuable machinery and textiles, where a leak might do thousands of dollars' worth of damage.

The roof practically gets exposure from both sides, because the humidity of the interior of the building (which is a necessary feature of textile manufacturing) causes constant condensation of moisture on the under side of the roof.

No other style or type of roofing could be used economically.

Tin and ready roofing would require painting every few years—and think of the cost of painting so vast an area! Slate and shingles are not fitted for use on such buildings.

If ultimate economy is desired, a Barrett Specification Roof *must* be used, for its price is lower than that of other permanent roofs and, as it requires no painting, its maintenance cost is nothing. We can point to roofs of this type which have given faultless service for over thirty years without leaks and without repairs.

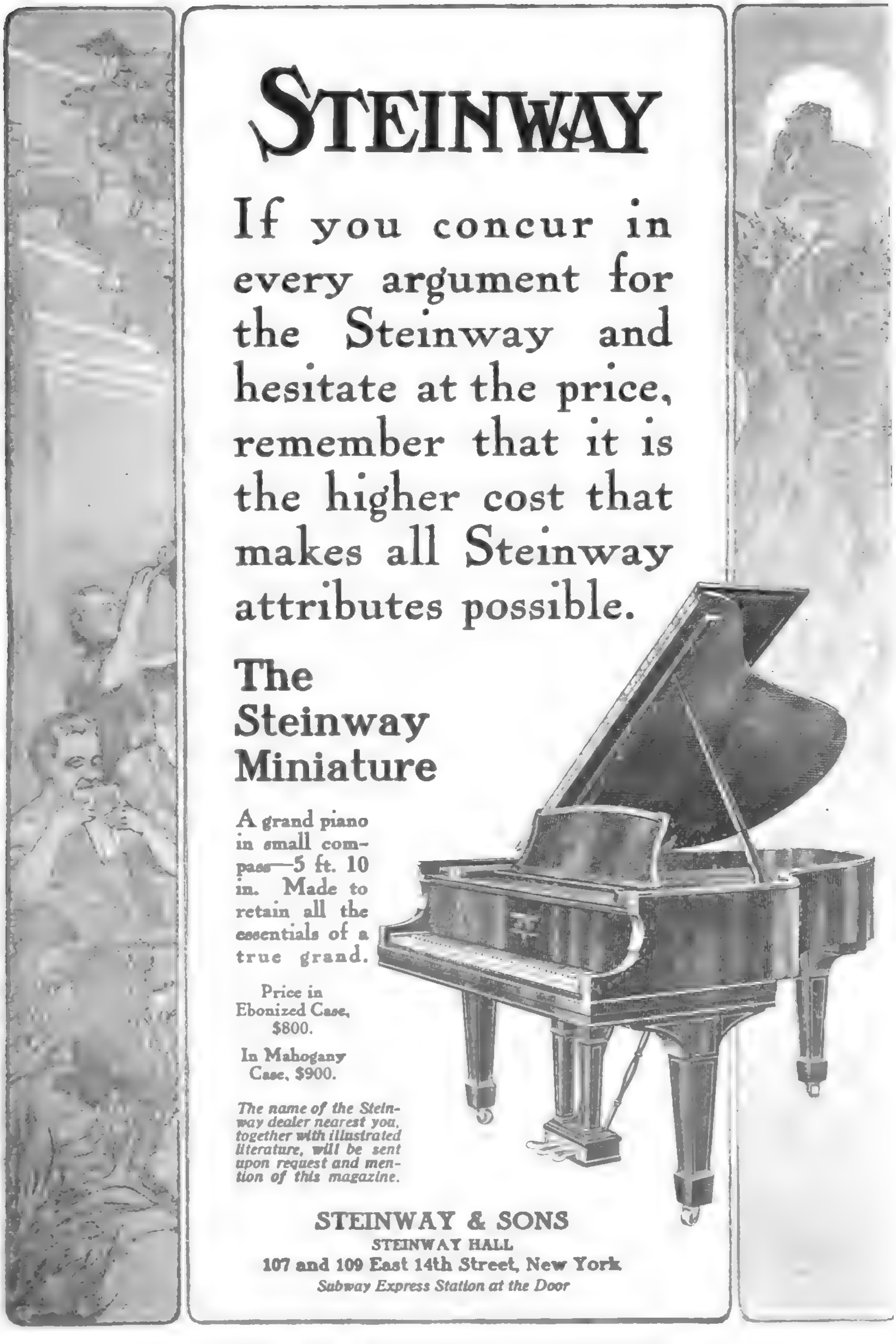
If you are interested in the roofing problem we suggest you write our nearest office, and any information desired will be cheerfully furnished.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Seattle, London, Eng. Canadian Offices—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Arlington Mills, Lawrence, Mass

C. R. Makepeace & Co.
Mill Engineers.
Providence, R. I.



STEINWAY

If you concur in every argument for the Steinway and hesitate at the price, remember that it is the higher cost that makes all Steinway attributes possible.

The Steinway Miniature

A grand piano in small compass—5 ft. 10 in. Made to retain all the essentials of a true grand.

Price in Ebonized Case, $800.

In Mahogany Case, $900.

The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
STEINWAY HALL
107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York
Subway Express Station at the Door

It is good to be sure
Better to be insured
Best to be insured in
The Hartford

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.
AGENTS EVERYWHERE

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Do You Still "Clean House"?

It costs money to tear up and "clean house."
—The money you pay out for extra labor.
—The money you lose in damage to carpets, decorations, ornaments and furniture.
To say nothing of the physical wear and tear.

* * * *

With "RICHMOND" vacuum cleaning, you can clean without opening a window—without raising a dust—without moving the furniture.
Floor coverings, walls, upholstery, draperies, pillows, mattresses, pianos—everything in the house is "air scrubbed" *just where it is.*
The house is *always* cleaner than the severest housecleaning could ever make it.

* * * *

And the expense of two or three house cleanings would easily pay the whole cost of a

"RICHMOND"

The vacuum cleaning systems which bear the trade name "RICHMOND" are made by the largest concern in the vacuum cleaning line—a seven million dollar corporation with six manufacturing plants. This system is licensed under the **Basic Kenney Patent,** and includes all of the types and vacuum cleaning principles which have been proven successful by experience. Practically 80% of all of the vacuum cleaning installations in America are the product of this Company or of its predecessors.

In residences, apartments, hotels, schools, office buildings, libraries, churches, theatres, factories, stores, garages, and public buildings, "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning will easily earn its own way, to say nothing of the cleanliness and convenience it brings. It can readily be installed **in old buildings as well as in new.**

The initial expense is small; the annual saving is great. Send the convenient coupon or write—

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF VACUUM CLEANING SYSTEMS IN THE WORLD

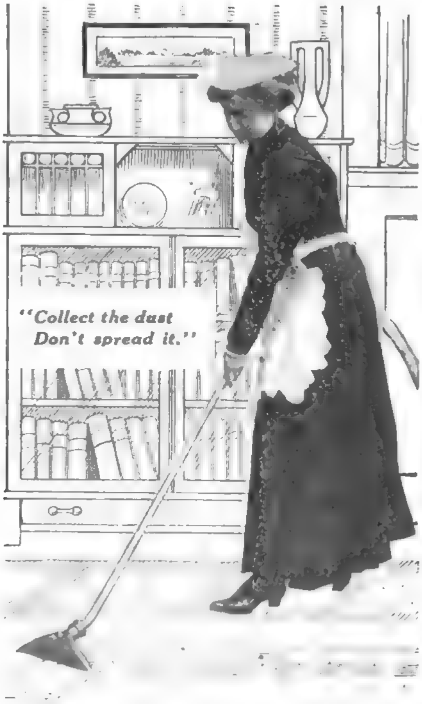
Park Ave. and 41st St., New York City
Rush and Michigan Sts., Chicago

"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Systems; "RICHMOND" and "MODEL" Heating Systems; "RICHMOND" Bath Tubs, Lavatories; "RICHMOND" Concealed Transom Lifts.

—Just as Electricity has freed the home from smelly oil lamps;

—Just as steam heat has made it unnecessary to track coal and ashes all over the house;

—Just so has "Richmond" Vacuum Cleaning put an end to the annual tear-up called housecleaning—put an end to all of the drudgery of sweeping and dusting in the home.



"Collect the dust Don't spread it."

SEND information about the advantages and economy of "Built-in-the-House" Vacuum Cleaning for the buildings checked below.

☐ Residence
☐ Apartment
☐ Hotel
☐ School
☐ Office Building
☐ Library
☐ Garage (536)
☐ Church
☐ Theatre
☐ Public Building
☐ Factory
☐ Store

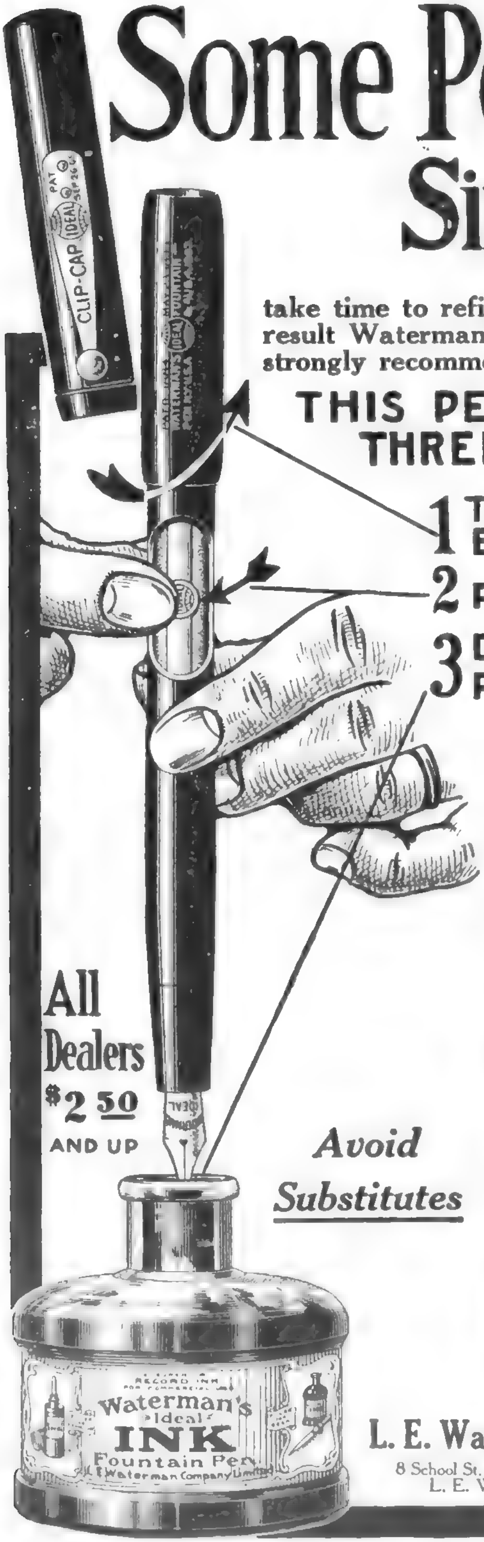
If you are interested in a **ten pound electrical Portable Cleaner,** check here . . . . . ☐

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Mail to The McCrum-Howell Co.
Park Ave. and 41st St., N. Y. City, or Rush and Michigan Sts., Chicago

Some Pen Users Simply Cannot


CLIP-CAP
IDEAL
PAT
WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN
IDEAL
RECORD INK FOR COMMERCIAL USE
Waterman's Ideal INK
Fountain Pen
L.E. Waterman Company Limited

take time to refill the regular style fountain pen—as a result Waterman's Ideal Self-Filler (*here illustrated*) is strongly recommended.

THIS PEN IS FILLED BY THREE MOVEMENTS

1 TWIST SLIDING COLLAR TO EXPOSE METAL BAR

2 PRESS THE BAR

3 DIP IN INK AND RELEASE PRESSURE

The acme of simplicity, neatness and despatch. Embodies all the superior qualities of all Waterman's Ideals, in addition to being so made as to permit filling by suction direct from the ink bottle.

All Dealers
$2 50
AND UP

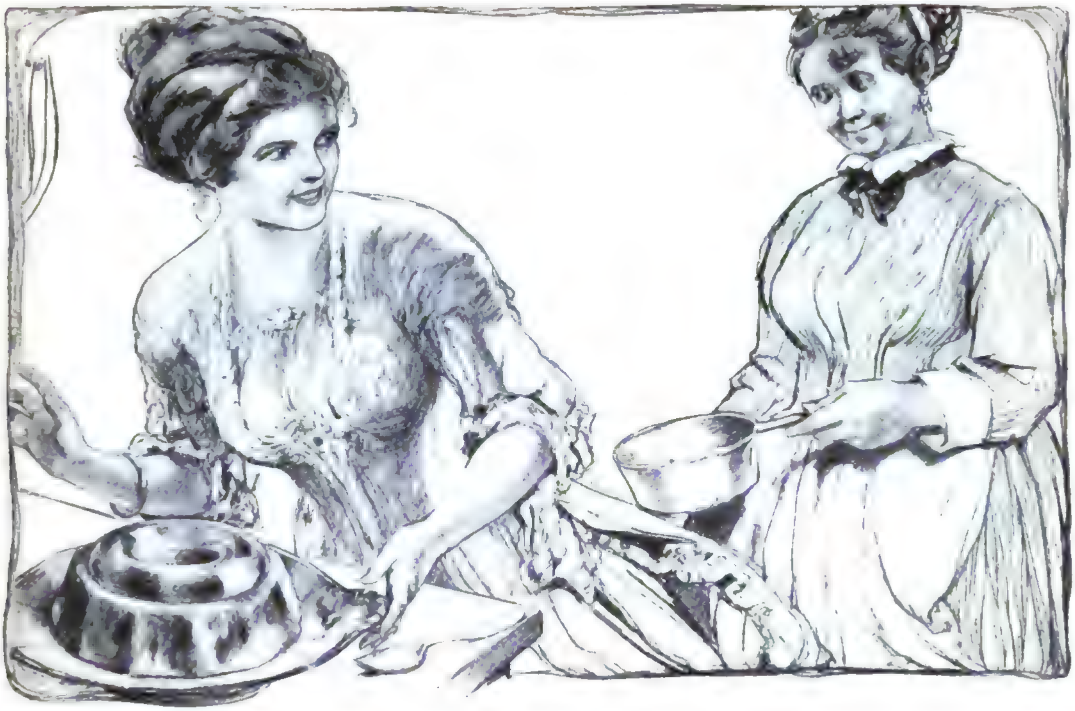
Avoid Substitutes

Waterman's IDEAL Fountain Pen

FROM THE BEST DEALERS

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, New York

8 School St., Boston; 115 So. Clark St., Chicago; 17 Stockton St., San Francisco
L. E. Waterman Company, Limited, 107 W. Notre Dame St. Montreal



"See how Easy it is, Tilly?"

Show the new girl just once what can be done with Jell-O and then you will always be sure of one fine dish for dinner. She may spoil everything else, but she will make a fine dessert of

JELL-O

for she cannot go wrong there.

And Jell-O isn't a dinner dish alone. It is served at lunch and supper, and is never out of place.

Jell-O and hot water, without anything else, make these delicious dishes in a minute.

There are seven delightful flavors and seven beautiful colors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

At all grocers', 10c. each.

The splendid recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write and ask for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

JELL-O
LEMON
10¢
The Genesee Pure Food Co.
JELL-O
LEMON

SANITOL
TOOTH
POWDER

Every Day

Up in the morning. The bath—the rub down and then—the crowning joy of all.

A dash of Sanitol Tooth Powder on the brush—a good brushing and you're refreshed for the day.

Teeth glistening—mouth as fresh and clean and pure as the breath of early morn.

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER

℞ *Clean, White Teeth.*

Not only is it a nice, clean habit to keep your mouth and teeth pure and clean, but you've got to consider the hygienic aspect and be sure that teeth and mouth are kept free from acidity and germ life—harmful bacteria. They are the active enemies to your health and to the soundness of your teeth that can't be disposed of by any ordinary dentifrice. Sanitol Tooth Powder does more than polish the teeth. It neuralizes acidity and does for the mouth and teeth what a good throat spray does for a bad throat. It destroys the germ life—the bacteria of disease and decay.

Whitens—purifies—preserves.

is so clean tasting—so mouth refreshing and such a thoroughly *competent* tooth cleanser that wherever you find particular people — (well-bred people), people who demand the most efficient toilet necessities—you will find Sanitol enthusiasts.

Sold Everywhere

The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis, Mo.

D

Iron More—Work Less

EVERY woman, who has tried one, knows that the week's ironing can be finished in one-third less time with an electric iron than with any of the old-fashioned sad-irons. Electric irons abolish the many weary steps, hard work and petty inconveniences that make sad-ironing a drudgery.

The smooth, glossy finish of the clothes is convincing evidence of the superior quality of workmanship, possible only with electric irons.

Electric GE Flatiron

The General Electric Company's six-pound Flatiron will do more work in less time than any other standard electric iron of equal weight because it can transform more electricity into more heat when required than any other six-pound iron.

It is the only electric iron containing the renowned "Calorite" heating unit, pronounced by experts to be practically indestructible. With this heating unit the G-E Iron, with ordinary care, will last a lifetime.

Our records show that 999 of these irons out of every thousand give perfect satisfaction for many years.

Nearly half a million American women already use G-E irons and the next three or four years will see as many more satisfied users.

Twenty-five hundred electric lighting companies and dealers sell this iron, but if you cannot get one locally, send $5.75 and we will deliver one promptly through our nearest representative. A three-deck stand, attaching plug and eight feet of extra flexible cable are sent with every iron.

Be sure to state the voltage of your lighting circuit.

General Electric Company

Dept. 25-H, Schenectady, N. Y.

2806

For Unlimited Hot Water

"Just Turn The Faucet"

"Unlimited Hot Water"—this sounds too good to be true. To be able to get hot water from any hot water faucet in the house—to get as much as you want, as often as you want it, at any time of day or night, that would surely be an ideal condition. Perhaps you do not know that such a hot water luxury can be had in your house at a very small cost.

The Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater in your cellar is all that is required. You do not have to light anything or wait for water to heat. Simply turn the faucet—the water pressure turns on the gas in the Ruud. When you turn off the water, the gas goes out automatically.

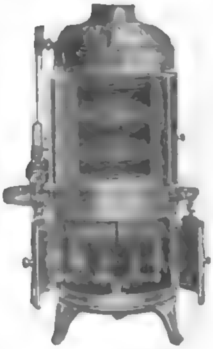
Look in the telephone book and see if we have a branch in your town—if not, the gas company or dealer has the RUUD and will gladly show it in operation. Send for free descriptive booklet.

The Simplicity of the Ruud

The wonderful water heater that accomplishes so much all by itself without any attention whatever is merely a copper coil, a gas burner and two valves to govern the gas supply. When the water is turned on at any hot water faucet the pressure valve opens. This turns on the gas, which is lighted by a tiny pilot light. The copper coil through which the water passes is directly over the flame, and by the time the water has passed through the coil, it is steaming hot. When a certain temperature is reached an automatic temperature regulator closes another valve and turns down the gas.

As long as the water flows, it must flow at an even temperature. When the faucet is closed the gas is turned out by the pressure valve.

Standard Dwelling Size, $100
Pacific Coast, $115 Delivered



RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. B, Pittsburgh, Penna.

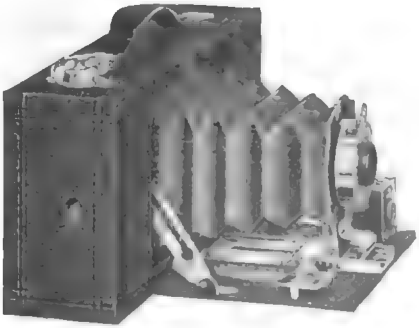
Branch Offices in all Principal Cities

BROWNIES

Frankly, the original Brownie idea was to make a small camera on the Kodak principle that would teach the youngsters to take pictures. This meant making many cameras and making them simply, but making them so good that their owners would be enthusiastic.

The first Brownie made 2¼ x 2¼ pictures and sold for a dollar. It was made so well that the inevitable happened. Other and bigger Brownies for bigger people simply had to follow. They are made in the Kodak factories under Kodak superintendence by Kodak workmen. Habit with these people means honest workmanship. That's why the Brownie, a low priced camera, has been and is a success.

No. 2A Folding Pocket Brownie



A truly *pocket* camera for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, loading in daylight with Kodak film cartridges. Capacity 12 exposures without reloading. Finest quality Meniscus Achromatic lens of 5 inch focus. Pocket Automatic shutter for snap-shots or instantaneous exposures, two tripod sockets, automatic focusing lock and reversible finder. Honestly and handsomely made in every detail. Covered with a durable imitation leather and has full nickeled fittings.

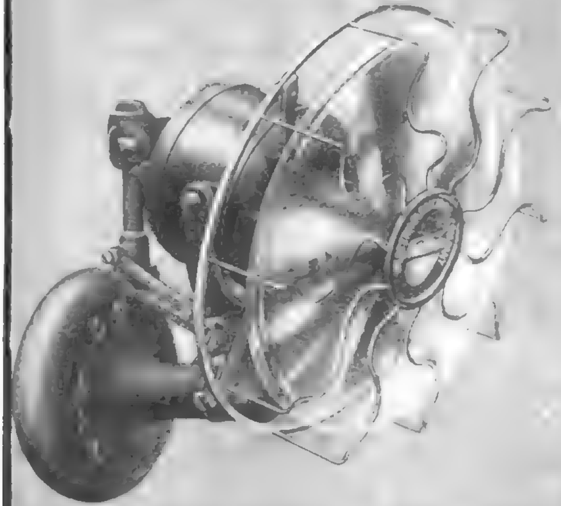
Price, $7.00

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Western-Electric



Fans

A Summer Necessity

When you buy fan motors this summer buy for seasons to come. Be sure the name Western Electric Company is on every fan you purchase. It stands for greatest fan efficiency.

In every Western Electric fan you will find exclusive features of real value.

All types and sizes for every commercial circuit.

Inquire of your electrical supply dealer. There is a Western-Electric dealer near you. Write us for descriptive booklet No. 7934, illustrating and describing our complete line of fans for every cooling and ventilating purpose.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes
Equipment for Every Electrical Need

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York
Philadelphia
Boston
Pittsburg
Atlanta
Buffalo
Montreal
Antwerp

Toronto
Berlin

Chicago
Indianapolis
Cincinnati
Minneapolis
Milwaukee
Winnipeg
Johannesburg

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"
DYNAMOS-MOTORS
WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
LINE TELEPHONES SUPPLIES
"TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

Saint Louis
Kansas City
Denver
Dallas
Omaha
Vancouver

Sydney
London

Tokyo
Paris

San Francisco
Los Angeles
Seattle
Salt Lake City
Portland

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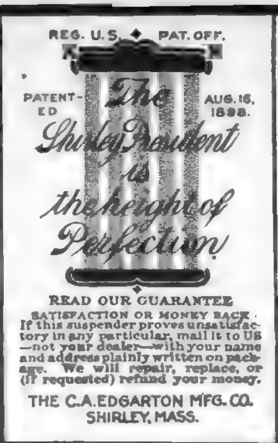
MERIT is always determined by the increase and continuance of public approval — shown by our increased sales each season.



REG. U.S. ◆ PAT. OFF.

PATENTED AUG. 16. 1898.

The Shirley President is the height of Perfection

READ OUR GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

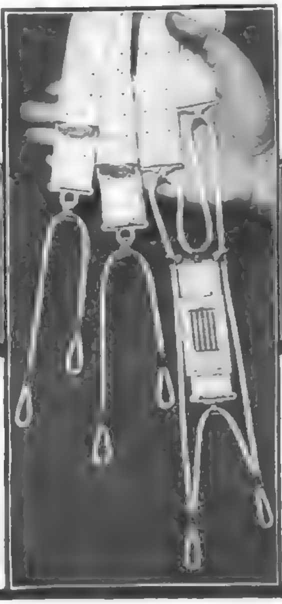
If this suspender proves unsatisfactory in any particular, mail it to US —not your dealer—with your name and address plainly written on package. We will repair, replace, or (if requested) refund your money.

THE C.A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
SHIRLEY, MASS.

MERIT is the base of our Money Back Guarantee on President Suspenders. Insist on this Shirley Guarantee when you buy Suspenders.

The one suspender that takes the strain off the shoulder and makes your trousers hang as your tailor intended

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT GUARANTEED SUSPENDER



Price 50 cents from all dealers or from factory. Light, medium or extra heavy. Extra lengths for tall men.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

1703 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

Cluett SHIRTS

The careful buyer who looks for style, fit and durability in a shirt, and the careless buyer who never thinks of these things, get them in a Cluett Shirt. The label insures it.

$1.50 and more, in Canada, $2.25 up

Send for Booklet, "Proper Dress." Cluett, Peabody & Co. 433 River St., Troy, N. Y.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Copyright U.S.A. [illegible] by
The B.V.D. Company

You Don't Know Discomfort
When You Wear B. V. D.

WHETHER you walk or work, stay in town or go away, lounge or even dance in "stuffy" rooms, keep *cool* and *comfortable* in Loose Fitting B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers and Union Suits. The heat of summer days and the sultriness of summer nights are *felt least* in these *loose fitting* garments made from *light woven* fabrics, soft to the skin. This right-idea underwear not only cools your *body*, but calms your *mind* and *mood*. *Trifles*, magnified into *troubles* by summer heat and fret, *cease* to vex you.

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

is sewed on *every* B. V. D. Undergarment. Take *no* undergarment *without* it. Get our booklet, "*Cool as a Sea Breeze*" and get cool. *It's free*, if you'll write!

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. 4/30/07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 a suit.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 a garment.

The B. V. D. Company,
65 Worth St., New York.

London Selling Agency,
66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

No Limit to Our Guarantee

We have been knitting Socks *for over 25 years.*

During all that time—in which we have supplied socks to millions of satisfied wearers—we have never failed to make good a single pair of Shawknit Socks with which any wearer has stated he was not entirely and thoroughly satisfied.

The matter of wear which Shawknit Socks should give their wearers *is left entirely to such wearers.* If you buy Shawknit Socks, and they do not give you perfect satisfaction—if you can honestly say you have not had full sock-wear value out of them—you can send the socks on to us, with the tag we put on each pair when new, and we will replace the socks with entirely new ones *absolutely free of all expense to you.*

This is our unlimited guarantee.

We leave the matter entirely to you.

In style, color, and finish Shawknit socks are superior because our facilities for securing style information are unusual, and such information comes to us only through reliable style authorities.

Comfort in Shawknit Socks is insured by the use of fine, flexible, long fibre yarns, knit by a process which shapes the socks to the natural lines of your feet. We are the original inventors of the "Seamless Process" of knitting—which means comfort for the tenderest feet, in Shawknit Socks.

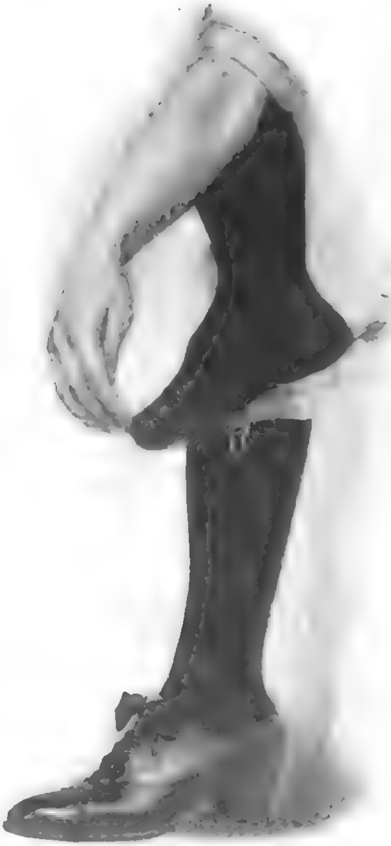
Utmost toughness in the fine, soft yarns we use—our special process of knitting—experienced knitters—and fast colors, insured by permanent dyes, gives Shawknit Socks their durability.

If your dealer has no Shawknit Socks—and will not get them for you—send direct to us.

State the size, color—or colors—and weight you wish. Remit $1 for each three pairs.

Shawknit Socks De Luxe are packed three pairs of a size, weight, and color in a box; are extra light weight—sizes 9 to 11½. Colors are —Black, Navy Blue, Cadet Blue, Marine Blue, Tan, Royal Purple, Hunter Green, Heliotrope, Gun Metal, Grey, Ox Blood Red and *every pair of Shawknit Socks is guaranteed without a limit.*

Order to-day. And remember—if you are not satisfied in every way, we will replace the socks free of charge. We want your patronage.



All we ask is a chance to prove to you that Shawknit Socks De Luxe deserve your patronage.

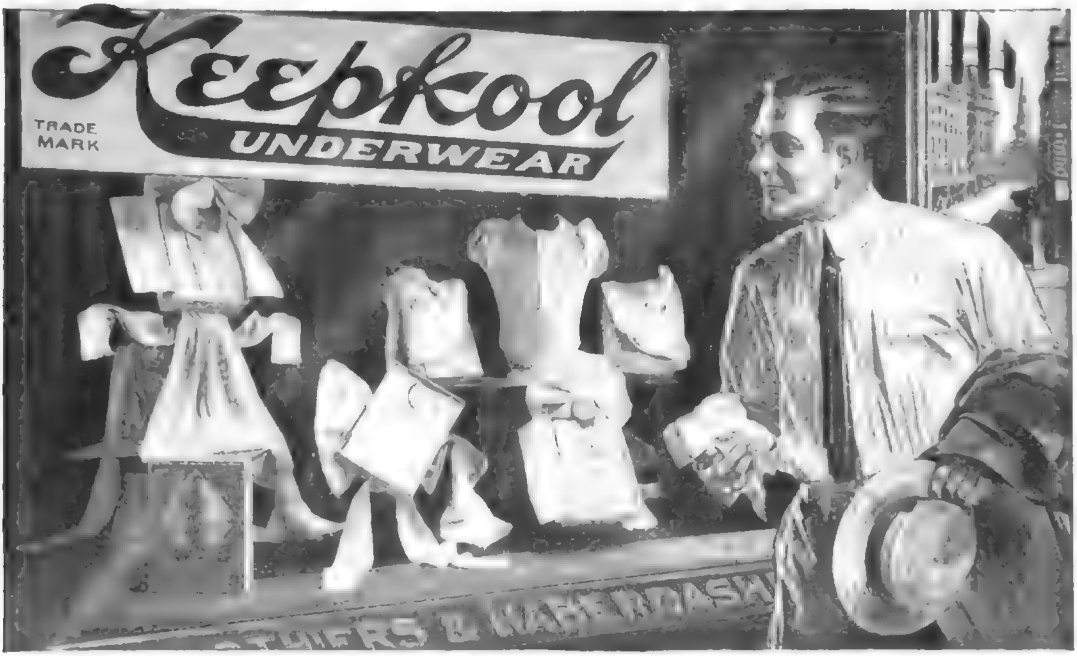
First—to oblige us—please ask your dealer for Shawknit Socks De Luxe. If you cannot get them from him, then—send direct to us. Also ask for our publication "Stylish Socks." We send it FREE and postpaid on receipt of your request. Please write us today. Address Shaw Stocking Co., 1506 Shaw St., Lowell, Mass.

Look for Stores that Sell—

Shawknit

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK.

—Knit to Fit Your Feet



"Just the Underwear I am Looking for"

That's what you will say when you see *Keepkool* for the first time, if you are not already a *Keepkool* enthusiast. Thousands of "particular" men, who appreciate beauty and serviceability in underwear at popular prices, are now satisfied wearers.

The elastic rib, which insures freedom of movement, and the lock-stitched eyelets, which absolutely prevent ripping or raveling, are two *exclusive* features which place *Keepkool* head and shoulders above any other porous underwear.

We will be glad to send, upon request, a catalog and a piece of the *Keepkool* cloth. TRY TO TEAR THIS CLOTH. This simple test will demonstrate better than any words, the wonderful strength and wearing qualities of *Keepkool*.

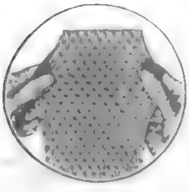
Made in knee and ankle length drawers, short or long sleeves and athletic shirts.

INSIST ON *KEEPKOOL*. If your dealer can't supply you, we will, *by mail*.

Men's Separate Garments 50c
Men's Union Suits, $1.00

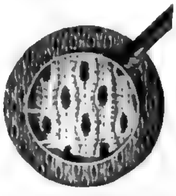
Boys' Separate Garments 25c
Boys' Union Suits, 50c

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Dept. E. Albany, N. Y.



NOTE ELASTICITY

Keepkool
TRADE MARK
UNDERWEAR



NOTE THE RIB

Overland

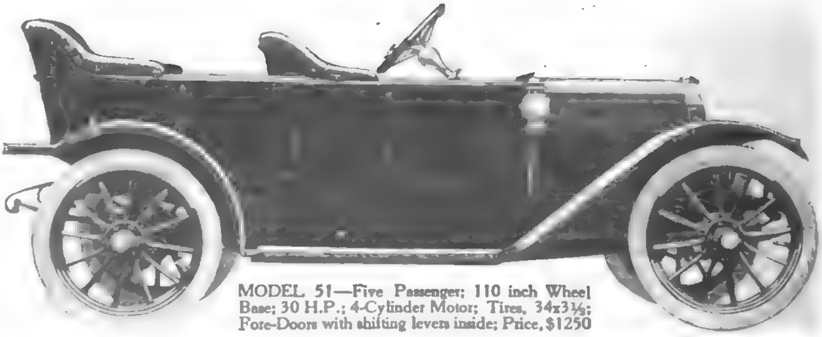
THE first thing to find out about an automobile is whether or not the price asked for it buys you more or less value than you can get in other cars. And remember that a car's value is not judged by a lot of cross country runs or road races. You hear that a certain car was driven 5,000 miles through rain and mud and still another car went 5,000 miles through snow and slush. This is interesting but does not necessarily prove anything. Most any good car, properly equipped, can do these things if necessary.

After all a car's value must be judged from what it represents in real money. And you are looking for the best car made for as little outlay as possible. In other words, if a $1250 car offers you about the same as a $1500 and $1700 machine why pay more than twelve hundred and fifty?

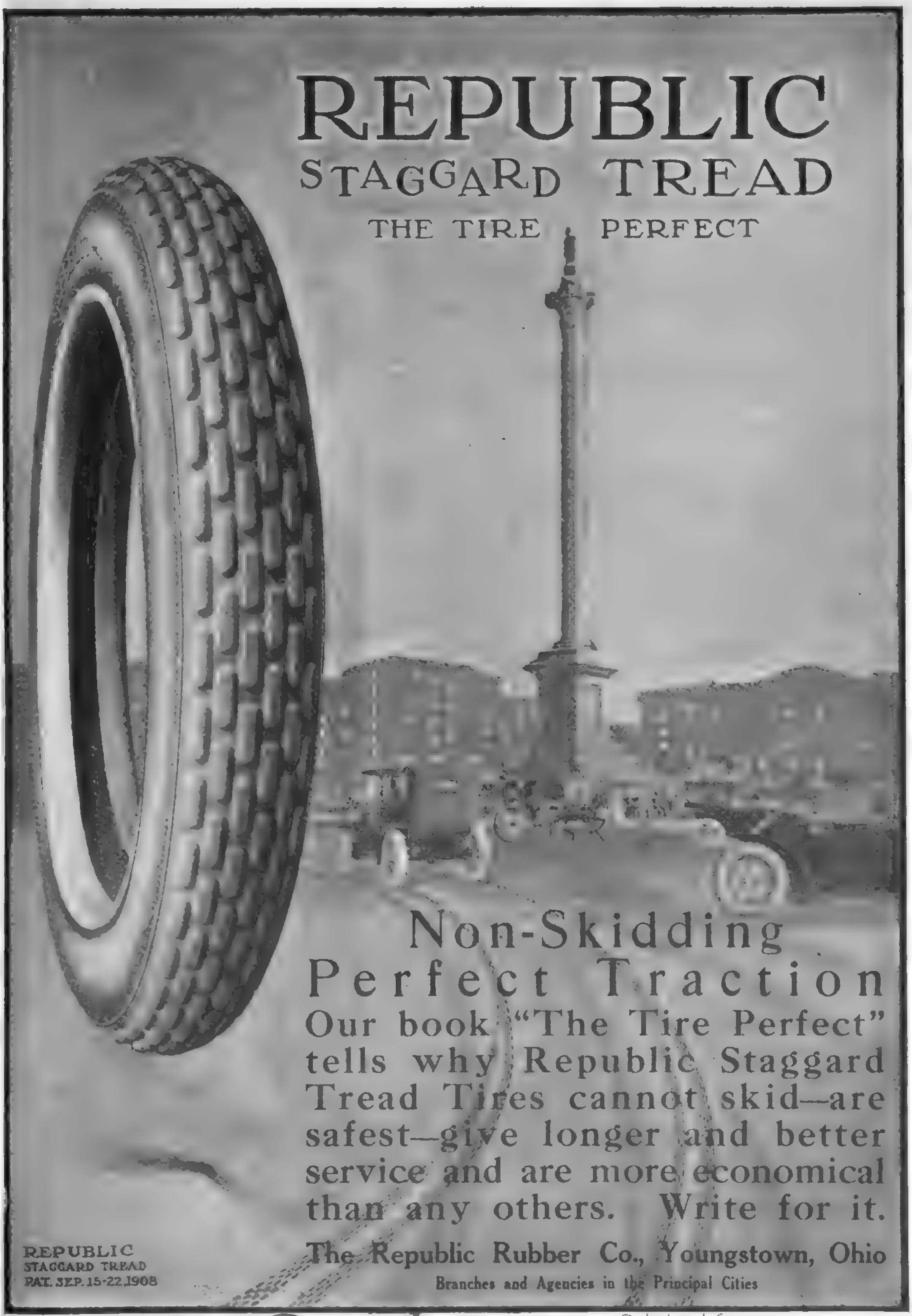
A comparison of the $1250 Overland with any of the $1500 or $1700 cars on the market will quickly show you that twelve hundred and fifty dollars will buy as much as seventeen hundred. Take the specifications of our Model 51—compare them item for item with any of the so-called "30s"—compare the horsepower—the wheel base—the tires—the transmission—the finish and design. Check item for item. See exactly what you are getting for your money, and see that you get a full measure.

Anyone can make these comparisons They are simple It requires no automobile knowledge. Go to our dealer as well as several other dealers that handle popular priced cars. Get a catalogue from each. Then take them all home and make these comparisons. This will prove the greater Overland value which is made possible by our enormous manufacturing facilities—the largest in the world. Let us send you the name of our nearest dealer. Write today, for we want to forward you a handsome Overland book of facts. Ask for Catalogue B 16.

The Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio.



MODEL 51—Five Passenger; 110 inch Wheel Base; 30 H.P.; 4-Cylinder Motor; Tires, 34x3½; Fore-Doors with shifting levers inside; Price, $1250



REPUBLIC

STAGGARD TREAD

THE TIRE PERFECT

Non-Skidding
Perfect Traction

Our book "The Tire Perfect" tells why Republic Staggard Tread Tires cannot skid—are safest—give longer and better service and are more economical than any others. Write for it.

The Republic Rubber Co., Youngstown, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in the Principal Cities

REPUBLIC
STAGGARD TREAD
PAT. SEP. 15-22, 1908

"Firestone"

TIRES

Most Miles Per Dollar

IT IS THE DURABILITY, the peculiar *wear-resisting* quality of Firestone tires, that has placed them in a class by themselves in the eyes of the motoring public.

Motorists of experience instinctively class Firestone tires above the rest, radically superior to the popular-priced grade of tire. They learn to expect more service from Firestone tires—the most miles for every dollar of cost.

To secure this extra mileage we build Firestone tires to an *exclusive* standard of wearing quality. The quality that eleven years of making rubber tires *exclusively*, has taught us yields the utmost wear.

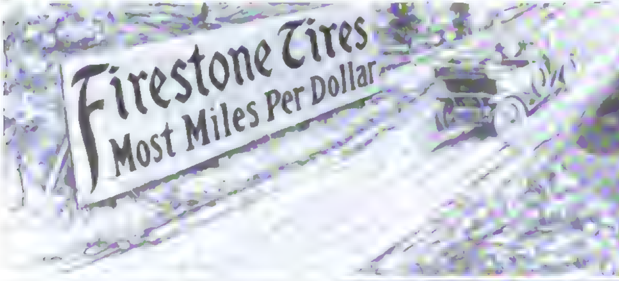
Our manufacturing is concentrated under a single management, into one factory—the largest and most modern of its kind. Our total "overhead" expense is reduced to a minimum and divided over the largest exclusive tire output in America, giving to every Firestone tire an extra proportion of intrinsic service-value per dollar.

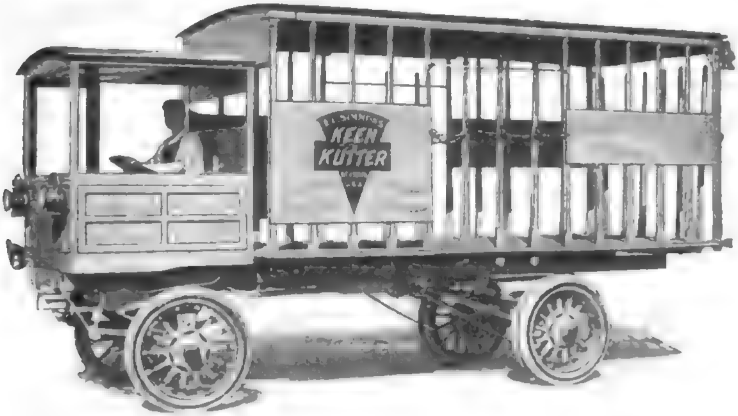
The exclusive quality of rubber and fabric built into Firestone tires increases the cost of making. Yet it adds only a trifle to the selling price of each tire and pays you back many times over, in extra miles of service—the *most miles per dollar.*

All the standard types: Regular Clincher, Q. D. Clincher and Straight Side or Cable Base cases and inner tubes. Smooth treads for regular service, Non-Skids for slippery streets.

Firestone Quick-detachable Demountable rims to carry your spare tires inflated, ready for instant use.

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
AKRON, O.
"America's largest exclusive tire and rim makers"
Branches, agencies and dealers everywhere





THIS WILCOX 3-TON TRUCK is used by the Simmons Hardware Company for its city deliveries and freight depots. It averages 6 trips daily, carrying a tonnage of 10,000 to 17,000 lbs. per day, thus displacing 2½ to 3 teams. Cost of maintenance repairs and driver for 5 months a trifle more than the cost of maintaining one team. This is only a fair example of what can always be expected of

WILCOX TRUX

ACCESSIBILITY OF MOTOR

This feature is one of the most important items to consider in selecting a motor truck, and is one of the special features of the "WILCOX TRUX". The motor is in the cab with the driver. By raising the hood he can see all parts of the engine. He can reach the carbureter, magneto, and spark plugs from his seat. Nothing but the transmission is under the body of the car. This accessibility of motor also effects a tremendous saving of time when adjustment or repairs are necessary.

MOTOR—All sizes of "WILCOX TRUX" are equipped with a thirty-horse power, four-cylinder, four-cycle engine made on standard automobile lines for us by the largest exclusive automobile engine manufacturer in the United States. These engines have proven their reliability and efficiency under the most trying conditions, and proven themselves equal to even unreasonable demands. We find that a good many owners of "WILCOX TRUX" are constantly exceeding the maximum capacity for which they are built. One firm going so far as to haul 5½ tons on our three-ton model with power to spare.

STRONG DRIVING MECHANISM—Wilcox Trux are chain driven, as most trucks are, but there is one feature of our driving mechanism that is absolutely unique. Instead of putting the sprockets on the extreme ends of the jack-shaft, this shaft is extended far enough to permit bracing the ends with a solid bracket, so that the sprocket runs between two bearings. This absolutely does away with any possibility of straining the jack-shaft, and throwing the chains out of alignment or breaking them.

BRAKES—The brakes operated by the foot pedal, or service brakes, are external contracting cast iron lined, which are applied to the jack-shaft. This brake is strong enough to stop the loaded truck, and hold it on any grade. This feature is very important as a safeguard against accident on grades, and for quick stops through conjested traffic.
The emergency brakes are contracting and Thermoid lined. They work on extra large drums on the rear wheels, and are operated by the hand lever, which has a self locking quadrant. This brake will stop the car within a few feet.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT — All Wilcox Trux are equipped with Bosch Magneto, Bennett Carbureter, Timken Roller Bearings, all of which are standard and thoroughly tested in both touring car and truck service.

MAYBE YOU NEED A TRUCK AND MAYBE YOU DON'T

We have a corps of traffic experts who are abundantly able to analyze your delivery problem, and will gladly show you by diagram or figures whether or not you can profitably use a truck. The "WILCOX TRUX" is saving an average of $110.00 per month over the cost of two teams for hundreds of owners. If it can do as much for you, you want to know it. To find out in advance through our expert traffic department places you under no obligations. Write for diagnosis blank and catalogue today.

H. E. WILCOX MOTOR CAR CO.
1033 MARSHALL STREET, N.E. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Branches in nearly all large cities in United States

Again a Doubled Demand for No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Over 600,000 Sold

For you motor car owners who still buy clincher tires, here are some facts to consider:

About two years ago the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut—our patented tire—began to become the sensation. It was the final result of ten years spent in tire making.

Last year our tire sales trebled—jumped to $8,500,000—because of this tire's popularity.

This year, 64 leading motor car makers made contracts with us for No-Rim-Cut tires. More pneumatic-tired cars at the Shows this year were equipped with Goodyears than with any other make.

Now, about 600,000 No-Rim-Cut tires have been sold—enough to equip 150,000 cars. The result of their use is this:

The demand for these tires is more than twice that of last year—six times that of two years ago.

Our enormous plants, with three shifts of men, are run night and day. Our daily output is 2,200 automobile tires. Yet we have not for weeks been less than $2,000,000 behind on urgent orders.

Should you not know these tires?

The Reasons

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires now cost the same as standard clincher tires. They used to cost one-fifth more.

These tires cannot rim-cut. We have run them flat in a hundred tests—as far as twenty miles. A clincher tire, in a single block, may be ruined beyond repair.

No-Rim-Cut tires do not hook to the rim. There is no bead to "freeze" into the rim flange—nothing to pry out when you want to remove it.

The tires are held on by 126 braided wires which are vulcanized into the tire base. They make the tire base unstretchable, so that nothing can force it off.

We control this braided wire feature. It is the only practical method ever discovered to make an unstretchable tire base.

No-Rim-Cut tires fit all standard rims.

10% Oversize

No-Rim-Cut tires, because they are hookless, can be made 10% oversize and still fit the rim. And we do it—without any extra charge.

That means 10% more air—10% greater carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25% to the tire mileage.

This 10% oversize takes care of the extras—the top, glass front, etc. It saves overloading, saves blow-outs. Nine times in ten, without this oversize, tires have too much load.

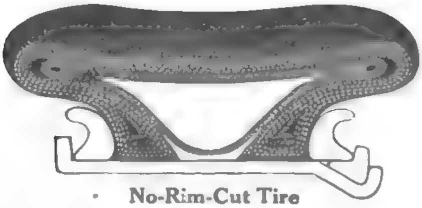
These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—with the average car will cut tire bills in two. Yet they cost nothing extra. Is it any wonder—think you—that the demand for these tires has become so overwhelming?

Our Tire Book, based on 12 years of tire making, tells many facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

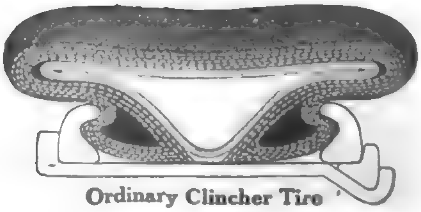
GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Tread



No-Rim-Cut Tire



Ordinary Clincher Tire

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Thirteenth Street, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario

We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires
Main Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario

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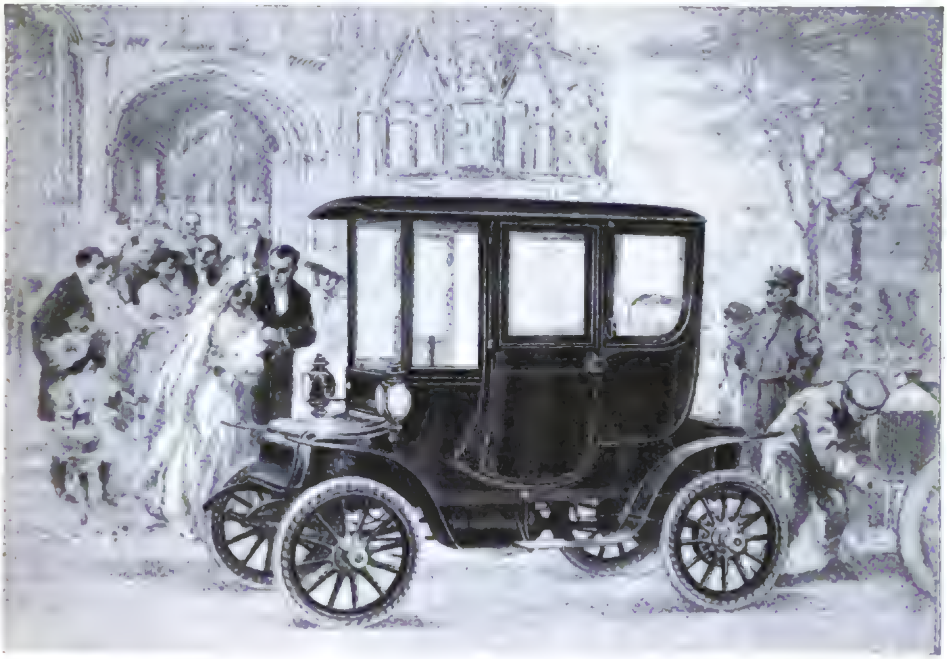
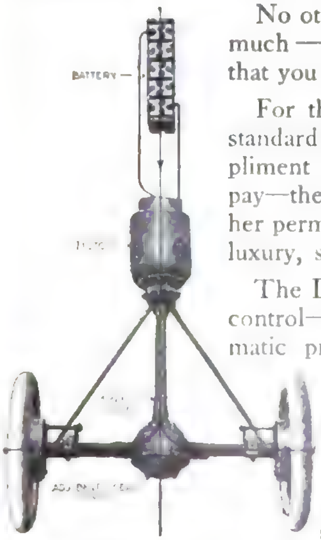


FOR your bride-to-be—or your bride of many Junes ago—a Detroit Electric.



No other bridal present means so much—expresses so perfectly all that you want it to say.

For the Detroit Electric is the standard of value—the highest compliment in selection that you can pay—the most *considerate choice* for her permanent happiness, comfort, luxury, safety.

The Detroit Electric is simple of control—responsive. Gives automatic protection in emergencies.

Our "Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive—a straight path of power—reduces number of parts and simplifies construction. No concealed chains. Pneumatic or Motz cushion tires.

Batteries optional—Edison nickel and steel, Ironclad, Detroit lead, or Exide lead batteries. The Edison and Ironclad at an extra cost. Book on request.

Anderson Electric Car Company
Dept. 12, Detroit, Mich.

Branches: New York, Broadway and 80th Street; Chicago, 2416 Michigan Ave.; Kansas City, Buffalo, Cleveland
Selling Representatives in all leading citie

THE Detroit ELECTRIC Chainless

PEARLINE VS POPPED WASHING POWDERS

This picture shows simply an exaggerated case of what happens when Soap Powder is made by the new method.

Each Grain of Soap Powder is POPPED—FLUFFED—FLAKED—it Fills more space—yet does no more work.

Besides—Water is added to Increase the Weight—again Decreasing the value of the Powder.

PEARLINE IS NOT POPPED, FLUFFED, FLAKED, WATERED

PEARLINE is the same DRY—DENSE—CONDENSED—EFFICIENT Soap Powder it has been for 30 years. A tablespoonful will do the work of several of these Popped, Look-Big Powders. PEARLINE is more than ever

BEST BY TEST

Simply a Matter of Intelligence.

THIS PHOTO SHOWS SIXTY KERNELS OF CORN BEFORE AND AFTER POPPING.
60 KERNELS OF UNPOPPED CORN WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 9/20 OF A CUBIC INCH
60 KERNELS POPPED WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 7 1/5 CUBIC INCHES.
WEIGHT REMAINED THE SAME—VOLUME INCREASED 16 TIMES.

20
American Bankers Association
Bankers Trust Company
20

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

The Best Passport in All Lands

Money is said to be the Traveler's best passport in every land—and *"A.B.A." Cheques* are the best form for the Traveler's money.

Throughout Europe and the Americas, in Asia, Africa, Australia and everywhere else that you may travel, your "A.B.A." Cheques will be acceptable in payment of accounts.

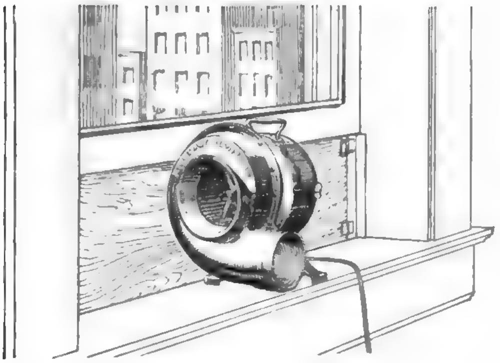
They will pleasantly introduce and *identify* you to people, and, therefore, facilitate your money transactions.

They involve no asking of favors, because they *protect* the people who accept them, as well as afford convenience to you.

They are *very handy:* A neat pocket wallet filled with any amount, made up of $10, $20, $50 and $100—and they are far safer to carry than money.

Special privileges accrue to holders of these cheques, explained in interesting booklet, *"The Cheque for International Use."* Write to Bankers Trust Company, 7 Wall Street, New York, for a copy and information as to where you can obtain the cheques in your vicinity.

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



The Fresh Air Machine

Put one in your home, office, store, and have the coolest, most comfortable summer you've ever known. It gives you pure, fresh air wherever and whenever you want it.

Not like the electric fan which simply stirs up the dead inside air.

Not like open windows which only ventilate when the wind is blowing right.

It keeps pumping in the pure out-of-doors air *all the time.*

Or it *pumps out* the bad inside air and odors.

Sturtevant

Portable Ventilating Set

gives wonderful results in places hard to ventilate and keep cool: Stores, small audience halls, lodge rooms, reception rooms, sick-rooms, offices, telephone booths, restaurants.

For *exhausting* odors and bad air from bank vaults, toilet rooms, kitchens, laboratories, etc.

Price $35 upwards according to size. Runs from any electric light socket.

Send for Booklet E 6 and name of office or agent in your vicinity.

B.F.STURTEVANT CO., Hyde Park, Mass.

Branches and agents in over 200 cities.

"Try a Glass
if you're tired
Mama"

There is great refreshment and a certain tonic effect in

Welch's

The National Drink

Grape Juice

Be sure and get WELCH'S. If you just ask for "grape juice," you may get *any* kind. When you get WELCH'S you avoid disappointment.

Most people keep WELCH'S in the house all the time. There are many different ways of serving it in beverages and using it in sherberts, desserts, etc. Write for our free book of WELCH'S grape juice recipes today.

Your druggist or grocer will supply you with WELCH'S. If he hasn't it he can get it.

We will mail you a trial 4-oz. bottle for 10c; if your dealer will not supply you with WELCH'S we will send a trial dozen pints for $3.00, express free east of Omaha.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.

M&M Portable Cottages

Bungalows, Garages, Chapels, School Houses, Etc.

$250.00 and upwards, Beautiful Summer and Winter Homes. "Ready Built" all complete to set on the foundation. We do not offer you material for a house and let you pay three or four times its price for labor. We sell you **a house "Ready Built"** in sections. You merely put the sections together. No nailing, no sawing or fitting —everything fits perfectly.

Send us **4 cents postage** and let us mail you our Handsomely Bound No. 8 Book of Plans and Designs, together with Prices on our **"Ready Built" Houses** delivered Free at your railroad station. **We Pay the Freight.** Our book also gives the names and addresses of those who have owned and occupied our houses for years.

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 1611 Main St., Saginaw, Mich.
The Original Reliable and Largest Manufacturers of Portable Houses in the United States.

NEW YORK OFFICE
No. 1 Madison Avenue, Room 8048 C-C.

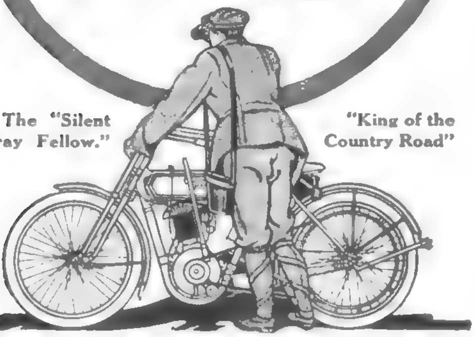
FIFTEEN MINUTES OR FIFTY?

That's the comparative time between motorcycle transportation and the ordinary means of travel. But this great saving of time is only a small part of what a **Harley-Davidson** Motorcycle will do.

It's cleaner, more comfortable, and more convenient than an automobile and costs but 1-10 to 1-5 cent per mile to operate. It makes possible a broader scope of "Personal Attention" and permits you to do the work of two men.

Seven contests entered this season. Seven contests won. That's **Harley-Davidson** comparative efficiency. Send for booklet.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
703 L. Street **Milwaukee, Wis.**



The "Silent Gray Fellow."

"King of the Country Road"

Used by U. S. Signal Corps

GENEVA

Superior Binocular

Delivered to you for

$15.

Money back if you are not satisfied.

Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition is seldom equaled, even in those binoculars costing twice as much. Ask your dealer for it or send us $15 and receive one on approval. If not satisfactory, return it (at our expense). We will cheerfully refund your money.

Our Handsome Book
The Near Distance
sent free on request.

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 39 Linden St., Geneva, N. Y.

ALSO FOR SALE BY

Globe Optical Co., Boston, Mass.
Geneva Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.
Buffalo Optical Co., 532 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
C. H. Wood, Oakland, Cal.
S. L. Hall Optical Co., Richmond, Va.

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

HORLICK'S

Delicious, Invigorating

MALTED MILK

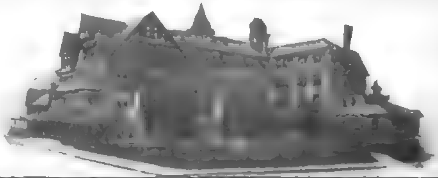
The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home

☞ ***Avoid Imitations — Ask for "HORLICK'S" — Everywhere***

THE
Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established 32 years

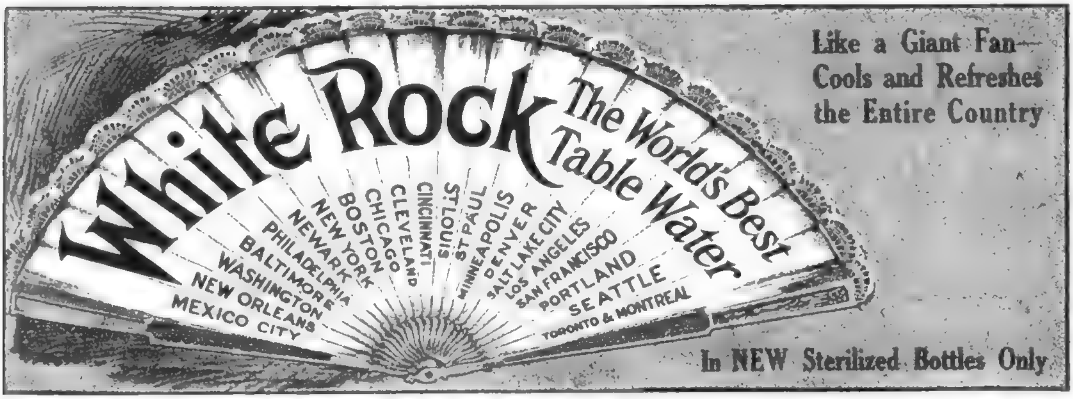


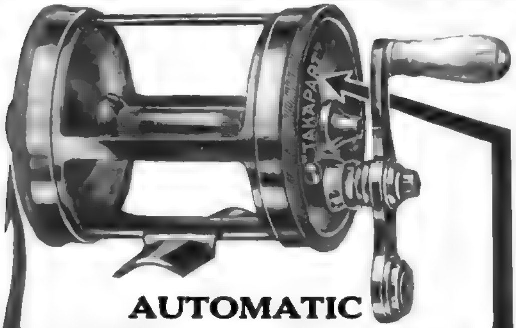
For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

Cancer

Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

For complete information address
BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM
North Adams, Massachusetts


White Rock
The World's Best Table Water
MEXICO CITY
NEW ORLEANS
WASHINGTON
BALTIMORE
PHILADELPHIA
NEWARK
NEW YORK
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CLEVELAND
CINCINNATI
ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS
DENVER
SALT LAKE CITY
LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND
SEATTLE
TORONTO & MONTREAL
Like a Giant Fan—Cools and Refreshes the Entire Country
In NEW Sterilized Bottles Only



AUTOMATIC
"FREE - SPOOL" REELS

The reel that minimizes the danger of back lashing. Spool is free from the handle—so that latter doesn't revolve when casting. No screws or rivets or inaccessible parts to rust. Reel comes completely apart with a few turns of the rim. Cleaned and oiled in a minute.

NO LEVERS TO BOTHER YOU

The "Free-Spool" Reel works automatically—the handle releases and engages itself. It's silent and totally free from vibration. Repairing free of charge if it should ever be needed.

"Free-Spool" Takapart Reel.
Capacity 80 to 100 Yards $6.00
"Free-Spool" Tripart Reel.
Capacity 80 Yards $5.00

Write to us if your dealer can't supply you. Catalogue upon request.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.
11 PROSPECT STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

The Study of Men

There is a way to study human nature, a way to size up men, which can easily be learned in your spare time at home. How to classify men into certain groups, certain types and temperaments and then learn the methods necessary to interest each particular type of man in your proposition or your services—this is at once the most interesting and most valuable of all pursuits. **The Sheldon Book** explains the "how" and the "why" as embodied in The Sheldon Courses in Salesmanship, Business Building and Man Building. You can have a copy for the asking, provided you are in earnest. If you are, the book is Free—get it today.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL
1212 Republic Bldg. **Chicago**

CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR
Made by The American Sugar Refining Co. SOLD BY GROCERS–2lb and 5lb Boxes!

R. ESTERBROOK & CO
DOUBLE ELASTIC
135

EsterbrooK Steel Pens

250 Styles

Every Esterbrook pen is sure to give satisfaction.

A style for every writer.

Quality guaranteed by a half-century's reputation.

At all stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
Works Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York

The Convenience of Running Water

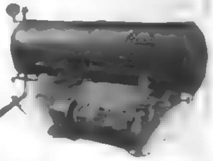
Do you realize how much it means to have running water in your home—in your barn—to be freed from the drudgery of pumping or carrying water? Yet—you can have plenty of water—instantly—when you want it—day or night. You can have every convenience that running water makes possible—**in the bathroom—in the kitchen—everywhere.** The same conveniences that city folks enjoy from public water works, you can enjoy. Soft water too, if you like it. A

Leader Water System

costs little to install and lasts a lifetime. One suited to the needs of your home—operated from a steel ***Leader*** tank in your cellar or underground cannot freeze. Thousands of families now use and endorse ***Leader*** Systems—the minute you learn about them, you'll do the same.

Don't Delay—Write Today for Free Book telling how simple and easy it is to have a ***Leader*** Water System in your home, on your farm, and how little it costs Convince yourself that a ***Leader*** System in your home—for your family's health's sake is the best investment you can make. Operated by hand or power.

LEADER IRON WORKS
4704 Jasper Street, Decatur, Ill.
Eastern Division: Owego, N. Y.
Chicago: Monadnock Block
New York City: 15 William St.



The Original
Semco Vacuum Cleaner
can now be used for numerous household necessities; Vacuum cleaning; hair drying; silver and brass polishing; grinding and sharpening cutlery; ventilating and blowing; running a sewing machine, and many other power purposes. This is a simple machine, and will last a lifetime. Write for catalogue 10.
SEMCO VACUUM CLEANER CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

As the Touch of Summer

develops the fragrance of the rose so LABLACHE imparts to the complexion that bloom of youth so essential to the woman of refinement. A toilet necessity, invisible, but protecting the skin from summer sun and keeping it clear, smooth and velvety.

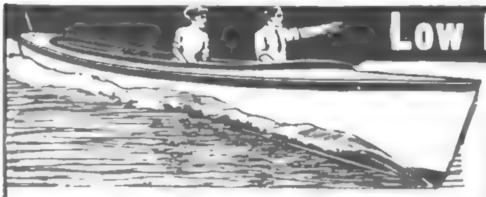
Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50 cents a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers,
Dept. 8, 125 Kingston St.,
Boston, Mass.

We Sell You At Wholesale

Agents' Price One AMERICAN Motorcycle or Bicycle

We give **30 Days' Free Trial** and **Prepay the Freight.** Write for our introducing offer and catalog and say whether you want Motorcycle or Bicycle. Do it now.
AMERICAN MOTOR CYCLE CO., 126 American Bldg., Chicago



Low Prices to Kill the Boat Trust!

This Handsome, Graceful, Seaworthy, Speedy Runabout Complete, Only $94.50
16, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 27, 28, 30 and 35 Footers at Proportionate Prices

We have the largest power-boat factory in the world. We build and sell more pleasure crafts than all the concerns in the Authorized Thirteen-Million-Dollar Boat Trust combined. No one has such facilities. That's why we build Detroit Boats and Engines so good that no one in the Trust can ever imitate them. Our great business enables us to sell at the smallest profits. That's why we are able to sell Detroit Boats and Engines **at the smallest profits**, so the Boat Trust has declared war on us—but our low prices will kill the Trust. We ship you a Detroit Boat immediately on order. All sizes in stock. **Send today for our large, handsome, illustrated Catalog, mailed free,** which describes 64 different models in all sizes, ready to ship, equipped with the most reliable and efficient marine motor ever produced, **guaranteed for five years.** Get our new confidential proposition and special prices to demonstrating agents. (114) DETROIT BOAT COMPANY, 1119 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

LIGHT YOUR CAR
WITH ELECTRICITY

GRAY & DAVIS LIGHTING DYNAMO

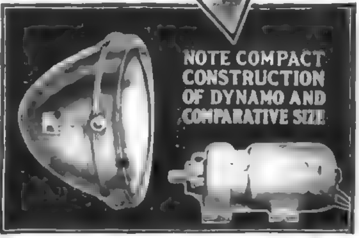
This Dynamo lights lamps, charges batteries, operates power horn and lights 16 c.p. inspection lamp.

The greatest convenience ever devised for motorists. A miniature electric plant driven by your motor. Absolutely reliable. It is not merely a "battery charger." Operates independently of the battery. It is complete in every detail. You get with the Dynamo, special armored wiring, junction box, battery, electric cut-out and switch.

Write to-day for handsome catalog A.

GRAY & DAVIS Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps **Amesbury, Mass.**

BOSTON: 749 Boylston St. NEW YORK: Broadway and 55th St.

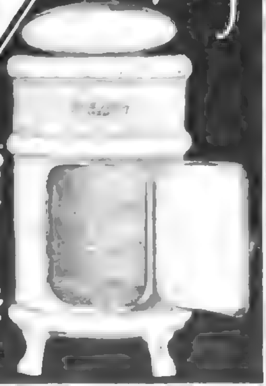


White Frost
Refrigerators

The delight of the housewife, because so **perfectly sanitary, convenient, economical.** Made entirely of metal. Enameled spotless white inside and outside. **Revolving removable shelves.** Entire inside can be taken out, cleansed and replaced in two minutes. **Round in shape,** there are no nasty corners, or cracks, for dirt and germs to lodge. Refrigeration scientifically perfect, giving a cool, dry temperature **with little ice.** Handsomest and best Refrigerator in the world. Six years' success. If dealer does not handle we will sell at trade discount, freight prepaid. Write for book and prices.

METAL STAMPING CO.
505 N. Mechanic St.
Jackson, Mich.

Send for free booklet to-day



Dear Bob:—Please buy me a "White Frost."

REGINA

PNEUMATIC CLEANERS

(Licensed under the basic patents)

Now is the time when a vacuum cleaner is most needed in every home.

With a Regina Pneumatic Cleaner—hand operated or electric—you can quickly remove all accumulated dirt, dust, moth eggs and germs, and keep your home clean and sanitary during the hot weather.

Reginas operate with **double suction pumps.** Twice as efficient as ordinary kinds. Easiest to use. Light, powerful, inexpensive. Fully guaranteed. Inquire of dealers or write us for particulars.

Our interesting booklet.
"THE MAGIC WAND"
beautifully illustrated in color presents the cleaning problem in an original and fascinating manner. Mailed on request.

THE REGINA COMPANY
232 Marbridge Bldg.
Cor. 34th St. and Broadway, New York
865 McClurg Bldg., Chicago

10 CENTS A DAY buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. **$65 now—later the price will be $100.** The best Typewriter in the world, far excels any $100 machine made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. **One Pittsburgh Visible Machine FREE** for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter **"Mail Your FREE OFFER."**

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Dept. 49, UNION BANK BUILDING (Established 20 Years.) PITTSBURGH, PA.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Best for three generations and still surpassing all imitations. Wood or tin rollers, dependable, lasting springs; shade raises or lowers at will and "stays put." "Improved" requires no tacks for attaching shade.

Inventor's signature on every roller.

Stewart Hartshorn

Look for it. Take none without it.

MULLINS

Steel Motor Boats

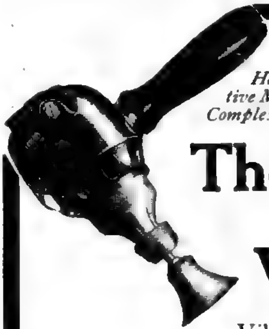
Though so far *superior* to ordinary boats, still can be obtained *very reasonably*. You'll be surprised by low prices. They have hulls of steel plates—*puncture-proof*. Can't sink—can't leak or warp, waterlog, crack, split, dry out or open at seams. Motors *simple, powerful*, won't stall—start like auto—ONE MAN CONTROL—famous Mullins Silent Under Water Exhaust. ***12 Models, 16 to 26 feet, 3 to 30 horse power.***

Handsome Boat Book—Free

Complete Line of Row Boats and Duck Boats $22 to $39

Send to-day for *handsomest* boat book *ever* printed. Illustrated in colors. Details of famous Mullins line. Amazing prices this year. Investigate. Get *free* book.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO., 104 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio



Help Nature to Fight Disease—Have a Strong, Healthy Body—A Clear, Active Mind—A Fresh, Beautiful Complexion, by Using

The "Rex" ELECTRIC Vibrator

Vibration, as produced by the "Rex" Vibrator, does just what Nature is always striving to do. It sends the rich, red blood tingling through your arteries—it revitalizes tired systems and steadies shattered nerves—it helps to keep you well by working in a perfectly logical, natural way.

The "Rex" Vibrator should be in every home in America. It is the *one* machine for every use. Not only is it the most perfectly constructed Vibrator made, but it has unique and exclusive features which make it indispensable, either for professional or for home use.

Write today for our free book on Vibration, and how you can see and try the "Rex" before buying.

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Accepted by the U. S. Government as security for

Postal Savings Bank Deposits

are the only class we offer. Instead of the 2½% the Postal Banks pay these Bonds will yield from **4½% to 4¾%**

Write for FREE Circular.

New First Nat'l Bank, Dept. T-1, Columbus, O.

DUPONT
BRUSHES
E. DUPONT & CO.

Look for the ELEPHANT on every Brush.

THE finest toilet brushes made—being made of the best "bristles" and "backs" procurable, put together by the most skilled labor, in an absolutely clean and sanitary factory, the largest and most complete in the world. Obtainable in hundreds of styles and sizes, *realebony*, bone pearl, ivory, for the hair, teeth, face, hands, etc. If not at your dealer's write us.

E. DUPONT & CO.
Paris, Beauvais, London
N.Y. Office, 43 W. 33d St.

DUPONT PARIS

Crooked Spines Made Straight

You need not venture the loss of a penny. No matter how serious your case, no matter **what else** you have tried, the Sheldon Method will help you and probably **wholly overcome** your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 16,000 cases we have treated **absolutely prove** the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old.

Use the Sheldon Method 30 Days at Our Risk

There is no need to suffer longer or bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost **immediate** relief even in the **most serious cases**. It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool.

The price is within reach of all who suffer. You owe it to yourself, or the afflicted one in your family, to **find out** more about it. Send for our **free** book.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO. **204 Sixth Street, Jamestown, N. Y.**

DIAMONDS-WATCHES ON CREDIT

Our Great Special
LOFTIS "PERFECTION" RING
Finest pure white diamond
$48 TERMS $4.80 A MONTH
Other sizes and styles at $25, $75, $100, $125. See our Catalog. Sent Free.

No. 363

THIS ELGIN WATCH, 17 JEWELS, ADJUSTED, Men's 16 Size, (*also Ladies' O Size*) Thin Model, New Marginal Minute Dial, in Gold Filled Case, Guaranteed for 25 Years, plain polished or handsomely engraved, sent prepaid on

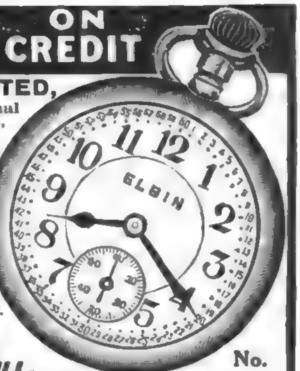
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Then $2.50 a Month

Our cut price of $25.50 for this magnificent Elgin Watch, that will pass Railroad Inspection, is the greatest bargain ever heard of. **NO MONEY DOWN**--$2.50 a Month after examination by you. Whether you are a railroad man or not, this is the Watch you want. No matter where you live, we will trust you. **Send us your order today.** Write for our free Catalog, containing over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc. It tells all about our easy credit plan. Write today, before you forget it.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.

THE OLD RELIABLE, ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE
DEPT F-21, 92 to 98 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
Branch Stores: Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.



GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

No. 364

"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves

have guaranteed finger tips, which insure wear.

Niagara Maid are the best and cheapest when quality and wear are considered.

Niagara Maid Silk Underwear is a dainty necessity for the particular woman as well as the economical woman.

Niagara Maid Glove-Silk Hosiery and Scarfs are in every way up to the ***Niagara*** standard.

"Niagara Maid" Underwear is a dainty economy

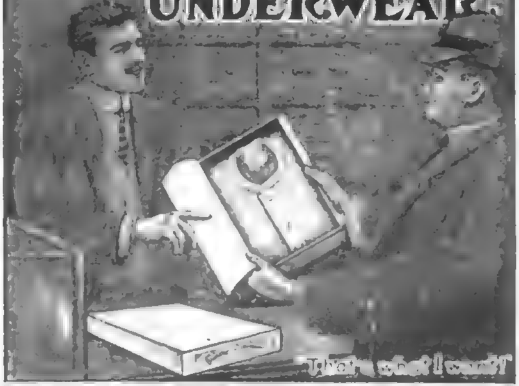
Ask your dealer or write us for information.

NIAGARA SILK MILLS
Dept. E North Tonawanda, N. Y.
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

COOPER'S

REGISTERED

Spring-Needle Knit UNDERWEAR


That's what I want!

EVERY man who will *insist* on Cooper's, and be sure it bears the Cooper Trade Mark, will always get perfect underwear satisfaction. There is no "same as" nor "just as good," for

we make the machines that make the goods—the kind with the stretch.

Best dealers carry a complete line of the various styles, weights and colors. Sample of fabric and booklet giving prices on request.

COOPER MFG. CO., Bennington, Vt.

AFTER WASHING YOUR CAR-DO THIS:

Put a few drops of 3-in-One on a piece of waste moistened with a little water. Rub all the varnished wood work. See how it renews the newness — how it preserves and hardens the highly polished surface — how it prevents dust sticking to body of car!

Do the same to seats, top, curtains — all leather parts. 3-in-One will keep the leather from hardening, cracking or rotting.

Don't forget to go over all the metal parts with waste moistened with 3-in-One. That will prevent rust and tarnish and keep everything bright and shiny.

8-oz. bottle — Automobile Size — 50 cents. 3-oz. — 25 cents. Trial size — 10 cents. For sale at all garages, auto supply dealers and stores. Write for free sample bottle and Special Auto Circular today.

3 IN ONE OIL COMPANY 49 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Bohn Syphon Refrigerator

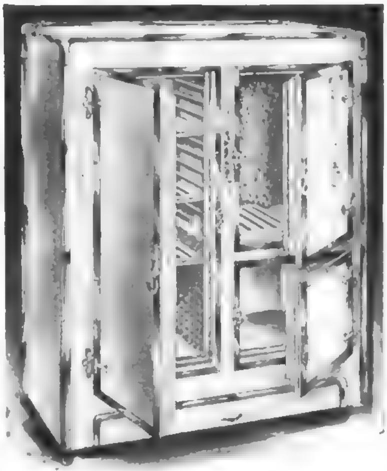
Enables you to keep milk, meat, butter, vegetables and fruit in the same provision chamber without the slightest contamination.

All the fruit from California is sent across continent in Bohn Syphon Refrigerator cars because the Bohn Syphon System preserves food in its fresh, natural state for the greatest length of time with the least ice and care.

Delivered On 10 Days' Trial

Where we have no regular dealers we ship on 10 days' trial, freight paid both ways if not as represented.

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators are lined with Genuine White Porcelain Enamel—not paint—no seams or corners to catch dirt. Non-porous, strictly sanitary, does not discolor, crack or peel off like so-called enamel which is merely enamel paint.



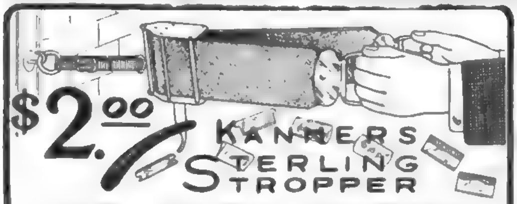
Every detail of construction is perfect.

We also make the popular Minnesota Refrigerator. Our prices range from

$19.00 upward

Write for both Minnesota and Bohn Syphon Catalogs and Terms—and select *your* most economical refrigerator.

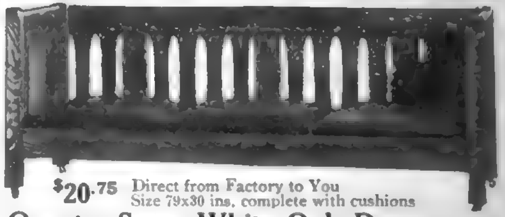
White Enamel
Refrigerator Company
Main Office and Works, St. Paul, Minn.
Chicago Office and Salesroom:
Steger Building, Jackson Blvd. and Wabash Avenue.
New York Office and Salesroom:
59 W. 42nd Street.



AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

To sell our new Automatic Stropper. Puts a perfect edge on any razor, or any safety razor. Absolutely guaranteed. A boon to every man who shaves. Every call a sale; every sale a good profit. Write to-day for territory. Become a general or a local agent. No experience necessary. Canvassers, Salesmen, Clerks, Artisans, Students, are making big money, and so can you. Clean-cut hustlers are doing wonders. A golden opportunity. *Write to-day and reserve your territory.*

S. A. KANNER, 556 Broadway, New York



$20.75 Direct from Factory to You
Size 79x30 ins. complete with cushions

Quarter Sawn White Oak Davenport

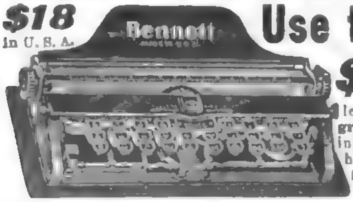
Dealer's Price $48

Put completed sections together and make this big saving. Write for Catalog (mailed FREE) showing 200 pieces, also New Willow-Weave Furniture

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

Compackt Furniture Co.
606 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

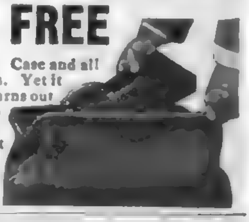
$18
in U.S.A.



Use this Typewriter 10 Days FREE

$18 Learn how much in little the **Bennett Portable is.** Case and all takes a space only 2x5x11 in. and weighs but 4½ lbs. Yet it has **a standard keyboard of 84 characters.** Turns out letters or orders that can't be beaten for neatness. **Slips into grip or pocket like a book.** Think of the convenience of having this typewriter always with you ready for use on the train—at hotels—in your home or place of business—anywhere. Write for catalog and **10 days Free trial offer.** **Representatives Wanted.**

N.F. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO. 366 Broadway, New York



WHY DON'T YOU OWN AN AUTO CRAFT?

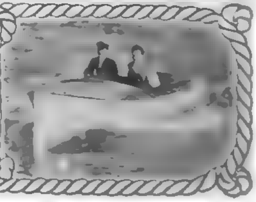
Think of the pleasure and health that you could have. Write for our handsomely illustrated high-art catalog giving full specifications and [illegible] Rapids in an Auto Craft.

18 FT. AUTO CRAFT SPECIAL, ONLY $200.

Seats eight. Speed [illegible] H.P. [illegible] sink. Auto Craft Silencer [illegible] Beautifully finished. Only $200, complete. Other exceptional Auto Craft values, 21½ ft. (4 H.P. [illegible] Reverse Gear) $300; 24 ft. (8 H.P. [illegible] and Reverse Gear) $450.

Orders filled on the day received. Dealers in all large cities.

The Cleveland Auto Boat Mfg. Co., 1059 River Ave., N. W., Cleveland, O., U. S. A.



Own a Portable Summer Home of your own at the price of a season's renting

Kenyon TRADE MARK

TAKE-DOWN HOUSE

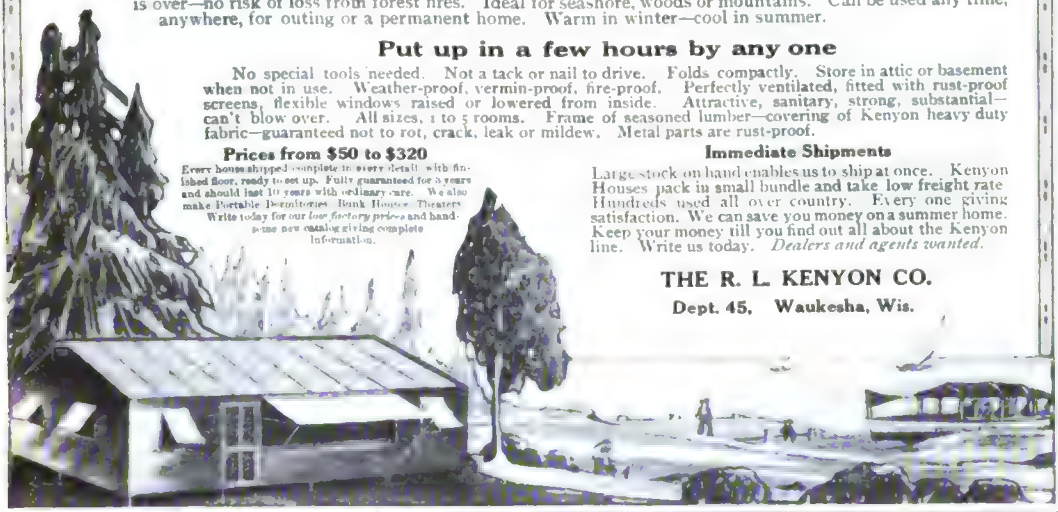
Ideal House for Outdoor Sleeping

Cool, Comfortable, Cozy, perfectly ventilated. Flies and mosquitoes cannot get in

Don't be tied down to one spot. Get a Kenyon Take-Down House—move where and when you please. The rent you pay for a cottage or for board at a summer hotel one season will pay for a Kenyon House, which will accommodate the whole family season after season. Pack it up and bring it home when vacation is over—no risk of loss from forest fires. Ideal for seashore, woods or mountains. Can be used any time, anywhere, for outing or a permanent home. Warm in winter—cool in summer.

Put up in a few hours by any one

No special tools needed. Not a tack or nail to drive. Folds compactly. Store in attic or basement when not in use. Weather-proof, vermin-proof, fire-proof. Perfectly ventilated, fitted with rust-proof screens, flexible windows raised or lowered from inside. Attractive, sanitary, strong, substantial—can't blow over. All sizes, 1 to 5 rooms. Frame of seasoned lumber—covering of Kenyon heavy duty fabric—guaranteed not to rot, crack, leak or mildew. Metal parts are rust-proof.



Prices from $50 to $320

Every house shipped complete in every detail with finished floor, ready to set up. Fully guaranteed for 5 years and should last 10 years with ordinary care. We also make Portable Dormitories, Bunk Houses, Theaters. Write today for our *low factory prices* and handsome new catalog giving complete information.

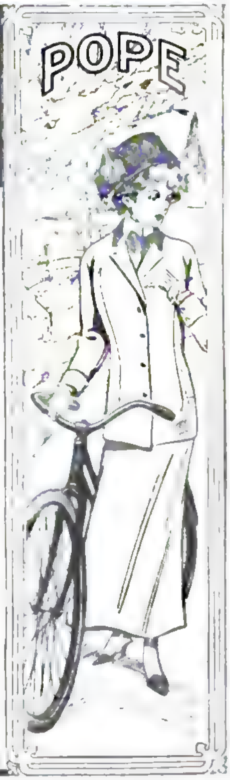
Immediate Shipments

Large stock on hand enables us to ship at once. Kenyon Houses pack in small bundle and take low freight rate. Hundreds used all over country. Every one giving satisfaction. We can save you money on a summer home. Keep your money till you find out all about the Kenyon line. Write us today. *Dealers and agents wanted.*

THE R. L. KENYON CO.

Dept. 45, Waukesha, Wis.

POPE BICYCLES



COLUMBIA **RAMBLER**

CLEVELAND **TRIBUNE**

The proved perfection of these famous bicycles is due to many distinctive features of great merit not found in other makes. They are safe to buy and safe to ride. **Cycling is a Returning Fashion**

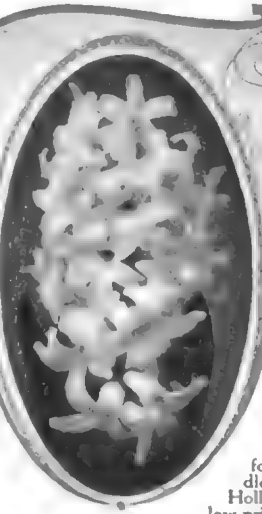
The bicycle is the most widely used vehicle, because it serves for utility, pleasure, exercise, health, economy and business. Over 300,000 new bicycles were made and sold last year.

CAUTION! Thousands of very low-grade wheels, with fancy paint and deceptive names, are being sold at high-grade prices. If you see a name-plate that you do not know, beware! Everyone knows Pope Quality. Fully Guaranteed, $25 to $100.

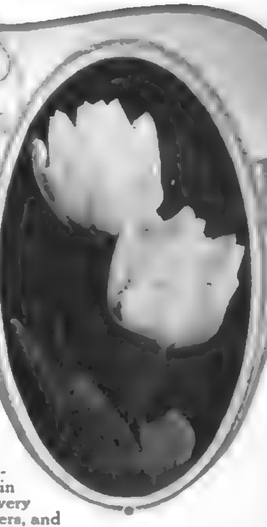
The Pope Daily Service Bicycle—A new proposition. Send for full particulars about this magnificent wheel and our convenient method of selling it.

THE POPE MFG. CO., 470 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.

There is a catalogue for each make ***Dealers wanted everywhere***



Bulbs



From Now Until JULY 1st — NOT LATER

THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May. These bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price before reaching the retail buyer in America.

By ordering from us **now** instead of waiting until fall, you save from 20 to 40 per cent. in cost, get a superior quality of Bulbs not to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers in the original packages immediately upon their arrival from Holland, perfectly fresh, and in the best possible condition.

If you wish to take advantage of our very **low prices**, we must have your order **not later than July 1st**, as we import Bulbs to order only. They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not of a satisfactory quality. (References required from new customers.) Our Import price-list, the most comprehensive catalogue of Bulbs published, is now ready, and may be had for the asking.

A FEW OF THE PRICES

	Per 100	Per 500		Per 100	Per 500		Per 100	Per 500
Fine Mixed Hyacinths . .	$3.25	$15.50	Narcissus Poeticus . . .	.70	$3.00	Narcissus Emperor . . .	$2.75	$12.00
Fine Mixed Tulips . . .	.75	3.50	Double Daffodils	$1.75	8.00	Narcissus Golden Spur . . .	2.25	10.00
Extra Fine Mixed Tulips .	.95	4.25	Narcissus Bicolor Empress	2.50	11.50	Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture	.45	1.75

ELLIOTT NURSERY COMPANY, 346 4th AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.

IMPROVES THE FIGURE.

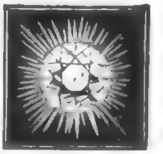
THE BEST

"APENTA"

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

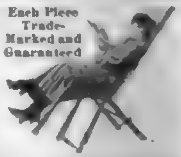
"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful **Genuine Topaz**, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, **I guarantee** these stones to be **genuine.** Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to two carats. Free booklet. Address with remittance,

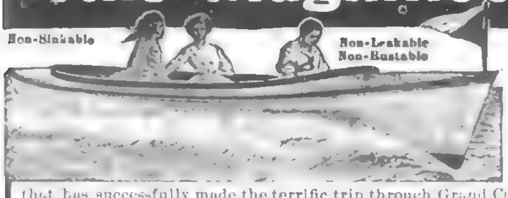
H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.

BUY "KALAMAZOO KOMFORT" NOW



Enjoy that **luxurious rest** and **relaxation** which gives renewed energy and makes the hot, sultry days **cool** and **delightful.** Be truly **comfortable** when reading, resting or ill. The expense is only nominal. Our **reclining** chair, **automatically** adjusting itself to every position, will do all this for you. Write us for free trial offer and catalog No. 153, showing ten models of this chair and sixty other designs of summer furniture. Ask your dealer for **Superior Quality** lawn furniture and make your home **comfortable**, attractive and **distinctive.** **KALAMAZOO SLED CO., 600 Third St., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

This Magnificent Steel Launch $96



Stylish 16-Footer Fully Equipped with Engine Ready to Run!

1911 models of the Michigan Steel Launch are now ready for delivery at **the lowest prices quoted on boats** anywhere. Our special low price schedule **for immediate orders** covers every launch we make—16, 18, 20, 23 or 27 footers. All sizes in stock for immediate shipment. We are the sole owners of patents covering rolled-seam constructed boats. This construction lasts practically a lifetime. We have the only construction that has successfully made the terrific trip through Grand Canyons of Colorado and Arizona. Write for booklet describing trip. Gold medals awarded our Boats and Engines by Royal Imperial Tech. Society, St. Petersburg, Internat'l Exposition, Milan; Nat'l Motor Boat Show, Paris

Equipped Bow and Stern with Air-Tight Compartments. The Non-Sinkable Boat—Absolutely Safe! Needs No Boathouse

Leave your Michigan Launch in the water or out on the beach in all kinds of weather for months. It is puncture-proof. Equipped with the wonderful Detroit Engine, guaranteed for five years, any horse-power from 2 to 50. Fewest moving parts of any engine made. Anyone can run it. Free fully illustrated catalog shows all 1911 models. **Don't buy a launch until you see this book.** Write for special proposition and prices to Demonstrator Agents. STEEL ROWBOATS, $20. Need no boathouse. Big money in boat livery.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT COMPANY, 1280 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A. (77)

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Keeps After it is Opened.

Made from red-ripe tomatoes, carefully selected and washed in clean water.

Cooked just a little, that the natural flavor may be retained.

Seasoned delicately with pure spices.

Put up in sterilized bottles.

Contains only those ingredients recognized and endorsed by the U. S. Government.

Visitors are always welcome to inspect our spotlessly clean kitchens.

Insist on Blue Label Soups, Canned Vegetables, Fruits, Meats, Jams and Jellies

Send for Booklet "Original Menus" Mailed Free.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

GUARANTEED FREE FROM ARTIFICIAL COLOR
CURTICE BROTHERS
BLUE LABEL
TOMATO
KETCHUP
CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
ROCHESTER N.Y. U.S.A.
CONTAINS 1/10 OF 1% BENZOATE SODA

This Illustration

(which is much reduced in size) is from our new 48-page portfolio of large illustrations—"The Door Beautiful" showing **Morgan Doors** with their surroundings. The beautiful full page interiors and exteriors shown in this new book are true examples of the best in all styles of architecture. Much prominence has been given to the Craftsman style because of its great popularity.

MORGAN DOORS

are the best doors made and the book tells why they are the cheapest for permanent satisfaction in beauty, strength and wear in any building.

Each **Morgan Door** is stamped **"MORGAN"** which guarantees quality, style, durability and satisfaction. All first-class architects and contractors know them and will furnish them if you specify and insist.

Send for a copy of this fine book—it is free—and we want everyone who is interested in building to see and have it. It is full of ideas for stunning interiors and exteriors.

Morgan Company, Dept. 12, Oshkosh, Wis.

Distributed by Morgan Sash and Door Co., Chicago
Morgan Millwork Co., Baltimore, Md.

Morgan Doors handled by dealers who do not substitute

You Can Weigh
Exactly what
You Should
Weigh

You can be **Strong— Vigorous—** full of Life and Energy.

You can be free from **Chronic Ailments** —every organ of your body strong as nature intended.

You can have a **Good Figure—**as good as any woman.

You can have a **Clear Skin.**

I no longer need to say what "I *can* do" but what "I HAVE DONE." I have helped 49,000 of the most cultured, intelligent women of America to *arise to their very best—why not you?*

NO DRUGS—NO MEDICINES

My pupils simply comply with Nature's laws.

What My Pupils Say:

"Every one notices the change in my complexion, it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no *rheumatism*, or sluggish liver, and I can *breathe* now. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began and I used to take one every night."

"*My weight has increased 30 pounds.* I don't know what *indigestion* is any more, and my *nerves* are *so rested!* I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Cocroft, I have *taken off my glasses* and my *catarrh* is so much better. Isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am *growing*—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

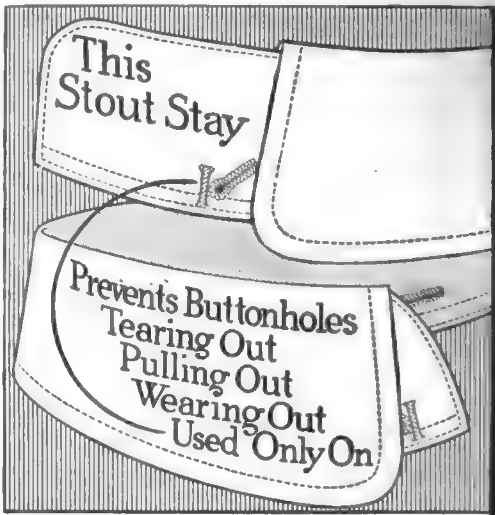
Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help *every woman* to vibrant health and happiness. Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend. I have had a wonderful experience and I'd like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 20-K 624 Michigan Avenue Chicago

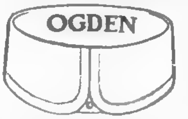
Miss Cocroft is the best authority in America upon the regaining of woman's health and figure thro Natural, Scientific means.



Triangle
5-PLY Collars

Made in all good styles. Every vulnerable point strengthened, fortified and re-inforced to make them laundry-proof.

OGDEN—2 inches high. A new style for summer. Made with Slanting Buttonhole, guarded by the Stout Stay.



Only 2 for 25c.—not higher in price. Send 50c. for 4 and dealer's name if he hasn't them. "Key to Correct Dress," with sample buttonhole, showing Stout Stay and 5-PLY feature, mailed Free.

Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co., 602 River St., Troy, N. Y.

"The Collars of Quality"

TUTTLE
Marine Motors

For everything from a canoe to a cruiser.
18 years' experience. Unlimited guarantee.

Write for Catalog

TUTTLE MOTOR CO., 152 State Street, Canastota, N. Y.

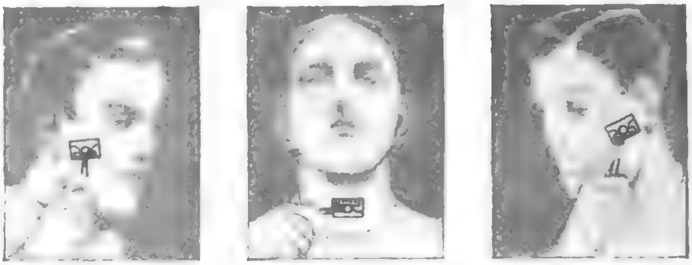
HAVOLINE MOTOR OILS

Lubricate—Burn cleanly
Leave no carbon deposit

ALL GARAGES—ALL DEALERS

Write for Booklet
"The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication"

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
First National Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
123 William Street, New York City
W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Agents



A push of the thumb sets and locks it at any angle.

The Any-Angle *Young* Safety Razor

Makes All Others *Out-Of-Date.*

Price Everywhere, $2.50. Extra Blades, 50 Cents a Dozen.

The YOUNG is the *only* Safety Razor with an *adjustable blade* that a flip-o'-the-thumb sets at *any angle.* All other razors are limited to one position. The Any-Angle YOUNG makes you shave with the correct diagonal, "*draw-cut*" stroke, cutting the hair *clean* with a lightning-like stroke.

After shaving with the YOUNG your face feels *smooth as satin*—every part of the skin is *uniformly clean*—no tufts of hair remain—no sting or "smart"—no rawness or soreness—just a pleasurable sense of being *well-razored.*

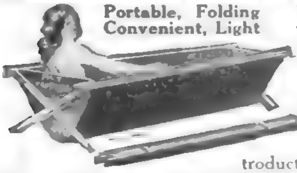
The Any-Angle YOUNG Safety Razor—complete in full Leather Case—consists of (1) A high quality triple silver-plated adjustable Frame (picture above); (2) Twelve Blades made of Norwegian steel (see picture below), hollow ground, highly carbonized and tempered in oil; (3) A triple silver-plated Blade Container; (4) A triple silver-plated Stropper.

Sold by Haberdashers, Jewelers, Hardware Merchants, Druggists and General Stores, or forwarded (prepaid) by mail on receipt of $2.50.

Our "How and Why" Booklet will save you many a scratch. Write for it to-day.

Send your remittance to

The Young Safety Razor Co.
1332 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Portable, Folding
Convenient, Light

BATH TUB,

Bath room needless. Save expense. Use ours any room. Full size. Tubless houses modernized. Rent cold-water flat. Camper's delight. Lasts years. Write for low introductory offer. Agents wanted.

N. Y. M. BATH MFG. CO., 103 Chambers St., N. Y.

TEN DOLLARS DOWN

and 10 cents a day for a time buys the **Wonderful Visible Emerson Typewriter.** Two color ribbon, Tabulator, Back Spacer, every improvement. One of the best typewriters made $60.00 is the price. **BIG OFFERS FOR AGENTS.** **One Emerson Typewriter Free** on very easy conditions to anyone who will do us a slight service. Only a few minutes time required.

For Our Great Free Offer—on a postal card or in a letter to us say: "Mail me your Free Offer." Address

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 126, Woodstock, Ill.

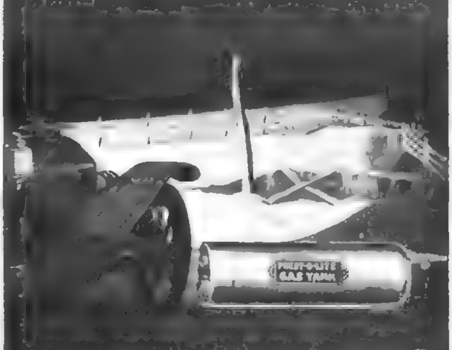
The Pruden System Portable Fireproof Garage

A Pruden Unit-Built Home **Garage will quickly pay for itself in the rent it saves. Keeps your auto handy—safe from fire, weather and vandalism. Made of interlocking units of heavy galvanized steel. No framing whatever required. Set up in one or two days by yourself or inexperienced help. Extremely strong and durable.** ***Never Costs More, often less than wood.*** **Ideal cottages, hunting lodges, boat houses, work shops, etc., are quickly set up by the Pruden System of Portable Fireproof Construction.**

Send for Catalog, giving full particulars of building in which you are interested. Please write today.

THE METAL SHELTER COMPANY 5-26 West Water St. St. Paul, Minn.

Prest-O-Lite



Get this Light FREE On Your New Car

The time to get the right equipment at the least expense, is *when you are buying the car.*

Experienced motorists will tell you that Prest-O-Lite is the *only reliable* lighting system, the most convenient and the *most economical.* Floods the road far ahead with strong, steady, dependable light, turned on and off like a gas jet.

None of the worry, uncertainty, or dirty work of running a gas generator, and yet Prest-O-Lite gas costs no more—usually costs *less*—than the carbide a generator consumes.

Most of the leading manufacturers now furnish Prest-O-Lite free, as standard equipment. Any manufacturer *or dealer* will furnish it, instead of generator, *if you insist.*

Even if you have to pay a slight difference, it's better than to pay the full price of Prest-O-Lite later, as thousands have done.

Imitations May Prove Costly

You can exchange an empty Prest-O-Lite Tank for a full one, *anywhere and always.*

You may not be able to "pass" a counterfeit, so don't accept it. You're entitled to the genuine. Get it!

NOTICE TO PREST-O-LITE USERS.

If not receiving rated capacity, rub soapsuds on joints and pipe line, turn on gas, and look for leaks.

If you expect full measure of Prest-O-Lite service and satisfaction, do not accept an exchange tank that was not refilled with gas by the Prest-O-Lite Co

Price of Presto-O-Lite tanks, $18 to $35, depending on capacity. Motorcycle size, $10 (also handy for automobiles, as a reserve supply carried in tool box).

If we can serve you with literature or other information, write us.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Branches at Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, East Cambridge, [illegible] Omaha, [illegible] St. [illegible]

Exchange Agencies Everywhere.

Analytical Research

proves that *ordinary* toilet tissues are made from wood pulp—often the screenings and wood refuse, ground and macerated with the dirt and grit clinging to it; on the other hand

Sani-Tissue

has a soft cloth-like texture, most soothing in itself.

The Canada balsam lends still further to the healing and non-irritant qualities so desirable in a toilet paper.

Scott Paper Co. 623 Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia

A free packet mailed on request. Give Dealer's name.

This is the Point

DIXON'S SM-No2 116

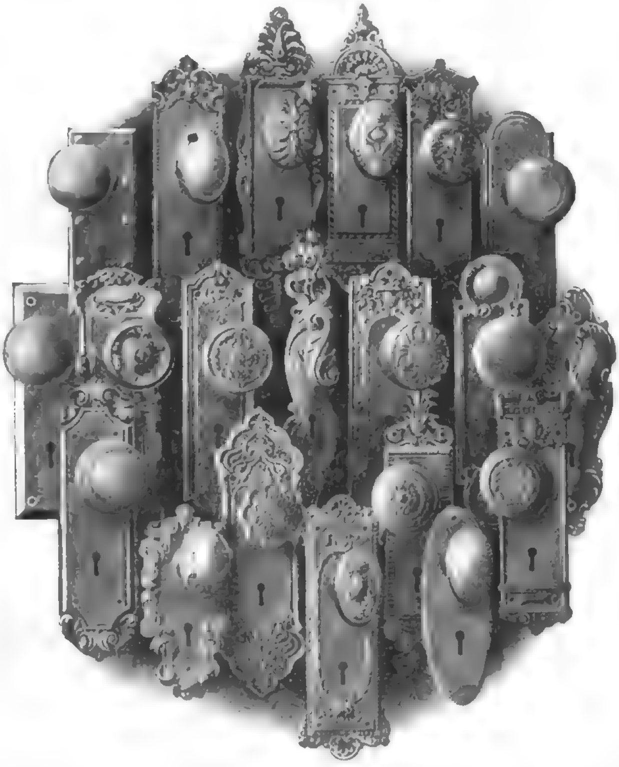
Many lead-pencils are whittled into waste-baskets because the graphite falls out of the cases in short bits.

DIXON'S
AMERICAN GRAPHITE
PENCILS

sharpen to a *writing* point every time and that is their strong talking point. Made in America for all the world, and made *good* by

JOSEPH DIXON
CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, New Jersey

CORBIN



HARDWARE FOR HOMES OF REFINEMENT

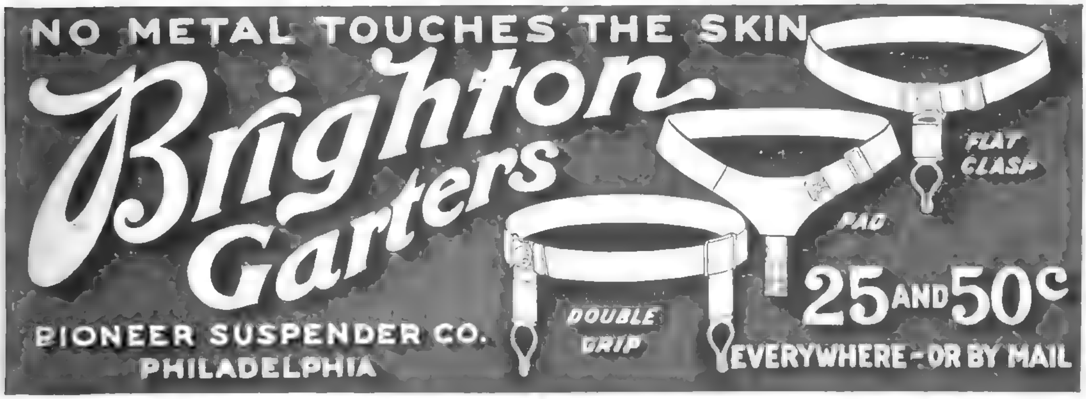
These are only a few of the 123 designs in 19 schools and 54 finishes which we supply for good homes all over the country. We make *everything in builders' hardware*, and the best dealer in each city sells it.

Send for publication:

HK6 Ornamental Value of Hardware
HK17 Corbin Colonial Hardware
HK80 Why Architects Specify Corbin Hardware

P. & F. CORBIN, NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

P. & F. Corbin, of New York
P. & F. Corbin, of Chicago
P. & F. Corbin, Philadelphia



NO METAL TOUCHES THE SKIN

Brighton Garters

25 AND 50c

EVERYWHERE—OR BY MAIL

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
PHILADELPHIA

Why Buds Are Counterfeited

Wilbur's Buds are the most tempting form in which chocolate has ever been offered—consequently, the most widely imitated. But it isn't their *shape* that makes them so ravishingly delicious. It's the famous Wilbur flavor and a certain *melting smoothness* that marks the genuine

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

TRADE MARK Reg. in U. S. Pat. Off.

An Exquisite Example of Wilbur Flavor

You may be offered counterfeits—with shape and wrapper well imitated—but *the name they dare not* use. So remember hereafter to see that "Wilbur" is plainly stamped on every bud you eat.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION. Wilbur's Buds are put up in boxes —in four sizes: 10c., 25c., ½ lb. and 1 lb. If your dealer hasn't them, simply write us. We will send an overflowing pound for a dollar—or a trial box for 10c.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc., 241 N. Third St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Write for this Free Book

Tells how to prepare food more appetizingly with less work, make less expensive meats delicious, nourishing—how to save four-fifths gas or fuel cost. Tells about the **Vac-Jac Fireless Cooker**, also the **KOBOLD**, a fully equipped *two-compartment* cooker. Full details on **Vac-Jac Magnum**, a 2-quart vacuum bottle that keeps contents *hot* 10 hours or *cold* 30. Send us your address today.

How to Live Better at less Expense

VACUUM INSULATING CO., 1927 Peoples' Gas Bldg., Chicago

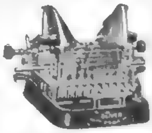
GET THE ALADDIN CATALOG—OF 70 REAL HOUSES and Bungalows

A Complete Five Room READI-CUT HOUSE $298

ALADDIN READI-CUT HOUSES SAVE MONEY

Aladdin Knocked Down Readi-Cut Houses are shipped everywhere. Every piece of material comes to you cut and fitted and ready to nail in place. No skilled labor required. Permanent, attractive, warm and lasting. Houses from 2 to 12 rooms. Send stamps for catalog N.

North American Construction Co., Bay City, Mich.



No Deposit Nothing Down —½ Regular Price $50

We put the best typewriter in the world right in your home or office. Shipped on approval. Use it five days. If you want to keep it send us $5 a month. You get the same value as tho' you paid $100 for this standard No. 3 Oliver (Visible) machine. Buying from us saves the 100 per cent agency profits other people pay. Our booklet is worth $50 to you, because it saves you that much. It's FREE. Tell us where to send *your* copy. (34)

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate, 159E N. State Street, Chicago

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Save Half on Artistic Furniture

CATALOG FREE

OUR PRICE, $26.50
Regular Store Price, $50.00

By buying direct from factory, you get the highest grade of Arts and Crafts Furniture in knock-down form at half the regular price. All solid quartered white oak; every vital joint mortised, tenoned and pinned. Solid brass hardware. Shipped in plain wood or finished. Choice of five attractive finishes. Every piece guaranteed. Our New Illustrated Catalog, showing bargains for every room and attractive willow furniture, FREE. Write today.

The Kunkle Furniture Mfg. Co., 16th St., Mackinaw, Ill.

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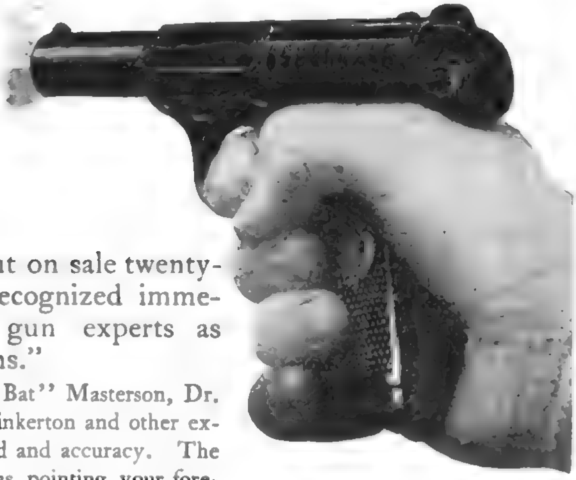
A Match for any Burglar



THE Savage Automatic was put on sale twenty-eight months ago. It was recognized immediately by the world's greatest gun experts as outranking all other "small firearms."

Detective Wm. J. Burns, Buffalo Bill, "Bat" Masterson, Dr. Carver, Major Richard Sylvester, Wm. A. Pinkerton and other experts prefer the Savage Automatic for its speed and accuracy. The public has taken to it because it aims as easy as pointing your forefinger; because it makes any novice, man or woman, a crack shot, without practice, and shoots Eleven (11) shots without reloading.

Your home is not really protected unless you have a Savage Automatic, which anyone in the house can shoot straight, and get in the first vital shot. You can put it off and put it off. Or, you can 'phone to your dealer now and have him send you up one for inspection—something you'll never regret.

TWO FREE BOOKS

Send for "Bat" Masterson's famous gun fighter book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Free. Send also today for new book about the famous "303" Featherweight Takedown rifle ($25), the Model 1909, 22 cal. Takedown rifle ($10) and other Savage rifles. Address, Savage Arms Co., 436 Savage Ave., Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

The Sturtevant

Electric Vacuum Cleaner

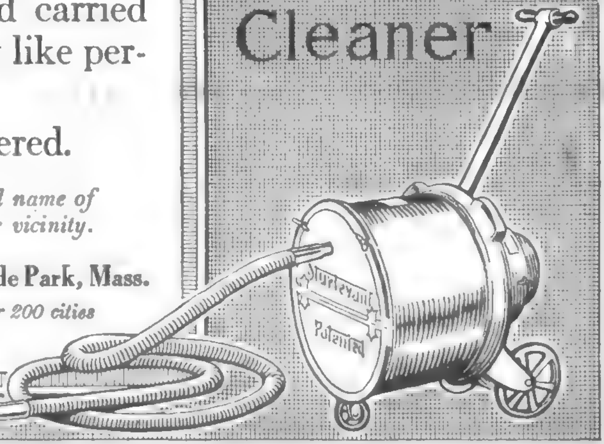
IT found household vacuum cleaning in a crude, experimental state and carried it to something very like perfection.

Price, $130. delivered.

Send for Booklet 99 and name of our office or dealer in your vicinity.

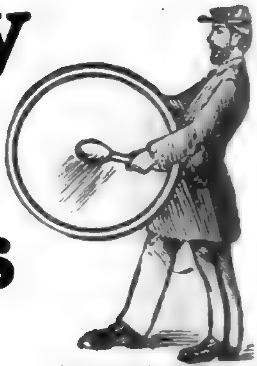
B. F. STURTEVANT CO., Hyde Park, Mass.

Branches and Agents in over 200 cities



Marching in 1864

Lyon & Healy Band Instruments



Standard of America for 47 Years

Special Offer: Any band instrument sent to you on free trial. The greatest band instrument catalog in the world, illustrating and describing everything used in modern bands, sent free, postpaid, for you to select from. The Lyon & Healy **New American Professional Cornet**—the **$30** Cornet with the **$50** quality. High and low pitch, quick change to A; covered by our unlimited guarantee. Send for one on approval, or have your local dealer do it for you. Everyone interested in band music should read **"The Tale of Two Towns," "How An Amateur Band Can Make Money"** and Lyon & Healy *Band Herald*—all free. Expert information on organizing and equipping a band, constitution and by-laws, drum major's tactics, latest catalogs of band music—all free. Instruments can be bought on easy payments. Send name and address **today.**

Lyon & Healy, 21-90 E. Adams St., Chicago

Tires That Never Puncture

Ask The Man Who Uses Them

ARE those covered with **Standard Tire Protectors.** They are the only ones that do not develop blowouts or other tire troubles—the only ones not responsible for nine-tenths of motor car up-keep—not responsible for that constant uneasiness about the danger always lurking ahead.

This year the **Standard** Non-Skid is a new big feature. It enables the motor car owner to now procure protection plus non-skid, with but little added expense.

Standard Non-Skid Tire Protectors

(or Plain Tread if Preferred)

Glass, nails, sharp stones are passed over, never reaching your tire. These Protectors fit over any tires, any treads and are held fast by inflation pressure.

Standard Tire Protectors are made of fabric and rubber, the only two such materials on earth of which a protector can be made and give absolute satisfaction. If tires could be made of leather and other like materials and give satisfaction, then the leading tire manufacturers would certainly adopt same, but this is something which has proved impracticable. Write for booklet today.

Standard Tire Protector Company
408 South Water Street, Saginaw, Mich.

BE A SALESMAN

Earn While You Learn!

Trained Salesmen make from **$1,200.00 to $10,000.00 a year** and expenses. Many good positions now open. No former experience needed to get one of them. We will teach you to be a Salesman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a position where you can earn a good salary while you are learning. Write today for our free book, "*A Knight of the Grip*," which contains full particulars about how to get one of the good positions we now have open, also testimonial letters from men we have recently placed in good positions. Address nearest office, Dept. 111.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.
Chicago New York Kansas City
New Orleans Seattle, U.S.A.

Moth Proof Red Cedar Chifforobe

On 15 Days' Approval

The fragrant Southern mountain Red Cedar protects furs and clothing against moths without the use of camphor. This Chifforobe appeals naturally to the con-[illegible] men and women and [illegible] pays for itself by

Saving Cold Storage Charges.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chifforobes are beautifully finished and constructed with air-tight doors making them dust-damp and mice proof. Write for catalog. Shows many designs of Chifforobes, Highboys and Red Cedar Chests.

Direct from Factory.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 77, Statesville, N. C.

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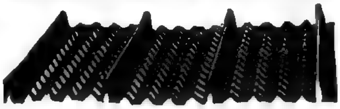
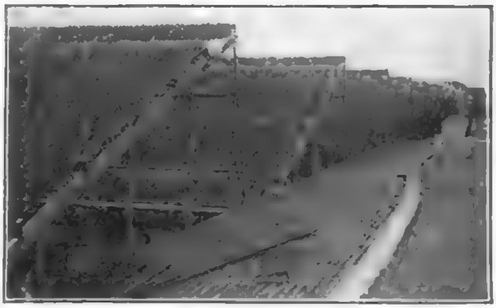


HY-RIB—Half the Cost of Brick



HY-RIB is a steel sheathing, with deep, stiffening ribs, used in concrete and plaster work.

For Sidings: Hy-Rib makes a monolithic concrete wall at half the cost of brick.

For Roofs: Hy-Rib does away with centering and reduces dead weight.

For Partitions: Hy-Rib does away with studs, saves money and makes a stronger wall.

For Ceilings: Hy-Rib does away with channels or flats, saving labor, time and expense.

In all work, merely set up the **Hy-Rib** sheets, apply the concrete or plaster and the work is complete.

FREE: 1911 Hy-Rib Catalogue, 104 pages of details, illustrations, and specifications—a book worth money to you. Write today.

KAHN SYSTEM
Building Products

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.
634 Trussed Concrete Building, Detroit, Mich.

This label is on the genuine

Pantasote

The Best TOP MATERIAL

Caution to Purchasers of Tops

Pantasote is a top material of recognized high and uniform quality and a product made only by us. Many unscrupulous dealers misrepresent as PANTASOTE cheap inferior materials to increase their profits—at the purchaser's expense. To the average person these substitutes when new look somewhat like Pantasote.

To prevent fraudulent substitution insist upon the label as shown above — dealers receive these labels free with every yard of Pantasote, leaving no excuse for not using them.

PANTASOTE is superior to mohairs for many reasons—two in particular, the impossibility of cleaning them and the ruination of their interlining gum of very impure rubber by exposure to grease or sunlight, just as are tires.

Send postal for booklet on top materials, and samples.

THE PANTASOTE CO.
75 Bowling Green Bldg. New York

SAFE 6% SOUND

NEW YORK CENTRAL REALTY BONDS

SECURITY

SixPerCent Realty Bonds

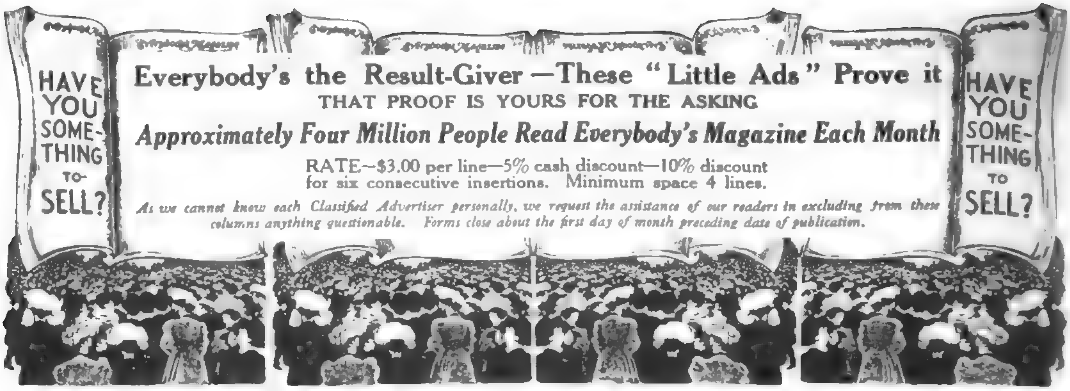
are considered by conservative investors as safe, sound security. The 6% Coupon Bonds of the

New York Central Realty Co.

are protected by upwards of $2,000,000 in assets. They mature in ten years, but are redeemable at any time after two years—a most important privilege to the small investor.

Write for booklet and sample bond. DO IT NOW.

New York Central Realty Co.
Suite 1167 1328 Broadway, New York


HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SELL?
HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SELL?

Everybody's the Result-Giver—These "Little Ads" Prove it

THAT PROOF IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Approximately Four Million People Read Everybody's Magazine Each Month

RATE—$3.00 per line—5% cash discount—10% discount for six consecutive insertions. Minimum space 4 lines.

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable. Forms close about the first day of month preceding date of publication.

REAL ESTATE—FARM LANDS

ALABAMA

LANDS IN ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI, FOR FRUIT, Vegetables, Cotton, Sugar Cane, Pecans, Sumatra Shaded Tobacco, General Farming Stock, etc., $5 to $10 an acre. Easy terms. Folder and Map free. G. Kilborn, Treas., Mobile, Ala.

ARIZONA

BUY LANDS IN SALT RIVER VALLEY, ARIZONA, UNDER Roosevelt Dam. Raise oranges, fruit, alfalfa, melons. Highest returns; no failures. Land selling $100 an acre up. Write to-day for new booklet and six months' subscription to "The Earth" Free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1136 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

CALIFORNIA

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA. SUBURBAN SMALL farms; about 20 minutes' ride on electric cars to center of Sacramento; city conveniences combined with country life, good income, low cost of living and small investment; climate delightfully mild; twelve months growing season and outdoor life; land very fertile; raise nuts, oranges, olives, great variety of other fruits, vegetables, poultry, etc.; Panama canal, Panama Pacific International Exposition, deep waterway and suburban feature will all boost values; absolutely high class; closest investigation courted; prices very low; easy payments; supply limited; excursion rates. Write to-day to A. C. Roebuck, Investments, Farm Land Dept., 35, 1024 C American Trust Bldg., Chicago.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ORANGE LAND, in the famed Riverside-Redlands district, on small payments. Water ready for irrigating. $20 monthly, and less, buys ten acres. Unusually attractive planting proposition. You can pay for an orange grove, vineyard or alfalfa ranch while earning your living. Rich soil—splendidly located. Illustrated booklet. So. Cal. Homes Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

"PACIFIC COAST HOMESEEKER" A MONTHLY JOURNAL Supported by Chambers of Commerce, Commercial Organizations, and Colonization Enterprises, gives full and reliable information on Country Lands & Homes, climate, products, prices, etc., in California. Price 25c. a year (stamps or coin). Address Dept. A, 789 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

CALIFORNIA LAND $1 PER ACRE CASH PAYMENT, balance purchase 90c. per month per acre; close San Francisco; no taxes, no interest; 5-acre tracts; level, rich, clear, ready to plow, irrigated; perpetual water right; immediate possession; particulars, maps, photographs, free. Stevinson Colony, 830 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

COME TO SUNNY STANISLAUS, San Joaquin Valley, California, where the land owns the water. Municipal irrigation system not in experimental stage. No excessive water rates to pay to private corporations. Everything under the sun grown in abundance, ideal climate, perfect soil. Home of alfalfa, fruit, berries. Free booklet, Dept. E, Stanislaus Board of Trade, Modesto, Cal.

NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY! A-1 land, abundant water, in the Famous Turlock Irrigation District of California. The home of the peach, grape, cantaloupe, watermelon and sweet potato. The Dairyman's Paradise. Write to-day for information and free booklet. Dept. "A" Turlock Board of Trade, Turlock, Cal.

ENGLISH WALNUTS are producing as high as $700 per acre. Our three-year-old groves will pay $100 per acre in four years. Send for map and guarantee. R. N. Burgess Company, 907 First National Bank Building, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA WITH ITS MYRIAD OPPORTUNITIES invites the world. For accurate statistics and reliable information on California's cities, industries, lands and products address Dept. D, California Development Board, San Francisco, a public institution.

COLORADO

100% to 400%; FREQUENTLY MORE, MADE ON irrigated orchards in Grand River Valley, Colorado. Every salaried man can own one. Write to-day for easy payment plan and insurance feature. E. W. Shutt, 209 Houser Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

RAISE FRUIT ON IRRIGATED LAND IN COLORADO. $75 to $500 an acre profit from apples, etc. Write for full information. Board of Immigration, 307 State House, Denver, Colo.

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., FOR INFORMATION and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid or Investor, address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort; the most healthful climate in the known world.

INTEND BUYING LAND IN FLORIDA? We'll explain why Sanford Celery Delta land is 100 times more productive than the arid acres Colony Promoters offer at $25 an acre or less. Our 13 Yellow reasons are Clinchers. Title Bond & Guarantee Co., Sanford, Fla.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., WILL BE THE HALF-WAY seaport between New York and the Panama Canal. Buy real estate here now before the boom begins and prices jump, and it will make big profits for you. Cash or installments. For information of value to homeseekers and investors write Half Million Club.

FLORIDA, ESCAMBIA COUNTY—EASILY TILLED SOIL, abundant good water, well distributed rain-fall. U. S. Dept. Agriculture says "Unlimited Opportunity." Commercial Association, Pensacola, Fla.

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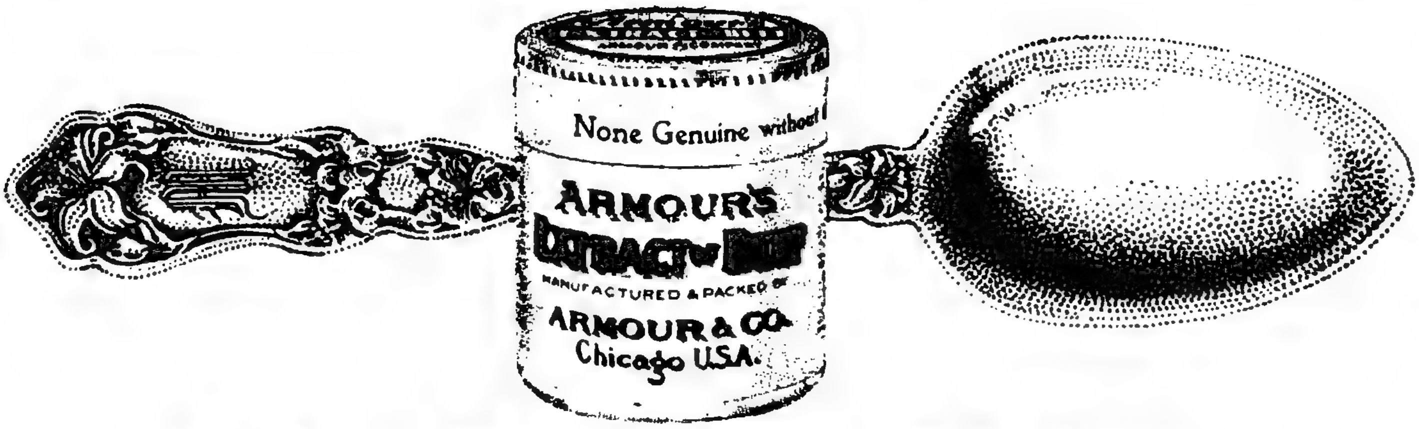

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Here are some hints that will help the housewife when days are hot and every hour spent in the kitchen a burden.

Get a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Learn how to use it in meat dishes, soups and gravies—as the foundation and for the flavor.

The left-over meat that your family would scorn served without embellishment, becomes a new and delicious dish when accompanied with a rich gravy made from Armour's Extract of Beef.

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It seemed absolutely safe. You invested your money. You lost. So did others—to the tune of $300,000,000.00. Many were wiser, more experienced than you. **Where did the money go—who got it?** These two points are answered in the June instalment of George Graham Rice's true, inside story of his amazing get-rich-quick experiences. The revelations he makes should be worth millions in money saved to American investors. Read **to-day** Rice's "My Adventures With Your Money." Read also

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Necessity's Law In Paradise
The Chair That Smiled
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All these and other adventures, fact and fiction in the June

Adventure

Published by the
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Adventure

15c a copy
$1.50 a year

June 2nd the July number goes on sale. It's a corker. It's brimful of all sorts of adventures —adventures that will make you sit tight and hold your breath, and adventures that will make you roar with laughter. Try—

The Freeing of Louis Bedore
The Lost Treasures of Europe
The House in the Deep Shadow
The Price of a Pearl
One Chance in a Thousand

But first of all read the continuation of George Graham Rice's great article telling of the terrific smash in Goldfield securities and the collapse of the Greenwater mining-stock bubble. The very things you, yourself, want to know are there in the July instalment of

"My Adventures With Your Money"

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

Continued from Page 864.

just as it always has been in the past.

You may have noticed that we are experimenting with a new style of binding. The magazine has been so bulky that the old style wire-stitched book was well-nigh unmanageable for the reader. With this new binding the reader can spread the book out flat and read along comfortably without the strain of holding it open. We shall have more to say about this later, contenting ourselves now with reporting progress.

We feel a bit diffident in speaking of the mental and spiritual condition of EVERYBODY'S, but as the writer is only one of the group whose composite personality expresses itself through the magazine, a frank estimate may be pardoned.

The men and women who make EVERYBODY'S are practically the same group who have been making the magazine for eight years, except that they are eight years older and abler. Eight years adds thousands of square miles to the horizon of a growing editor. Comparing this number with June eight years ago, the growth is obvious. Better discrimination in the selection of subjects; better treatment of subjects selected; evidences everywhere of a better understanding of the great problems of a great people. The book is better balanced, saner, finer, and with a thousand times more power. Mental condition good.

The first thing we did when we bought EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, eight years ago, was to add thirty-two pages to the size. And we said: "In those thirty-two pages we shall run articles, not to add to the circulation, not to interest and entertain, not to make money. We shall run articles in those thirty-two pages in the interest of that portion of humanity which finds little in life but hard work and does that work faithfully. We shall run those thirty-two pages if it hurts circulation, if it loses money, and if the spoiled children of fortune hate us for it." And we have kept our word.

That policy, instead of breaking us, made us. We felt sure it would not break us. No one ever goes broke in honestly helping his fellows. We had no idea the policy would make us. We felt strong enough to make a good magazine that would sell in spite of what we ran in the thirty-two pages. But Mr. Lawson came along and filled the thirty-two pages as no pages were ever filled before or probably ever will be again—and EVERYBODY'S was made.

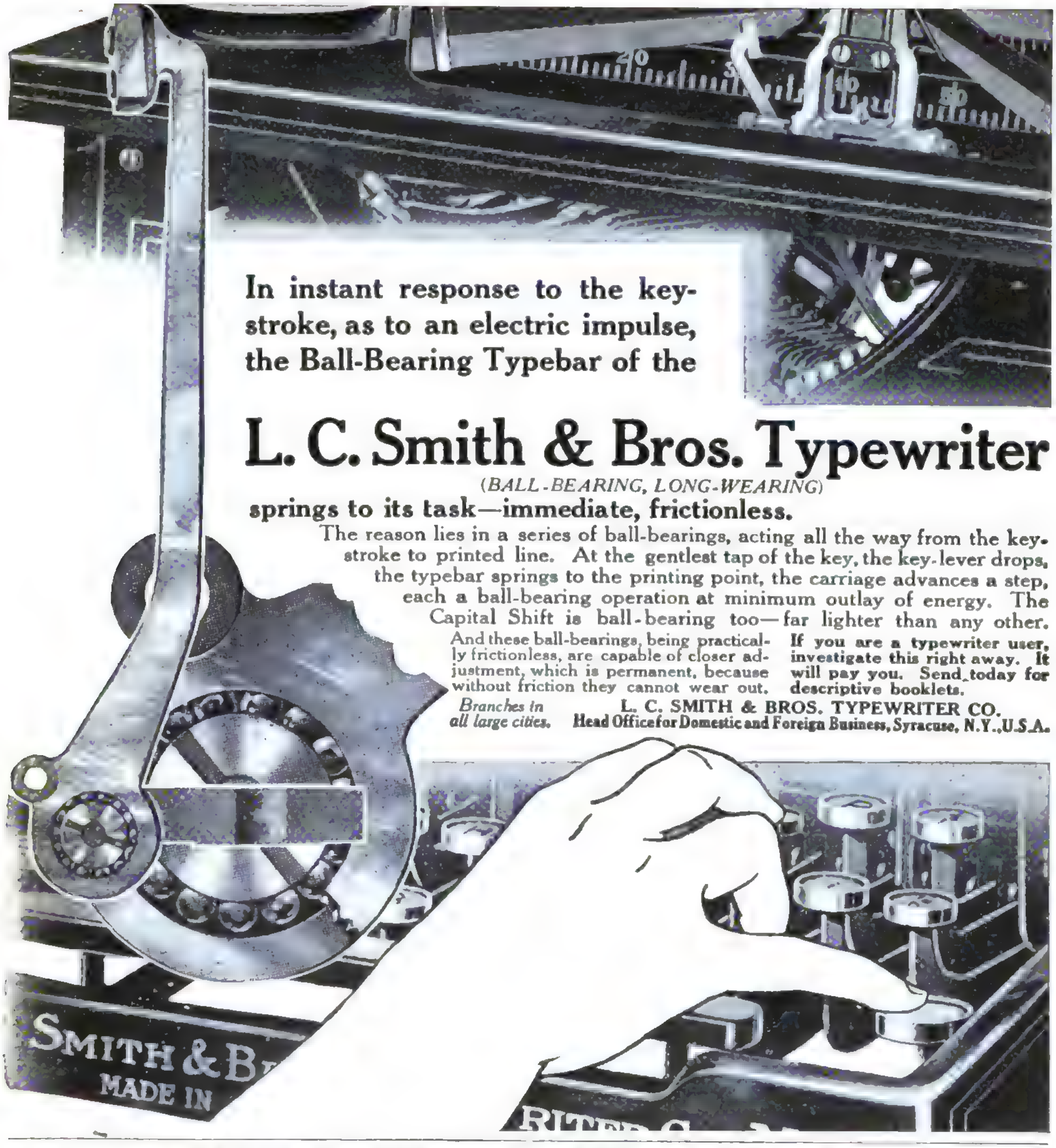
We have been "made" now for several years, and, so far as we can discover, there is no disposition in us to find another use for that thirty-two pages, no slackening of our purpose to champion the helpless, no lessening of our zeal to defend the defenseless. That is the spiritual condition of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. That is its spiritual ideal—to use the great power entrusted to it, on the side of right, aggressively.

MAGAZINES AT HOME

¶ Here is a friendly suggestion that we should like to make to the newsdealer: Most newsdealers pay considerable attention to a newspaper route, but few of them ever developed a magazine route. It is just as practical as the newspaper route, and, if properly handled, is a great convenience to the newsdealer's customers. We think it would be a good thing for the newsdealer to make a practise of asking customers who buy *Everybody's Magazine* or *Adventure:* "May I deliver this regularly as published?"

¶ We should like to make a suggestion to our readers, too—and make it even stronger: If you are accustomed to purchase your magazines at the news-stand, and if, through press of business or forgetfulness, you miss certain numbers, tell your newsdealer to deliver your *Everybody's* and *Adventure* to you each month. You will surely get them then.

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY



In instant response to the key-stroke, as to an electric impulse, the Ball-Bearing Typebar of the

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

(BALL-BEARING, LONG-WEARING)

springs to its task—immediate, frictionless.

The reason lies in a series of ball-bearings, acting all the way from the key-stroke to printed line. At the gentlest tap of the key, the key-lever drops, the typebar springs to the printing point, the carriage advances a step, each a ball-bearing operation at minimum outlay of energy. The Capital Shift is ball-bearing too—far lighter than any other.

And these ball-bearings, being practically frictionless, are capable of closer adjustment, which is permanent, because without friction they cannot wear out.

If you are a typewriter user, investigate this right away. It will pay you. Send today for descriptive booklets.

Branches in all large cities.

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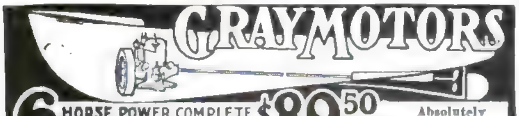

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6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE $89.50
1, 2 & 3 Cylinders, 3 to 36 H.P.

Absolutely Guaranteed by a RESPONSIBLE concern.

Write for complete catalog—tells all about how these high grade motors are built in the *largest plant in the world* devoted exclusively to the manufacture of 2-cycle motors. **Gray Motor Co., 653 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

DAISY FLY KILLER

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placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. **Lasts all season.** Made of metal. Cannot spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. **Of all dealers** or sent prepaid for 20 cents.

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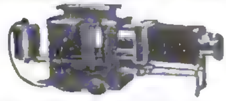
Magic Lanterns *with the* Alco-Radiant Light



The Alco-Radiant is the only practical, intense light for Lanterns if electric is not to be had. It burns alcohol, costs little to use and a trifle to buy; weighs 3 lbs.; adaptable to any Lantern. New Lantern slides for Lenten season, plain or colored, for sale or rent. Lecture sets of slides with readings, such as Judas, Herod, The Multitude, Way of Grief, Seven Words from the Cross, Passion Play of 1910, etc. **Ask About Post Card Projectors.** They show on a screen the image reflected from a post card or any other picture or flat object. Prices, $4.50, $13.50, $25.00, $60.00.

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For more than sixty years

June Brides

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Three Ways of Buying Your Farm—at your Option

FOR INVESTMENT — One-sixth cash, balance in five equal annual installments.

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CROP PAYMENT PLAN — In partnership with Canadian Pacific Railway, one-tenth cash, balance by crop payment—NO CROP—NO PAY.

Think of it! Such an offer of the choicest of "The Last Best West." The gate is unlocked to the best great tract of virgin land in Sunny Alberta. Districts previously sold are making fortunes for American farmers who realize that Western Canada is the future source of wheat supply for the United States.

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First come — first served; earliest arrival — biggest value—quickest results. Write quick for "Alberta Hand Book"—and all the facts about this land of home and fortune. Address

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Ask for Kryptoks

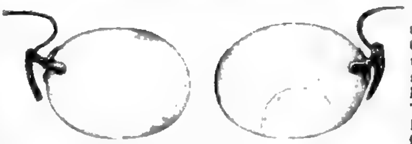
Leading opticians everywhere sell Kryptok Lenses. If you require double-vision lenses, you should wear Kryptoks.

Your pasted lenses should be replaced with Kryptoks. Then you are certain of having becoming glasses, perfect for near and far view, and entirely free from any odd appearance or suggestion of advancing years. Kryptok Lenses are optically perfect and good-looking. No seams, lines or cement.

KRYPTOK LENSES

Comprise near and far view, without seams or cracks

A **Kryptok Lens** is shown in this illustration. Note the entire absence of seams or lines. Kryptoks look exactly like solid, single-vision lenses, and do not suggest advancing years.



A **Pasted Lens** is shown in this illustration. Note the ugly and disfiguring seams. Dust collects at the edges. The cement clouds. Pasted lenses look freakish. They indicate old age.

Write us for Booklet

completely describing Kryptok Lenses and fully demonstrating their becoming appearance and greater efficiency and comfort

Kryptok Company, 108 East 23d St., New York City

Opal-Glass-Lined Oak Refrigerator $31.75

Freight Prepaid From Factory East of the Rockies. West of the Rockies, You Pay Freight From Denver.

You get this highest grade Solid Oak Wickes New Constructed Refrigerator, *lined with Opal Glass,* "better than marble," for only $31.75—*freight prepaid from factory.*

Ice Capacity 100 Pounds

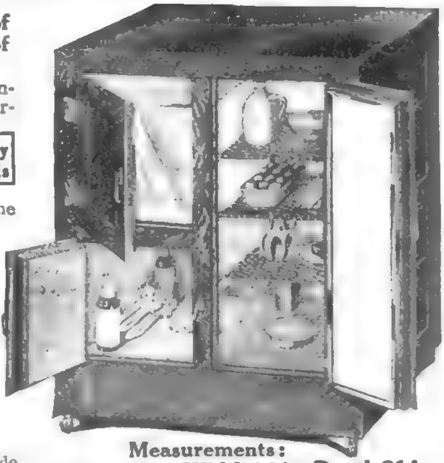
You buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory, at actual factory prices. You save all the dealers', jobbers' and department store profits. You get the Wickes at the price asked everywhere for ordinary "enameled" refrigerators, for which you have to pay the freight in addition.

The Wickes

New Constructed No. 230

is made of solid oak, to last a lifetime—perfectly joined and beautifully finished. The food compartment and door are lined throughout with OPAL GLASS, 7-16 inch thick. Our exclusive construction gives you *double* refrigeration from every pound of ice. Opal glass makes the WICKES absolutely sanitary.

Your money refunded if the WICKES is not exactly as represented. See and use this high-grade refrigerator in your home.



Measurements:
Height 45 in. Width 36 in. Depth 21 in.

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It shows you the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by

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305 Wabash Avenue, Chicago (*Established Over 60 Years*) 29-35 W. 32d St., New York

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—is obtained through the use of CARMEN POWDER which does not "show powder"—stays on until removed from face. Extremely fine, unusually adhesive, Carmen Powder blends perfectly with the complexion, imparting that clear transparency and velvety texture which every woman knows is necessary to real beauty—and no one can tell when you have used Carmen because it does not have that objectionable powdered look.

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Carmen Powder not only preserves and enhances a good complexion, but, as its use has so conclusively proven, it benefits the skin and transforms a poor complexion into charming attractiveness—real beauty.

CARMEN
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—is scientifically made—so pure and wholesome that it cannot possibly injure the most delicate or sensitive skin. Its pleasing, dainty and distinctive perfume lasts until the powder is removed from the face.

You owe it to yourself to prove to your own complete satisfaction that Carmen Powder is absolutely perfect—distinctively different from any other. The

Purse Size Box Given Away

—together with a handsome and useful purse mirror, to every woman writing for it, enclosing 10c in stamps or silver to cover cost of postage and packing—contains sufficient Carmen Powder for two or three weeks—conclusively demonstrates its superiority. State tint—

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream

Toilet Size, 50c Everywhere

Carmen Cold Cream

Pure, snow white, never sticky, delightful and surprisingly beneficial, unequaled for skin roughness—Druggists and Department Stores, 25c—35c everywhere.

Mail Coupon Today

Stafford-Miller Co., 516 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Enclosed find 10c for postage and packing. Send me Purse Size Box Carmen Powder (state tint) also Purse Mirror Free.

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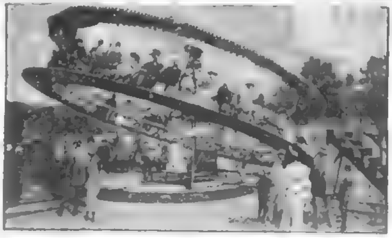
$380 Made in Six Hours



This and better has been done operating the "Circling Wave"—the catchy riding device that pleases both old and young.

A moderate investment gives you a healthy and profitable business of your own—gives you independence. Operate the "Circling Wave" at County Fairs—Old Home Weeks—Carnivals, etc.. You will make big money from the start. For price and catalogue write,

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Drawers on roller bearings. Any arrangement of drawers $22.00. *Weis* Swinging Stand, $8.50, express paid in U.S. Free Catalog "D"—64 pages filing and office time saving devices. Booklet **"Filing Suggestions"** solves filing problems.

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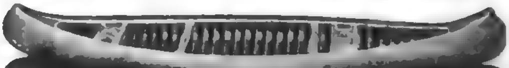

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We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog giving **prices with retailer's profit cut out.** We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

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2 to 2½ H. P. engines—the most perfect of their size ever offered. Built of best materials, few parts—consume little gasolene, kerosene or alcohol.

Send for free catalogue showing all models.

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$23 Bare Engine

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are **Comfortable, Ornamental** and an **Absolute Necessity** when Yachting or Boating. Artificial Spanish Leather, filled with non-absorbent Japanese fibre, impervious to water, with **four times the buoyancy of Cork.** Delivered anywhere in U.S. for $1.25. Send for samples of styles and colorings. Catalog of **Motor Boat, Yacht, Camping and Fishing Outfits** Free on Request

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THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

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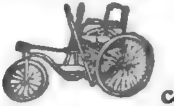

Complete catalog sent on request. Write for it to-day.

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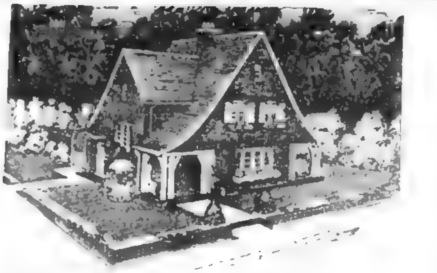

Every one admires a brick house.
Few realize its low cost and economy.

Brick is the most beautiful, most reliable, really the cheapest building material in the world. The cost of wood has risen until a wood house costs more to build and maintain than a brick house.

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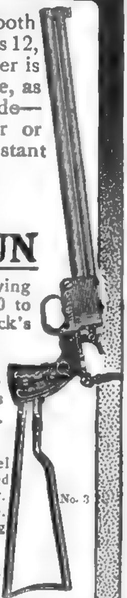
When writing state character of work you have in mind.

THE BUILDING BRICK ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
1627 Flatiron Building, New York

One Gun For All Game



Upper barrel is .22; lower is .44, smooth bored for shot or round ball; lengths 12, 15 and 18 inches. The Game Getter is a gun of full proportions—as true, as steady and reliable as any gun made—but it hangs on your shoulder over or under coat—always ready for instant action. With a 12 inch

MARBLE'S GAME GETTER GUN

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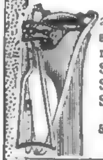

are of three brass sections fitted with steel screw joints and swivel tips. Guaranteed not to bend nor break. **See your dealer.** Sample Nitro-Solvent Oil for his name. Send for catalog of Marble's 60 Outing Specialties.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
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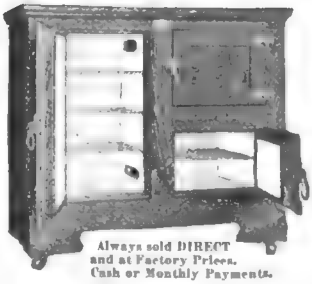
Successor to Marble Safety Axe Co.

Write for Our Free Book on

Home Refrigeration



Always sold DIRECT and at Factory Prices. Cash or Monthly Payments.

This book tells how to select the Home Refrigerator, how to know the poor from the good, how to keep down ice bills, how to keep a Refrigerator sanitary and sweet—lots of things you should know before buying any Refrigerator.

It also tells all about the "**Monroe**" with food compartments made in one piece of solid, unbreakable White Porcelain Ware, over an inch thick, with every corner rounded—no cracks or crevices anywhere, and as easy to keep clean as a china bowl.

The "Monroe"

Each Compartment a solid piece of Porcelain Ware

The leading hospitals use the "**Monroe**" exclusively, and it is found in a large majority of the best homes.

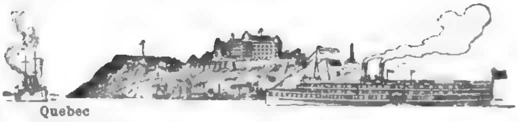
The "Monroe" is never sold in stores, but direct from the factory to you on our liberal trial offer, **Freight Prepaid.**

Easy Payments. We are making a radical departure this year from our rule of all cash with order, and sell the "**Monroe**" on our **liberal credit terms,** to all desiring to buy that way.

Just say "Send Monroe Book" on a postal card and it will go to you by next mail.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station B, Lockland, Ohio

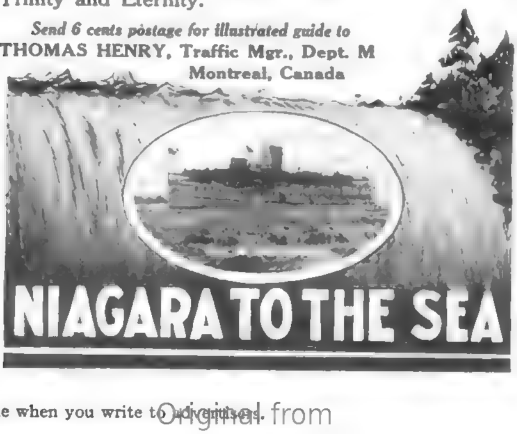
RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.



Quebec

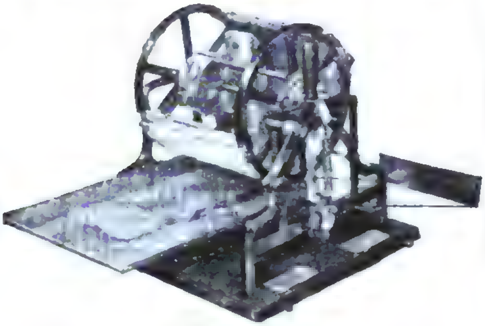
THE grandest trip in America for health and pleasure. It includes the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of the marvelous Rapids, the historic associations of Montreal, Quebec and the famed Saguenay River, with its Stupendous Capes, Trinity and Eternity.

Send 6 cents postage for illustrated guide to
THOMAS HENRY, Traffic Mgr., Dept. M
Montreal, Canada



THE

Self-Inking Rotary Neostyle



will print sixty letters a minute

Important information can be put into the mail in an hour for hundreds of buyers. Dictate first copy, and the Neostyle and your office help will do the rest.

The Neostyle also prints all kinds of office forms. With it you not only cut down the printer's bill but save money and get more business.

For booklet and price, write

Neostyle Co.

30 Reade St., New York
148 Congress St., Boston
232 West Randolph St.,
Chicago

The Newlyweds

are starting off on their wedding trip. The trunks are crowded full of new and wonderful clothes. Teasing friends have slyly attached the tell-tale "Just Married" tags and streamers as the carriage rolls away.

But what a pity if the trunks should get smashed by ruthless baggage-men, and the bride's finery should be ruined or exposed to curious eyes!

This can never happen with **G. & S. Neverbreak Trunks.** They carry your belongings anywhere you go and bring them safely back home. The trade mark on the top near the lock of every

G. & S. NEVERBREAK TRUNK

is a **guarantee** of strength and faithful service. Look for it before you buy, and refuse substitutes.

Many different models to suit your fancy, and every one extra value at the price you wish to pay.

Write for **"Cupid In A Trunk"**—a clever travel story in booklet form containing illustrations and descriptions of **G. & S. Neverbreak Trunks.** We will tell you of the dealer who can fit you out.

L. GOLDSMITH & SON
4 Cherry Street
Newark, N. J.

NEVER L. GOLDSMITH & SON NEWARK G&S NEW JERSEY TRUNKS BREAK

The largest trunk factory in the world. Established in [illegible]

This is Model No. 467

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

WECK'S Sextoblade RAZOR

With 6 Blades and Safety Guard $2

Extra Blades, 4 for 25 Cents

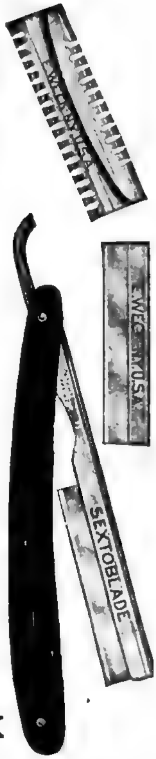
A GOOD, plain razor or a "Safety," as you prefer. So very simple that the most inexperienced can use it successfully; yet offering unlimited opportunities to the experienced man who knows how to strop and who takes pride in his ability to keep his razor in condition.

Records show that the users of this razor are about evenly divided as to the use or non-use of the Safety Guard; they also show that 30,000 **Sextoblade** users in Greater New York used less than 7 blades each per year, making the annual cost of upkeep about 44 cents after the first year's use.

Sextoblade razors are made by the largest and best known practical cutler of New York. **Sold on 30 days' trial.** If not satisfied, your money will be *promptly refunded* on return of razor.

Many dealers are selling the **Sextoblade** razor; if yours does not, the razor will be sent postpaid, with trial privilege, on receipt of price.

E. WECK, 148 Fulton Street, New York



GRAFLEX

3 A Graflex with B. & L. Zeiss Tessar Ic, f 4.5, $132.50

WITH this Camera you can make snap shots on dark or cloudy days and in the shade, or even indoors. You can make time exposures of any duration, or automatic exposures from $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a second. You can see the image right side up, the size it will appear in the negative, up to the instant of exposure.

¶ The 3-A Graflex **makes a picture 3¼ x 5½ on 3-A Kodak daylight loading film cartridge.**

¶ Graflex Catalog free at your dealer's, or

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Use Paints made with Oxide of Zinc.

THE Savage Paint Manufacturer knew natural materials only.

The Civilized Paint Manufacturer a century ago was better equipped, but his materials were still limited.

The Modern Paint Manufacturer, with the help of modern industrial chemistry, has a new world of materials at his command—the most valuable of which is Oxide of Zinc.

Modern paint is Oxide of Zinc paint.

Does your paint contain Oxide of Zinc?

Oxide of Zinc is unalterable even under the blow pipe

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil.

A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed on request.

The New Jersey Zinc Co.
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
55 Wall Street, New York

Packard

¶ The man who sells another piano will probably tell you that the Packard is "second best." But you'll find it to be "first best"—if you go to the bottom of the piano question

Packard pianos and piano players are sold by the better dealers everywhere—or direct by The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Send for Catalogue FF—and our liberal payment plan—to-day

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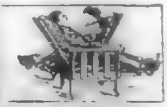
BEACH'S KOZY-KUMFURT FURNITURE SPECIALTIES



Our Plan FROM FACTORY DIRECT Will Appeal to You.
OUR CONSTRUCTION THE BEST. OUR PRICES RIGHT.
Our Combination **KOZY-KUMFURT Chair** will please You.
Ask for Catalogue of
The T. C. Beach Co., 22 Walker Street, St. Johns, Mich.

WHEEL CHAIRS

A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort

We offer over 75 styles of these easy, self-propelling and Invalid's Rolling Chairs, with latest improvements. **Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid,** and sell on

THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL

Liberal Discounts to all sending for free Catalogue NOW.

GORDON MFG. CO.
469 Madison Ave., Toledo, O.

Write For Our FREE Porch Comfort Book

Best Couch Hammock ever made. Ideal for porch comfort or out-door sleeping. Tall man can stretch full length in comfort on a

Coye's Couch Hammock

Hung with heavy chains—strong frame, rigid back, steel springs, cannot tip or sag. Wind shields—ends with pocket. Thick mattress, deeply tufted, in handsome Green or Khaki Duck. Write for Booklet.

Chas. A. Coye, Inc.
Dept. A Grand Rapids, Mich.

Our Direct Factory to Porch Selling Plan Saves You Money

Our Money Back Guarantee of Complete Satisfaction Makes Shopping by Mail Perfectly Safe For You

Story of the College and the "Homo"-toned Haddorff Piano

AGE IMPROVES THIS PIANO

The musical department of our college has noted a remarkable thing about the pianos used there. One of the faculty declares, "The tone of the Haddorffs now used for seven years has grown better year by year, and they seem more like grand pianos than uprights."

HADDORFF

The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board

BOARD specially constructed to give each note same tone richness as other notes—"Homo"-tone (even tone throughout). The piano that improves with age. Hear this tone before buying your piano. If not at your dealer's, we will tell you what dealer handles the HADDORFF.

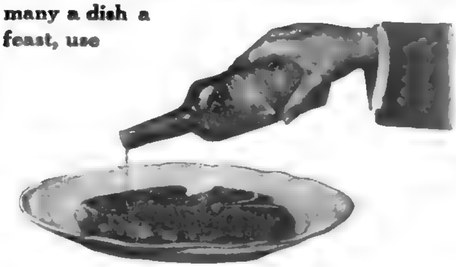
Write for name of dealer and for "Homo"-tone folder.

HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY

Grands, Uprights, Player-Pianos—Rockford, Illinois

Try It On Steaks

If you want that rare relish that makes many a dish a feast, use



LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A superior seasoning for **Soups, Fish, Meats, Gravies, Game and Salads.**

Assists Digestion.

Lea & Perrins' signature is on label and wrapper.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

She Can See Him, but He Can't See Her

Vudor Porch Shades give seclusion and privacy, permitting the free use of the porch as an outdoor room.

Vudor Porch Shades

keep out the sun and glare, but let in the breeze and sufficient light for reading, sewing or games. They are made of wide strips of light wood firmly bound with strong seine twine. They are artistically stained with weather-proof colors in greens and browns. You can put them up in ten minutes *with only a screwdriver*, but they last for years. Vudor Porch Shades must not be confused with flimsy bamboo or imported screens. Vudor Porch Shades cost from $2.50 up, according to width, and a porch of ordinary size can be completely equipped with them at a cost of from $3.50 to $10.

Write for Beautiful Booklet in Colors

We will send you, free, upon receipt of a postal card request, the beautiful Vudor booklet fully describing and illustrating, in actual colors, Vudor Porch Shades and Vudor Hammocks. With the booklet we will send you name of dealer in your town.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 226 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Marlin

REPEATER

Model 1897

The best-made .22 rifle in the world!

Shoots all .22 short, .22 long and .22 long rifle cartridges without change in adjustment; excellent for rabbits, squirrels, hawks, crows, foxes and all small game and target work up to 200 yards.

It's a take-down, convenient to carry and clean. The tool steel working parts cannot wear out. It's Ivory Bead and Rocky Mountain sights are the best set ever furnished on any .22. Has lever action—like a big game rifle; has solid top and side ejection for safety and rapid accurate firing—the real test of a repeater.

Note the beautiful case-hardened finish and the superb build and balance. Examine at your gun store or send three stamps postage for new big catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns. Do it now!

The Marlin Firearms Co.

12 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Jericho

JERICHO-O-O-O-O-O

Horn

IT'S THE NATIONAL SIGNAL
"Warns Without Offense"

Easy to Attach—Easy to Operate—A pleasing tone—An insistent warning.
$7, $8, $9, $10.00, complete.

Dealers Everywhere

THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO.
BOSTON, U.S.A.

Write us today for Booklet 10, on Accessories you need for your car

Cut It in Half

and you will see that, unlike all other collar-buttons,

THE ONE-PIECE

KREMENTZ

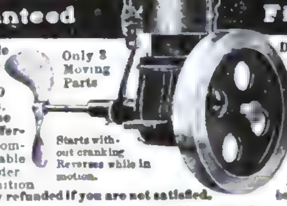
is double thick where double strength is needed—in the shank. Not a weak spot in it. Made of one piece. Hammered into graceful shape that makes it easy to button and unbutton. 22 models for ladies and gentlemen. 14 K. Gold, 10 K. Gold and 14 K. Rolled Gold Plate. Free Booklet. "*The Story of a Collar Button,*" tells all about them. Want one? Yours for postal.

KREMENTZ & CO.
84 Chestnut St.
NEWARK, N. J.

KREMENTZ QUALITY STAMPED ON BACK

Detroit Marine Engine
Guaranteed Five Years

You are the sole judge of the engine and its merits. 25,000 satisfied users. **Greatest Engine Bargain ever offered.** Nothing complicated or liable to get out of order. Waterproof ignition system. **Money refunded if you are not satisfied.**



Demonstrator Agents wanted in every boating community. Special wholesale price on the first outfit sold. Single cyl., 2-8 h. p.; double cyl., 8-20 h. p.; 4 cyl., 20-50 h. p. Suitable for any boat, canoe to cruiser. Also railroad track car. All engines complete with boat fittings. Free Catalog.

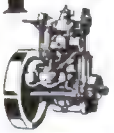
Detroit Engine Works, 1280 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

FERRO MARINE ENGINES
$60 AND UP
The Engine that Mastered Niagara

THE World's Standard Two-cycle Marine Motor. Ten sizes; one, two or three cylinders; 3 to 25 horse power. High-tension magneto; new idea in carburetor; many other advantages.

1911 Catalog
all models,
sent free

The Ferro Machine & F'dry Co.
13 Hubbard Ave., Cleveland.
Agents in Principal Cities and Ports.



RANGER BICYCLES

Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes* and *Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 5 yrs.*

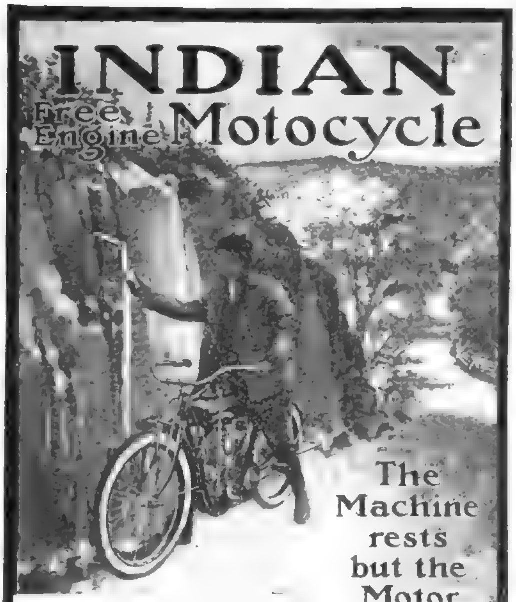
FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL Weekly on approval, *freight prepaid*, anywhere in U.S., *without a cent in advance.*

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and *a marvelous new offer.* A postal brings everything. *Write it now.* TIRES, Coaster-Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, sundries, *half usual prices.*

Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-43, CHICAGO


INDIAN
Free Engine Motocycle
The Machine rests but the Motor runs

THE new INDIAN Free Engine Clutch enables you to ride at any speed from a baby's crawl to fifty miles an hour. It gives you a hundred speeds at your fingers' end.

When you stop to rest, the engine runs free. You start in motion by throwing in the Free Engine Clutch—the one device previously lacking to make motocycling perfect. It can not be burned out either by use or abuse. Absolute comfort and control all the time.

The SPEED *of the* Indian *also* Stands *for* POWER

It assures you fast traveling when you want it on the level, and additional pulling power on rough or sandy roads, and for speed on steep hills.

Most INDIANS are made with the *chain drive*—the most direct way of transmitting power on hills and all kinds of roads. The belt drive can also be had, if desired.

The INDIAN for Pleasure, Health and Utility

It gets you out in the country. As a business help, it combines reliability, despatch and economy.

Send for our new 1911 Catalogue

and get a glimpse of the pleasure open to you in motocycling. Write for the new 1911 INDIAN Motocycle Catalogue now.

The HENDEE MFG. CO., 843 State St., Springfield, Mass.

Phoenix Silk Hose

NOT "near silk" or spun silk, but genuine thread silk—the soft, shimmery kind you'd expect in only the most expensive hosiery. Furthermore, it's warranted to wear.

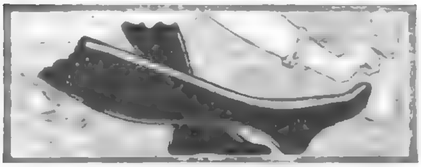
Guaranteed—No Holes, 3 Months

Written guaranty is in every four-pair box. If any of the four pairs show a hole within three months, you will be given new hose free. That guaranty tells the story of perfect manufacture.

For Men Box of four pairs, $2.00 Guaranteed **50** CTS. **Women's** Box of four pairs, $3.00 Guaranteed **75** CTS.

Twelve colors for men—nine for women. If your dealer can't supply you we will fill your order direct on receipt of price.

Phoenix Knitting Works
249 BROADWAY—MILWAUKEE
Makers of Phoenix Knitted Mufflers and Phoenix Registered Hose



Dioxogen

When accidents happen on the 4th of July, or any other time, think *first* of Dioxogen. Its prompt application to a cut, a wound, a burn or any break in the skin, *prevents* infection. Infection causes blood poisoning, the consequences of which no one can foretell. Be prepared for any emergency by having a bottle of Dioxogen always ready for use. Sold by all drug dealers. Send for free *2-oz.* introductory bottle.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 110 Front Street, New York, N. Y.

Accidents *Will* Happen

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

FOR MINE

For **Prickly Heat** and **Sunburn**
Relieves all **Skin Irritations**

Sample Box for 4c stamp

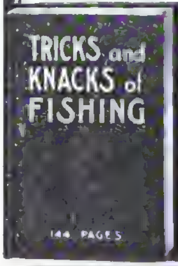
GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Trade-Mark

"Bristol"

Steel Fishing Rods

BUY of your local dealer a "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rod with the word "BRISTOL" stamped on the reel seat, and he will give you a copy of the valuable cloth-bound book, "Tricks and Knacks of Fishing," containing 40 chapters of expert fishing advice. The book is not given free with any other rod except a genuine "BRISTOL." Write for

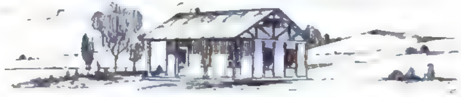


FREE CATALOGUE

Send your dealer's name. We will supply him with one book free for each "BRISTOL" Rod which he now has or which he buys during 1911.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
51 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.

CORNELL SECTIONAL BUILDINGS



Garages, Cottages, School Houses, Camps —Portable Buildings of every description.

Factory Made at Low Cost.

Art Catalog by mail on receipt of 4c stamps

WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO., 402 Green Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

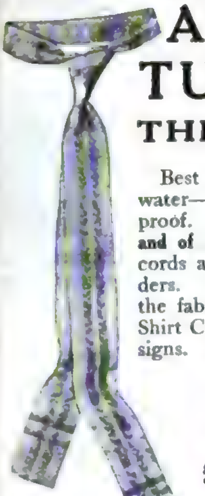
EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Try Butter on **Educator Wafers** and eat them morning, noon and night.

Solve the Bread Problem

Your grocer will supply you;
if not, send us his name.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



AUERBACH'S TUB SCARF
THE MATPANEL

Best under the sun and under the water—Colors, sun-proof and water-proof. **Of BASKET WEAVE MADRAS and of SILK and LINEN** with Russian cords and satin-serge panels and borders. Over 200 patterns altogether, the fabric made by the Manhattan Shirt Co. after our own exclusive designs. **50c. Send for FREE Clippings.**

SOLIDSILK SCARVES

Blacks, Fancies, and FIFTY plain shades of SOLIDSILK Rep and Barathea, **50c. and $1.00.**

We'll fill your order if your home stores have none.

Look for This Label

FREE Illustrated Card showing FIFTY colors

LOUIS AUERBACH
842--844-846 Broadway, New York

The Mark of The Thoroughbred Pipe

Breeding among Pipes? Why, of course! Just as there's breeding among men.

That pipe which is made in a hurry of poorly seasoned material may *look* all right—but it will surely develop a "yellow streak." And that's something that never did, *never could* happen to a

Briar BBB Pipe
Made in England
Awarded Grand Prix Franco-British ('08) and Brussels ('10) Expos'ns.

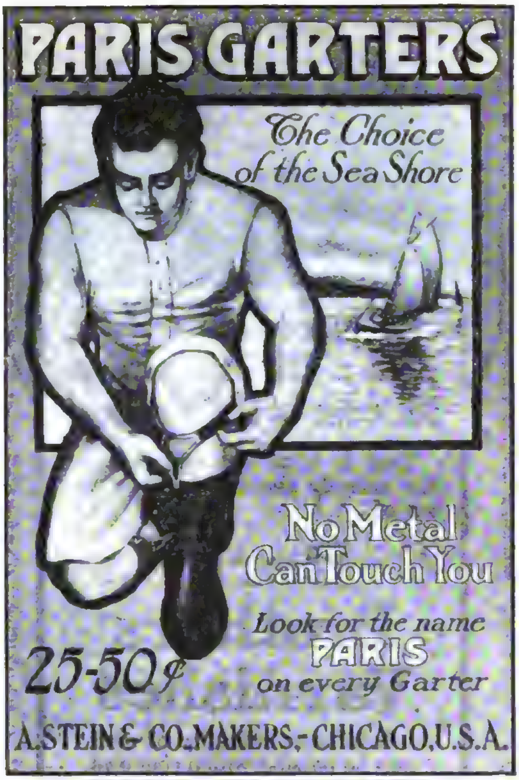
The reason! Why simply because nothing but the very finest of three-year-old briar root is used in the making.

And the way each one is made—the lavishness of pains-taking, time-consuming care—the three sets of inspectors who reject on an average of 64 out of every 100 bowls "turned." All of these are what go to make BBB stand for the aristocracy of the pipe kingdom. And this has been so for more than half a century—according to the judgment of three generations of gentlemen. Now let's have *your* judgment.

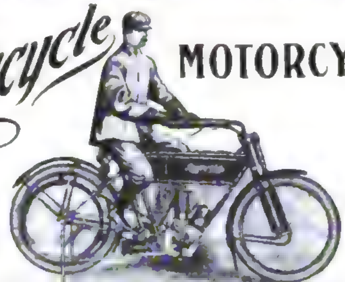
All Styles—All Prices

BBB pipes are made in England and sold in every country in the world. If your town has none, send us your dealer's name on a postal. We'll see that you are supplied.

Adolph Frankau & Co., Ltd. 121 W. 23d St., New York



PARIS GARTERS
The Choice of the Sea Shore
No Metal Can Touch You
Look for the name PARIS on every Garter
25-50¢
A. STEIN & CO. MAKERS,-CHICAGO, U.S.A.



THE Racycle MOTORCYCLE

STARTS IN THE STAND

THIS 4 H. P. Machine, equipped with V Belt and Free Engine Clutch, controlled from the handle bar grip, requires no *hard pedalling*, because it *starts in the stand*, either on hill or level ground. With clutch detached engine runs free. Simply mount your machine and start just as easily and in real motor-car manner—

Just Like An Automobile

Rides smoothly because of anti-vibratory spring seat post. Either Battery or Magneto models can be furnished.

Controlled easily without removing hands from handle bars. Equipped with Musselman brake—surest, simplest and strongest brake made.

If you prefer, there's a model with Flat Belt and Idler—giving tightener for his belt at rider's constant command. For either business or pleasure, the Racycle Motorcycle outclasses all its predecessors as far as Racycles do ordinary bicycles.

Workmanship and materials absolutely guaranteed.

Write for our 1911 FREE Illustrated Catalog. It explains the simplicity and perfection of the Racycle clutch, and other safety and COMFORT features which make the Racycle Motorcycle the one really desirable machine.

The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co. 52 Grand Ave Middletown, Ohio, U S. A

Get the opinion of any RACYCLE Rider

BERRY BROTHERS' CELEBRATED

50% increase in output plus a 15% reduction in cost of finishing!

That is what one manufacturer has recently accomplished by the use of

Berry Brothers' Varnishes

It is but an indication of what may be possible within your own finishing department, if you take a *personal* interest in the subject—if you call one of our varnish-shop efficiency engineers into consultation with you.

No matter how far you may be removed from the actual use of varnish—

No matter how large or small your purchases—whether for buildings or the product of your factory—

It will pay you to know the value of your factory—

It will pay you to know the value of our varnishes.

Send for free booklet, "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

Any painter or dealer can furnish *Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes.*

BERRY BROTHERS, LIMITED

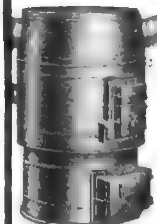
Largest Manufacturers of Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-drying and Baking Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers and Dryers.
Factories—Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ont.
Branches—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco.

BRILLIANT DURABLE UNEXCELLED

VARNISHES

DETROIT.

Comfort
for
Old Age



Most heating systems simply heat the air. It is not comfortable warmth—it saps your energy—makes you feel dull, lazy, drowsy. If you want comfortable, energizing, stimulating and truly healthful warmth install a

Jewel WARM AIR Furnace

All sizes—for homes, churches, stores, schools, etc. The Jewel system takes fresh air from the outside, heats to the proper temperature and circulates through the building. Requires less fuel—less attention—gives better and more healthful heat than any other system. Costs less to install and is worth more. Is by long odds the best warm air furnace in the world.

Let This Free Book Solve the Heating Question For You

It tells all—proves by scientific investigation that warm air heating is the most healthful and economical and the modern method. Tells why your choice should be a "Jewel" Warm Air Furnace. Describes its superior construction in detail—gives new building plans, methods of installation, prices. Send for it.

Detroit Stove Works
Department Z
DETROIT CHICAGO
Largest Stove Plant in the World

WHITE HOUSES DEMAND WHITE PAINT

In the suburbs, in the smaller towns, in the country—wherever smoke and soot do not pervade the air—where green trees and foliage abound to afford the proper contrast, there is nothing prettier or in better taste than the house painted white. And when white paint is in order it cannot be too white, too clear, too pure.

For beauty, for economy, and for wearing qualities, nothing is superior to the paint which is made to suit the condition of the building with Carter White Lead and pure linseed oil.

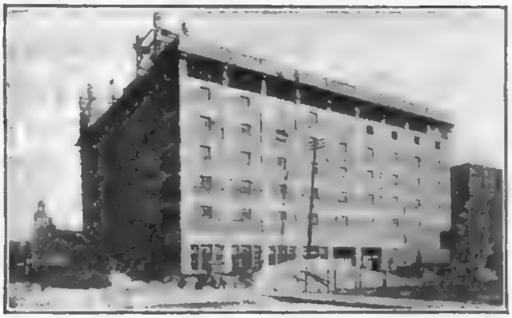
CARTER
The White
White Lead

Carter White Lead is the strictly pure white lead of our forefathers, only whiter, finer and more perfectly made, due to an improved, modern process which eliminates all impurities and discolorations. It makes the whitest white paint for either exteriors or interiors, and with the addition of proper tinting colors, the clearest and most durable colored paint of any desired shade.

Figured by the gallon, by square yards of surface covered, by years of service, by any standard you choose, it is true economy to use pure Carter White Lead paint.

Our free book "Pure Paint" tells when white paint is appropriate, when other colors are better, and what make harmonious color combinations and illustrates the principles with color plates of real houses. It tells you how to detect adulterations, and how to know pure paint, and how to get it at reasonable cost. If you own a house that needs painting send for this book at once.

Carter White Lead Co.
12960 So. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago—Omaha



Begin Business in Des Moines

WHEREVER you are, you know Des Moines—wherever you go, you hear of Des Moines—whatever you read, you see something about Des Moines.

Des Moines is the city of well-to-do people. It is the City of Certainties. It is *the* city for the young man. The biggest businesses in Des Moines are owned by young men who began their business careers within the past twenty years. Prosperity here is not only a habit, but a natural condition.

Des Moines—The City of Certainties

is the center of the State of Iowa, the richest state in the Union—the heart of the region of continuous prosperity—the distributing point of the "panicless" part of the country—the center of nearly 30,000,000 acres of improved farms—the trade center for 2,250,000 people with money.

To-day Des Moines does not supply more than one-third the demands of its trade territory.

Begin business—move your factory—establish a branch here. Study Des Moines. It is not "booming," it is growing normally.

The Greater Des Moines Committee will give you personal attention and prompt personal service. Ask us for "WEALTH" and other information about Des Moines, or tell us what you want to do and we will write you fully. Use the certainty coupon below, or write us to-day.

The Greater Des Moines Committee
122 Coliseum Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

CERTAINTY COUPON

Greater Des Moines Committee,
122 Coliseum Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.
Send me "WEALTH" and the Des Moines Certainty Book.

My business Is ____________________

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Manufacturers! Capitalists! Financiers! Tourists! Everybody!

Visit the World's Most Beautiful Capital

OTTAWA, CANADA

A Great Cheap Power Centre

Come! A Hearty Welcome Awaits You!

Every facility of the Publicity and Industrial Bureau will be placed at your command in order that you may investigate the many splendid Industrial opportunities. The Ottawa Valley provides every conceivable means of recreation, sport, health and pleasure.

Ottawa Hotels Provide Excellent Service

Conservative Manufacturers and Capitalists find here manifold economic and advantageous facilities for manufacturing and distribution. Efficient, contented labor is available, especially female help.

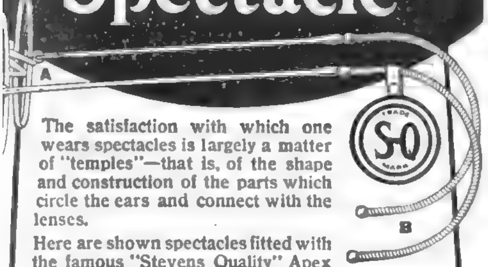
Write Now for Illustrated Booklets

Maps and full information will be furnished you promptly without cost

***HERBERT W. BAKER,** Commissioner,*
Publicity and Industrial Bureau

Dept. E

The Apex Spectacle



The satisfaction with which one wears spectacles is largely a matter of "temples"—that is, of the shape and construction of the parts which circle the ears and connect with the lenses.

Here are shown spectacles fitted with the famous "Stevens Quality" Apex Temple.

A is of stiffened metal. B (the curve) is *flexible* and wound with a coil of gold protected wire. This gives strength and an easy bearing surface behind the ears which prevents chafing and soreness.

Stevens Quality

Optical Goods embody every advanced principle known in this line of manufacture and some besides that are *exclusive*. Always look for the S. Q. tag on spectacle frames and eye-glass mountings. *It means the best*—the S. Q. trademark *never* covers inferior goods. In ordering of your optician be sure to specify Apex Temples—they make spectacle wearing comfortable.

STEVENS & COMPANY, Inc., Providence, R.I.

---

750 (Extra Heavy) Towels for $2

No Laundry Expense

A clean paper towel for every wash — used once and thrown away. Absolutely hygienic.

Made of the finest quality, heavy absorbent paper. Instantly absorb the moisture without friction or irritation to the skin. Prevent chapping of the face or hands and avoids skin infection.

ScotTissue Towels

"Use Like a Blotter"

should be in every office and lavatory. They are clean, safe and sanitary.

Your Money Back if Not Satisfied

Send us $2 today if you are East of the Mississippi River, or $2.50 if West, together with name of your Dealer, and we will send you prepaid, 750 towels with fixture to hold the roll. Try them and if not perfectly satisfied, we'll refund your money.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Manufacturers of "Sani Tissue Toilet Paper" and 5c "Waldorf"
623 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia

№4711.

Eau de Cologne

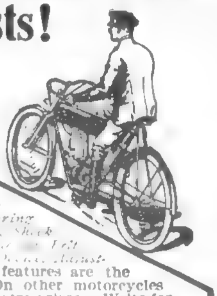
Is Indispensable while Traveling.

One delicious whiff, when overcome with weariness, and all discomforts are forgotten. You are refreshed and restored beyond expectation. The very essence of refinement; will please the most fastidious. Insist on "4711" (Forty-seven-eleven) Blue and Gold Label.

Sold Everywhere.

Ferd. Mülhens, No. 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne, o/R, Ger.
U. S. Branch—Mülhens & Kropff, New York.
House Founded in 1792.

Motorcyclists!



Here are the newest motor cycle improvements. Your machine may have one or two of them, but you can not ride in such safety, comfort or satisfaction unless you have them all. Every one of them is found in the **R. S. MOTORCYCLE.** *Ball Bearing Motor, Mechanically operated [illegible], Shock [illegible] and Foot Rest.* These and other features are the regular standard of the R. S. On other motorcycles they are furnished only as extras at extra prices. Write for 1911 catalog. *Established dealers*—write today for open territory and agency proposition.

READING STANDARD COMPANY
Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles
402 Water St., Reading, Pa.

R-S

Accident Insurance At Actual Cost To Business and Professional Men

$9 A Year

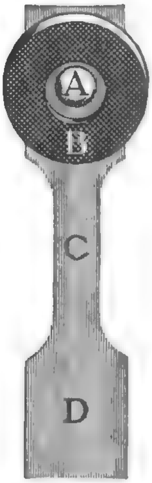
The thing you've wanted. A $5,000.00 Policy—at a cost commensurate with your risk—only business and professional men of equal hazard are accepted.

$4 Now pays your membership fee, your dues for 1911 and insures you to October 15th, 1911.

Write for Sample Policy and Free Book explaining our plan.

Inter-State Business Men's Accident Association
Ernest W. Brown, Sec.-Treas.
506 Observatory Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

Removes the Corn in 48 Hours



Corn troubles are ended forever when you once know Blue-jay. This little plaster is applied in a jiffy, and the pain ends instantly. In forty-eight hours the corn so loosens that you lift it out.

Nothing else acts like Blue-jay. No other corn treatment has one-fiftieth so large a sale. No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience. Millions of people now get rid of corns in this way. Won't you today become one of them.

See the Picture

A is the harmless red B & B wax which loosens the corn.

B is soft felt to protect the corn and keep the wax from spreading.

C is the comfortable narrow band which goes around the toe.

D is rubber adhesive. It fastens the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

At All Druggists 15c and 25c per Package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(110)

Conveniently wash at any time or at any place, and always have a clean towel and wash rag, fine soap and new comb in your kit.

Provide yourself whenever you're traveling with the

Scott Tourist Package

"It fits in your pocket"

24 for $2.00

Each Packet Contains:

1st, 6 Scot-Tissue Towels; 3d, Toilet Soap;
2d, a Wash Rag; 4th, Scott Sani-Komb,
and 5th, packet of Sani-Tissue.

Send your $2 today ($2.40 if West of Mississippi River) and learn the meaning of comfort and cleanliness when traveling.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY 508 Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

My three thousand styles of electric lighting glass are the result of over thirty years' experience in working out difficult lighting problems.

I make a special globe or shade for every lighting effect, just as I make a special lamp-chimney for every burner.

My lamp-chimneys are made of Macbeth "Pearl Glass," and bear my name. They make the lamp do its best.

My Index shows the right chimney for every lamp. Free.

MACBETH

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company Pittsburgh

CHICAGO:
178 East Lake Street

PHILADELPHIA:
42 South Eighth Street

NEW YORK: 19 West 30th Street

TEST PAPERS

Watch for the Enemy of your teeth—"Acid Mouth"

This simple test will show whether or not you have "acid mouth," and if you have, you can also prove that Pebeco never fails to do away with it. Send for the Free Test Papers.

THE almost indestructible enamel—the armor plate of the teeth—is not proof against acids that accumulate in the mouth.

The hard, flint-like coating is gradually dissolved in an "acid mouth," and when it is once destroyed the softer interior of the tooth rapidly disintegrates. Dental authorities assert that ninety-five per cent. of tooth decay is caused by "acid mouth."

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

In order to save the teeth, *preserve* the *enamel* by removing the cause of the enamel's destruction—"acid mouth."

Pebeco Tooth Paste neutralizes acidity of the mouth and destroys the germs and bacteria that cause fermentation and give rise to acids in the oral cavity.

Pebeco is a perfect cleanser and deodorant, restoring whiteness to the teeth and insuring a sweet, wholesome breath. It appeals strongly to the man who smokes. It leaves a pleasant, revitalized freshness that is delightful.

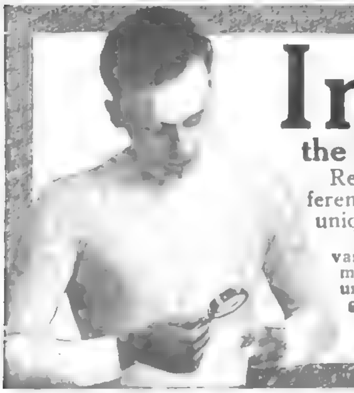
Send for Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

and try the acid test experiment yourself and prove how Pebeco overcomes tooth destroying acids.

Pebeco originated in the laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in large 50c tubes As only ⅓ of a brushful is used at a time, it is very economical.

LEHN & FINK, 118 William St., New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum



Interlock

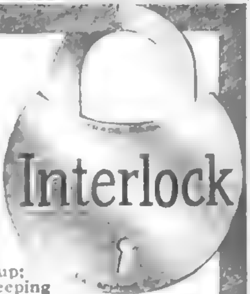
the lightest-for-warmth underwear

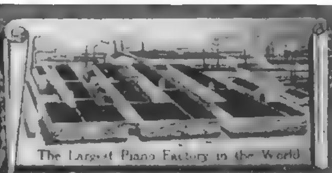
Remember the name—and you'll get the different sensible winter underwear. Look for the unique metal lock attached to every garment.

Made in cotton, mercerized cotton, and merino; of various grades from the inexpensive to the luxurious garments. **For Men and Boys**—shirts, or drawers, 50c and up; union suits, $1 and up. **For Infants**—shirts, pants, and sleeping garments; cotton, merino, wool, and silk, 50c to $1.50.

Write us for illustrated booklet and sample

General Knit Fabric Company, Utica N Y

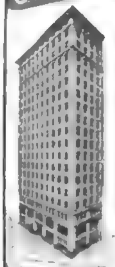




The Largest Piano Factory in the World

The Man and the Factory Behind the Steger Piano

When you see the name **Steger & Sons** on a piano, remember that it means something more than mere name association. It means that the man who more than a quarter of a century ago built the first *Steger* piano supervises the manufacture of every **Steger & Sons** piano that leaves the factory. Under such conditions it is not surprising that their popularity has made the *Steger* factories the largest in the world—that these famous instruments sell at remarkably low prices, made possible only by the *Steger* policies of visible, audible result-valuation and small margin of profit.



19 Story Steger Bldg.

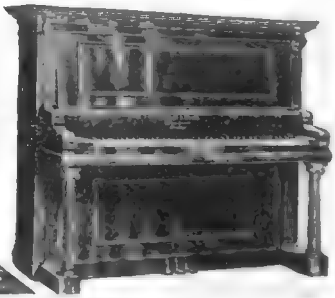
Steger & Sons

The True Representatives of Supreme Piano Satisfaction

Pianos and Player Pianos

FREE *We want every music lover to have our handsomely illustrated free catalog, which is a real necessity to those contemplating the purchase of a piano.*

The **Steger & Sons** Piano is in a class by itself—each instrument is the supreme effort of an enormous corps of expert piano builders—under the personal supervision of J. V. Steger, the greatest master piano builder in the world—in the largest piano factory in the world—at Steger, Ill.—the town founded by J. V. Steger. The **Steger & Sons** Pianos and Player Pianos are delivered anywhere in the United States free of charge. The greatest piano value offered, within the easy reach of all.



Our Plans For Payment Make Buying Convenient

Liberal allowance made for old pianos. Write today for new Catalog—yours for the asking—and will give you some wonderful information.

Steger & Sons, Steger Building, Chicago, Ill.

All Aboard for the Land o'Nod

STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

Insures a Quick and Happy Trip

NO ARTICLE should receive a more rigid inspection before it enters the household than a Mattress. Otherwise you cannot be quite sure that the inside of it is clean and wholesome or that the quality is worth the price asked.

Mattresses, as generally sold, are sewed up good and tight and you can't get even a peep at the inside. That is all the more reason why you should be suspicious of Mattresses sold in this way.

The Stearns & Foster Mattress is so constructed that the quality of the filling can be examined. You know just what you are paying for.

For over sixty years The Stearns & Foster Co. have been manufacturing cotton products and their daily out-put of Mattresses far exceeds that of any other factory. That is why a Stearns & Foster Mattress enjoys the highest prestige for comfort, service, purity and finish.

For sale generally by furniture dealers and department stores thruout the United States. If you are unable to purchase our Mattresses from your dealer, drop us a line and we will see that you are promptly taken care of.

See that the name "Stearns & Foster" is on the label of the Mattress. This is your only safeguard. Insist upon it.

*Made in **Four Grades: The Anchor; Windsor; Lenox and Style "A"***

The Stearns & Foster Co.

Dept. F-4, Cincinnati, Ohio

In use on all Leading Rail-Roads

That the Seeger Refrigerator is scientifically correct in principle is proven by the fact that it is in use on leading railroads, in their dining and refrigerator car service.

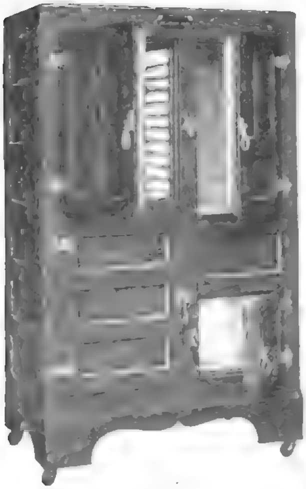
On long trips, where frequent icing is impossible, *efficiency* and *economy in ice consumption* are very essential.

The Seeger Dry Air Siphon System compels active, constant circulation of pure, dry air, thus maintaining a *much lower temperature with less ice* than in other refrigerators.

The fact is a matter of *practical tests*, in competition—tests which have induced, not only railroads, but leading cafes, apartment houses and the finest homes to adopt

The Seeger Siphon Refrigerator

Original and Only Patented



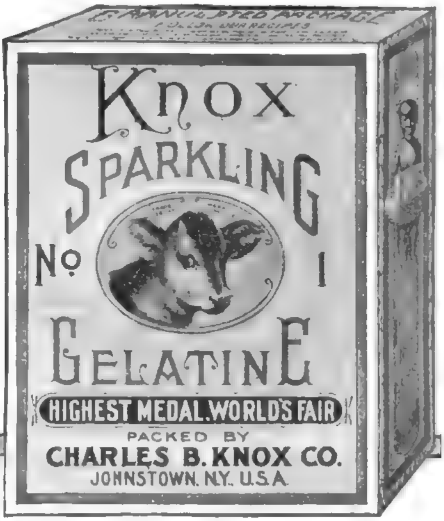
With the "Seeger" *stagnant air is impossible.* All impurities, moisture and odors are forced from the provision chamber onto the ice, where they are condensed and carried off.

That is why *milk, butter, fruit and vegetables* may be kept in the *same compartment without taint.*

Write us today for illustrated descriptive catalog.

Sold by dealers under the Seeger guarantee. If some reliable dealer in your city cannot sell you a "Seeger," we will ship you direct the size you want.

Seeger Refrigerator Co.
840-870 Arcade St., ST. PAUL, MINN.



The Gelatine in this package of

KNOX PURE · PLAIN SPARKLING GELATINE

is divided into two envelopes, and makes two full quarts. Each package also contains a packet of *pink color,* for making fancy desserts.

Knox Gelatine is uncolored, unsweetened, pure and wholesome. It is granulated and dissolves quickly.

Send for the KNOX Recipe Book

of many appetizing summer dishes

"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Creams, Candies—illustrated in colors—sent you upon receipt of your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name

CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY
104 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal, Canada

"The Player

Whether your pleasure is to evoke memories of Auld Lang Syne through the ever-new melodies of childhood—

Or whether you wish to render perfectly the most difficult compositions of the masters of music—

The Krell Auto-Grand offers possibilities of interpretation and accentuation which no other player approaches.

Why the Krell Auto-Grand is Different

The patented exclusive striking principle duplicates exactly the *human touch.*

Krell Auto-Grand

There is an individual pneumatic for each key of the piano—and each one of these can be removed easily by itself—no expert is necessary to adjust or clean it. The pneumatic system is placed where it belongs—close to the bellows and *below* the keyboard. This is true of no other player.

Because of the Extra Storage Air Reservoir, volume may be increased or decreased simply by pedaling, and without effect upon the tempo. The motor is noiseless, the tubes metal, (instead of rubber) the tracker-board a special aluminum alloy. The graduating tone device makes possible effects attainable in no other player. The Krell Auto-Grand is an 88-note instrument. Before you choose a player-piano, see and hear it.

KRELL AUTO-GRAND PIANO

Makers of the Celebrated Albert Krell Pianos

Cost and Economy in Paint

Paint when your house needs it and use the best paint. Don't use a substitute for good, old-fashioned, white lead and linseed oil paint just because linseed oil is high this year. The entire increase in the cost of using paint made from linseed oil and

"Dutch Boy Painter" PURE WHITE LEAD

will not amount to more than 5 per cent. This will figure from one to five dollars, according to the size of the house—an insignificant sum when valuable property is at stake.

Get from your dealer the cost of the following ingredients:

100 lbs. "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead . .	$......
4 gallons pure linseed oil	......
1 gallon turpentine	......
1 pint turpentine drier	......
This makes 8 gallons genuine old-fashioned paint	......

You will find that the best is the cheapest per gallon as well as per job.

Our Free Painting Helps We will send you on request, color schemes, miscellaneous painting directions, and names of "Blue List" Painters in your community, who use "Dutch Boy Painter" pure white lead. Ask for "Helps No. 542."

TO PAINTERS: If you use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead, ask for our "Painters' Blue List No. 542." It gives particulars.

National Lead Company

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis,
San Francisco, Chicago
[John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia]
[National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh]

That's Different"

Did you ever stop to consider that a player-piano gets much more and much harder usage than a hand-played instrument?

The ordinary piano is not built to stand this heavy strain; and merely attaching a player mechanism to it does not make it any stronger. ***We manufacture all parts of both our piano and player action ourselves.*** Most other manufacturers merely assemble the different parts.

Krell Auto-Grand

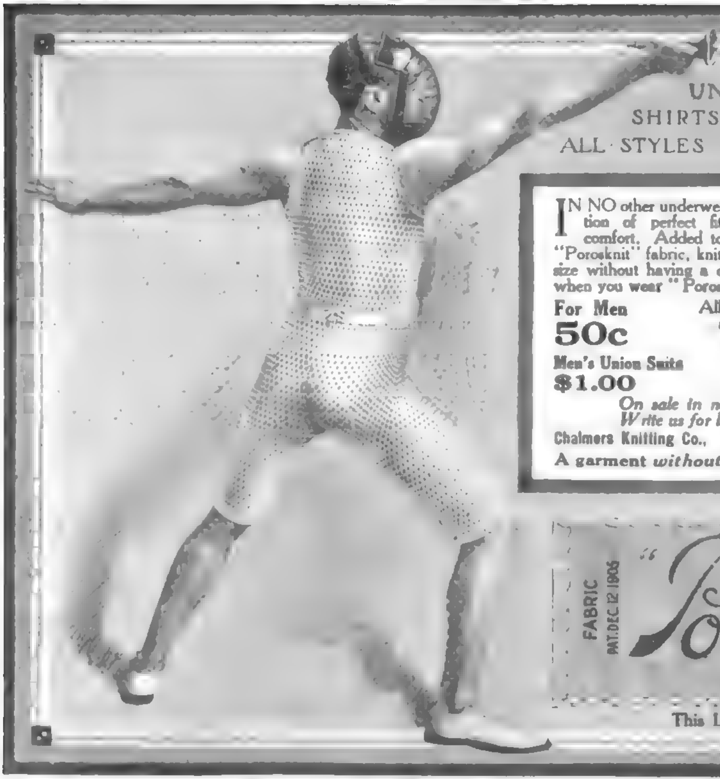
The Albert Krell piano is noted for its sweetness and musical capability; in addition it is strengthened in every vulnerable part. The Auto-Grand player action can only be found in the Albert Krell Piano.

"How to Select a Player-Piano" Sent Free

A very interesting little book on player-piano construction and development which is of vital interest to every one interested in players. It gives you a thorough insight into the principles of player-piano construction and it tells in detail of the hundred-and-one distinctive features of the Krell Auto-Grand. **Write for it to-day. You should have it.**

COMPANY OF AMERICA

Dept. 1-B Connersville, Indiana



UNION · SUITS
SHIRTS · AND · DRAWERS
ALL · STYLES FOR MEN · AND · BOYS

IN NO other underwear can you get so perfect a combination of perfect fit, elasticity, absorbency and cool comfort. Added to this is the peculiar lightness of the "Porosknit" fabric, knit and cut so you can get your right size without having a clumsy garment. You'll *know* this when you wear "Porosknit." Begin today.

For Men	All Styles, Shirts and Drawers per garment	For Boys
50c		**25c**
Men's Union Suits		**Boys' Union Suits**
$1.00	Any style	**50c**

On sale in nearly every store you pass.
Write us for booklet showing all styles.

Chalmers Knitting Co., 9 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

A garment *without* our label is *not* "Porosknit."

TRADE MARK
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12 1905
"Porosknit"
DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19. 1905
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

This Label on Every Garment

SCHOOL GIRL COMPLEXIONS

CUTICURA SOAP

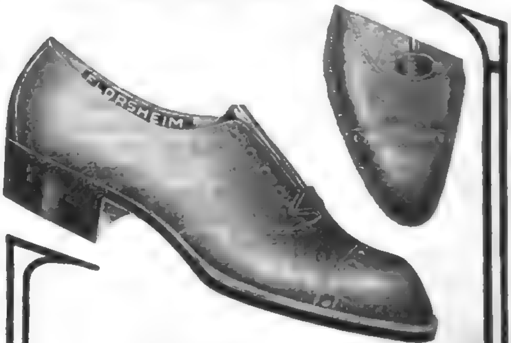
Because of its delicate emollient properties, added to its absolute purity and refreshing fragrance, Cuticura Soap is most fitted to maintain the youthful freshness and beauty of the complexion, hands and hair. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, it overcomes a tendency to disfiguring eruptions in youth, and thus lays the foundation of a clear skin and good hair through life. No other emollients do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands and falling hair.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

☞Free, from Boston or London depots, samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, with 32-p. booklet.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE



The Drexel

French Calf Custom Oxford, $6.00.

Ease and elegance "stand out" in the Florsheim Shoe. Comfort features—"Natural Shape" lasts and "Hugtite" heels avoid chafing and pinching.

Ask your dealer about The Florsheim Shoe, or send the amount, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our booklet, "The Shoeman," showing styles that *are* different.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

Get Better Results with Your Camera

War photographers, noted amateurs who photograph wild animals, and professionals, who must have perfect results even under difficulties, get their pictures with Goerz Lenses. We will tell you how.

GOERZ LENSES

on the very camera you now own will give you expert results Goerz Lenses are universally acknowledged by men who know to be the most wonderfully accurate lenses made.

Write for Book on Lenses and Cameras

Free to any one interested in good photography

C. P. GOERZ AMERICAN OPTICAL CO.
321 East 34th Street, New York

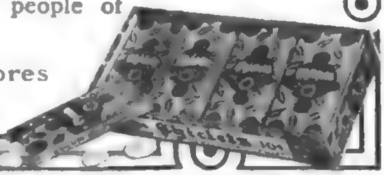
DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

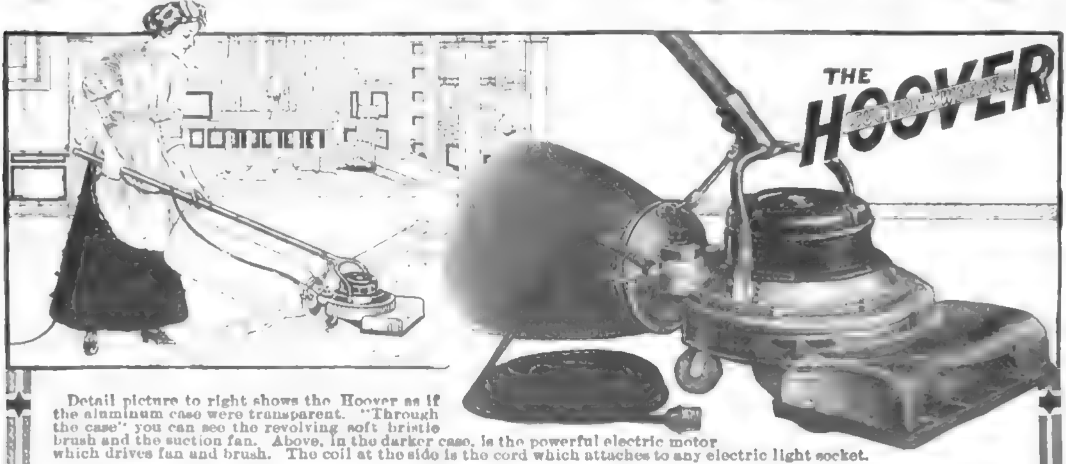
Just ask your doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.



For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK.



Detail picture to right shows the Hoover as if the aluminum case were transparent. "Through the case" you can see the revolving soft bristle brush and the suction fan. Above, in the darker case, is the powerful electric motor which drives fan and brush. The coil at the side is the cord which attaches to any electric light socket.

Restores the Bright, New Colors to Your Rugs and Carpets

The **Hoover** is the only air-cleaner that brings out the bright, new colors of your rugs and carpets by raising the crushed nap to its original position.

It combines a rapidly-revolving soft bristle brush with powerful air suction. While the floor covering is suspended on an air cushion the brush loosens the dirt, shakes the fabric and brushes the nap.

The suction fan draws in all the dirt, fine dust, hair, lint, thread, matches, pins, ***everything.***

This is the one air-cleaning machine a woman can use without fatigue. No heavy hose to drag around. No awkward metal tube and nozzle to push. Moves with natural force of walking. Before you buy any air-cleaner run it 15 minutes yourself.

A HOOVER dealer near you, whose name we will give on request, will clean one room for you FREE, and tell you about the **Hoover** Service and Guaranty Bond.

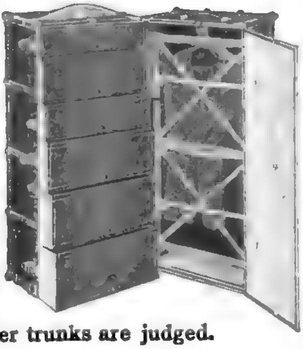
We will also send you illustrated descriptive book.

HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER CO., 461 Maple Ave., New Berlin, Ohio

With the Hoover come sixteen attachments for air-cleaning hangings, curtains, portieres, walls, upholstered furniture, and for blowing up pillows, mattresses, etc. (63)

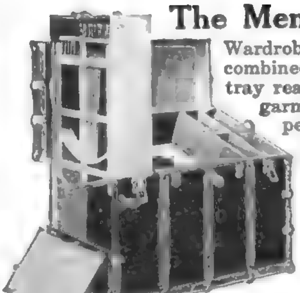
The MENDEL Wardrobe Trunk

"Insures Travel Comfort"



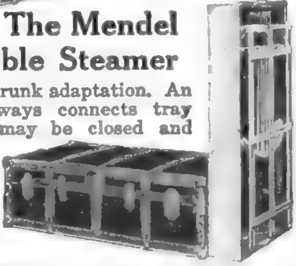
WRITE for Free Catalog showing various models for women and men. (Men's Model shown here.) Durable and convenient. Compartments dust proof. Many exclusive features. The standard by which other trunks are judged.

The Mendel Duplex



Wardrobe and Tray Trunk combined. The hinged upper tray readily raised allowing garments to hang suspended full length. Trays conveniently arranged for flat wearing apparel and small articles. Made 40 in. long for ladies' and 36 in. long for men's use.

The Mendel Convertible Steamer



Practical wardrobe trunk adaptation. An ingenious hinge always connects tray with trunk which may be closed and locked, leaving garments exposed in upright tray. Trunk body conveniently arranged for travel essentials.

MENDEL AGENTS in Following Cities

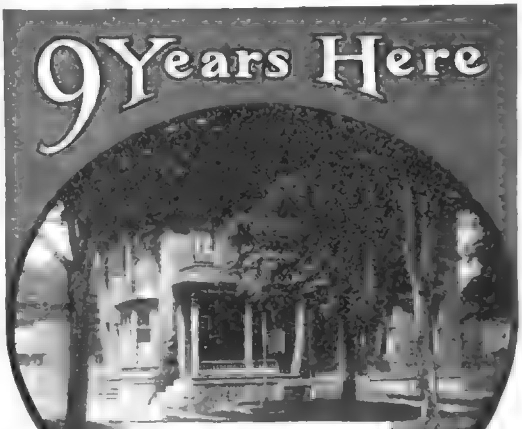
Atlanta
M. Rich & Bros. Co.
Baltimore
C. J. Dunn Co.
L. Slesinger & Son
Boston
Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago
Mandel Brothers
Cleveland
Cleveland Trunk Co.
Dallas
Wilkins Trunk Mfg. Co.
Detroit
Martin Maier & Co.
Jacksonville
Florida Trunk Mfg. Co.
Memphis
Mack Trunk Co.
Minneapolis
E. G. Barnaby & Co.
New Orleans
Mack Trunk Co.
Maison Blanche Co.
New York
Saks & Co.
John Wanamaker
Abraham & Straus
Omaha
Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co.
Philadelphia
Wm. Curry
John Wanamaker
Strawbridge & Clothier
Gimbel Brothers
Geo. B. Bains & Son
Pittsburgh
Jos. Horne Co.
McCreery & Co.
San Francisco
Roos Brothers
The Emporium
Raphael Weill & Co.
J. Prince Trunk Co.
St. Louis
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Co.

Sold by all leading dealers in other large cities. Where we have no agent, trunk will be sent direct on approval.

Write for FREE Booklet

Mendel & Co. 114 Pearl St. Cincinnati, O.

9 Years Here



RACINE, WIS., June 24, 1910.
Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.,

Dear Sirs: After nine years' constant use in my house, the first mattress purchased from you is as even, as perfect and as comfortable, or in fact more so, than the first night I slept on it.

Some three or four years ago I wanted another mattress, and as I was in a hurry and the dealer said it was "exactly the same," and it appeared very similar, I bought an imitation.

It looked very good then, but I must say it can not now compare with my Ostermoor in looks or in comfort.

Very truly yours, MRS. G. F. MCNITT.

WHEN you are buying a mattress, remember that Ostermoor is the *only* mattress which does or can offer a record for honest service covering generations of use.

When any one is trying to sell a substitute or imitation mattress, one of his first claims is sure to be "just as good as an Ostermoor"—and it is unfortunate that *so far as you may be able to prove right there on the spot,* he may be right. All mattresses *look* much alike, but *outside* appearances count for so little compared with *inside* facts.

Long, comfortable service is the one perfect test.

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS $15.

"Built—Not Stuffed"

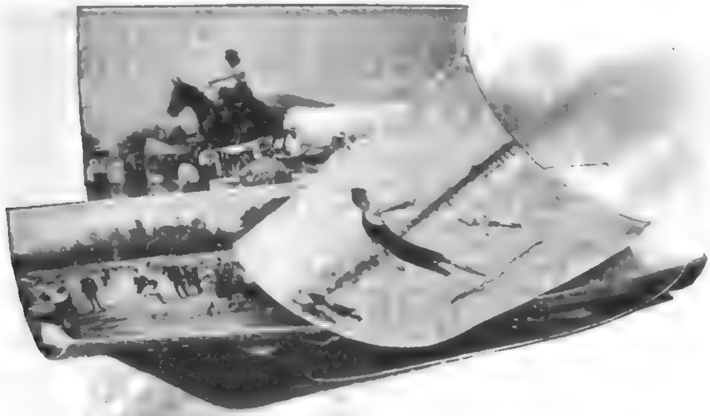
Buy from your Ostermoor dealer—his name will be sent if you write us. Do not be deceived into taking a cheaply constructed imitation offered at another store. We will ship a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received, where we have no dealer or he has none in stock.

Write for 144-page Book and Samples, Free

Ostermoor & Co., 107 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Mattresses Cost
Express Prepaid
Best blue and white ticking
4' 6" wide, 45 lbs. $15.
In two parts, 50c extra.
Dust-proof satin finish ticking, $1.50 more.
Mercerized French Art Twills, $3.00 more.



To get the best results with your camera, it is absolutely essential to equip it with a

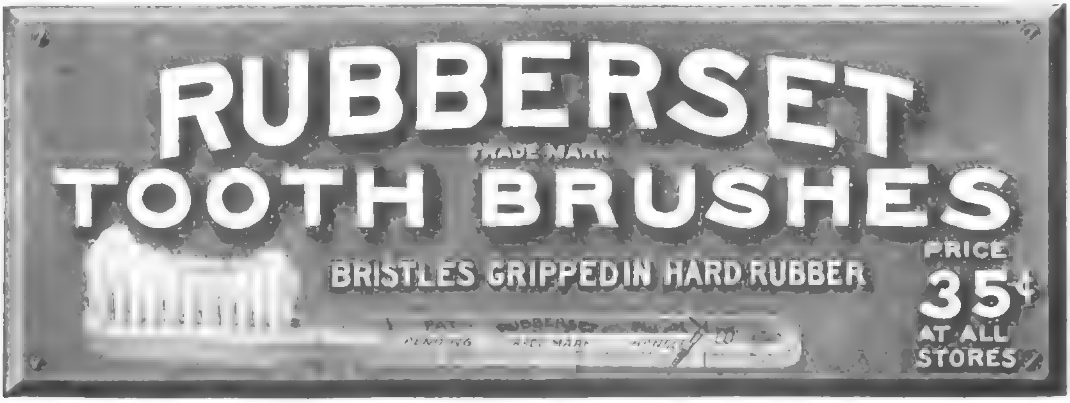
Bausch and Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR LENS

Nothing can equal its all around efficiency—its great light-gathering power and sharp definition. It helps the amateur by extending the scope of his work and appeals equally to the man of wide photographic experience.

Booklet A treats of better photography in an interesting manner. Write for it today.

Our name, backed by over half a century of experience, is on all our products—lenses, microscopes, field glasses, laboratory apparatus, engineering and other scientific instruments.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
NEW YORK WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON ROCHESTER, N.Y. FRANKFORT



RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
TOOTH BRUSHES
BRISTLES GRIPPED IN HARD RUBBER
PRICE
35¢
AT ALL STORES
PAT. PENDING
RUBBERSET
REG. MARK

Makes Buildings 30 Degrees Cooler

On a hot day the temperature in the upper part of a building will be from 15 to 30 degrees cooler when covered with J-M Asbestos Ready Roofing than when covered with any other roofing—the exact difference in temperature depending on what the other roofing is.

You can easily prove this. Place two thermometers on a board, as illustrated, and nail over them the roofings you wish to test. Lay these in the sun for an hour and then note the difference in the thermometers.

J-M Asbestos Roofing

keeps a building cool because its white surface reflects the heat and because of the great insulating quality of the *asbestos* of which it is principally composed. Asbestos, you know, is used as a covering on about all the pipes carrying steam, etc., in the world to prevent heat escaping.

Due to its stone (Asbestos) construction, this roofing is also absolutely fire-proof, rust-proof, rot-proof, and acid-proof. And, like all stone, it never needs painting.

It is suitable for all kinds of buildings, in any climate. Comes all ready to lay. Your dealer sells J-M Asbestos Roofing—if not, we will supply you direct, also apply it if desired. Write our nearest House for "large" sample to test and handsomely illustrated Book No. P 29. We'll also include sample of the curious Asbestos Rock.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

ASBESTOS

BALTIMORE, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CLEVELAND, DALLAS, DETROIT, KANSAS CITY, LONDON, LOS ANGELES, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, NEW ORLEANS, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURG, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, ST. LOUIS

For Canada:—THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD.
Toronto, Ont. Montreal, Que. Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B. C.

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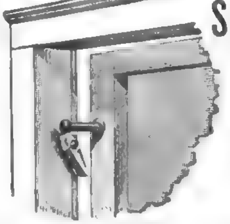


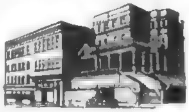
Silent Screen Door

Avoid the nerve-racking slam of the screen door. Stop its banging and jarring—by using the

"DIME" SCREEN DOOR CHECK

At your hardware or house furnishing store or mailed for **12 cents in stamps** by

CALDWELL MFG. CO., 3 Jones St., **Rochester, N. Y.**



Letters from Bankers

This is a most remarkable book. It contains expressions from dozens of Presidents and Cashiers of National and State Banks, telling how they found health at

The Thornton & Minor Sanitarium

Every section and state of the nation are represented, along with some foreign countries. It is unimpeachable evidence of a great success. **If You Suffer write us.** For over 35 years we have successfully relieved men and women of their most common afflictions, those treacherous Rectal and Pelvic maladies. The permanent results of our Special System of Treatment are attested by Judges, Ministers, Bankers and Farmers in our 900 page cloth bound book, sent postpaid for the asking. The book also contains much information about the Sanitarium, its equipment and methods. Write today. If we cannot help you we tell you.

The Thornton & Minor Sanitarium,
Dept. 117, 10th & Oak Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

is heel-proof, mar-proof, water-proof. It forms a tough, elastic surface on your floors and linoleums that doesn't scratch, wear white, nor become sticky. Easily applied.

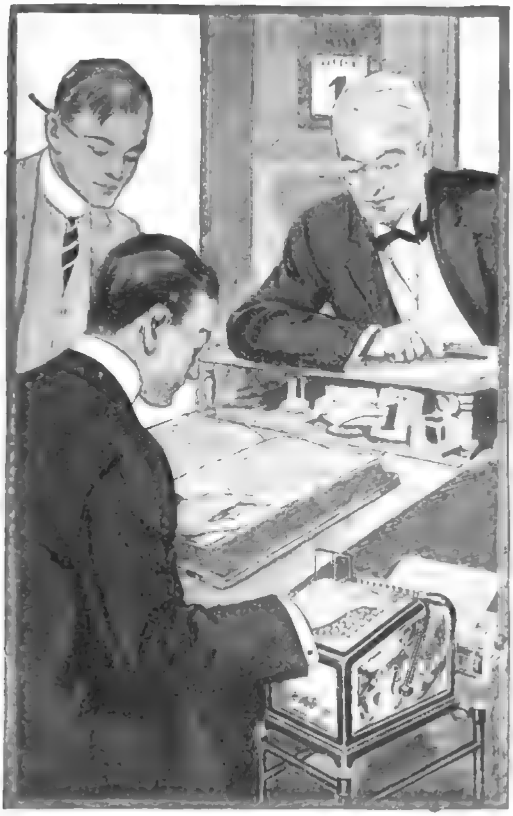
Send for Free Sample Panel Finished with "61"

Test it with your heel. *You may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish.* Our free books, *"The Finished Floor"* and *"Decorative Interior Finishing,"* tell how to care for floors and the interior finishing of your home. Send for them.

If your dealer doesn't sell "61" write us. Address: Pratt & Lambert, Inc., 93 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 35 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

American Factories: New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Bridgeburg, Canada. Foreign Factories: London, Paris, Hamburg



Let Us Make Your Next Trial Balance

We want to bring a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine into your office—get right down to work before your own eyes—at any kind of figuring you say.

Yes—trial balances, statements, inventories—anything connected with the keeping of books.

We mean that. No charge—no obligation—no inconvenience.

A great opportunity is before you—one not to be slighted. If the Burroughs can be profitably used in your office, your store, your factory, your department—surely you want to know it. That is why we want to show the Burroughs in action on *your* books. Then *you* watch. See whether or not your entire work can be done better and faster with a

BURROUGHS
Bookkeeping Machine

"A Better Day's Work Every Day"

See whether or not it will save you hundreds of dollars annually in expenses, as it is doing for 120,000 other Burroughs users—and do every detail of your figure work *right first time.*

You may think you have no use for an adding machine. But there have been recently added so many helpful innovations to the Burroughs that this demonstration will be worth your while, just to acquaint you with them—just to give you a better understanding of Burroughs Service.

Write us on your business letterhead and remember in so doing you do not even hint you may buy. You only say you will let us *show you* the value of the Burroughs in relation to your business. That's all.

It is made in 78 models, covering every business and every conceivable need, and costs from $175 to $850 (in small monthly payments if desired).

It is found in every civilized country—90% of the world's adding machines *bought* are Burroughs.

Why not dictate that letter now for a *free* demonstration?

Pike Model—for those who prefer visible writing.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.
45 Burroughs Block Detroit Michigan
European Headquarters: 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

Form 1326-A Roster 2275

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
LOCAL AND
LONG
DISTANCE
TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Civilization—from Signal Fire to Telephone

THE telephone gives the widest range to personal communication. Civilization has been extended by means of communication.

The measure of the progress of mankind is the difference between the signal fire of the Indian and the telephone service of to-day.

Each telephone user has a personal interest in the growth of the whole telephone system.

He is directly benefited by every extension of his own possibilities. He is indirectly benefited by the extension of the same possibilities to others, just as he is benefited by the extension of the use of his own language.

Any increase in the number of telephones increases the usefulness of each telephone connected with this system.

The Bell System is designed to provide Universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

I Can Succeed

"What other men have accomplished through I. C. S. help I can. If the I. C. S. has raised the salaries of these men, it can raise mine. If it has bettered their positions it can better mine. To me, I. C. S. means 'I CAN SUCCEED.'"

THIS is the expression of a man who has confidence in himself—the belief that with an equal chance he can do what others have done.

The I. C. S. offers every man who can read and write an equal opportunity to do better—to increase his salary—his position in life.

To do this, all the I. C. S. asks is a little self-confidence. There is no question about the result, as thousands of men in every position—in every branch of industry—have proved.

No man earns so little, works so hard or is so completely tied down that the I. C. S. cannot help him. It goes into the highways and byways—the home, shop, office, store, field—and it carries success with it.

The I. C. S. has been doing this for just twenty years. To celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary it offers unusual opportunities during June, July and August. If you would desire to know how the I. C. S. can help *you* to earn more—how you can benefit by the special benefits offered during these Anniversary months—sign the attached coupon and mail it to-day.

Remember, it places you under no obligation to spend a cent, but will bring to you information that may be worth a fortune. Send the Coupon today.

20th ANNIVERSARY COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 1969 SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X

Automobile Running
Mine Superintendent
Mine Foreman
Plumbing, Steam Fitting
Concrete Construction
Civil Engineer
Textile Manufacturing
Stationary Engineer
Telephone Expert
Mechanical Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Electrical Engineer
Electric Lighting Supt.
Electric Wireman
Civil Service
Architect
Chemist
Gas Engines
Banking
Building Contractor
Architectural Draftsman
Industrial Designing
Commercial Illustrating
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Advertising Man
Stenographer
Bookkeeper
Spanish
French
German
Italian

Name ____________________

Present Occupation ____________________

Street and No. ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

PIERCE MARK

Do you know how to heat successfully that cold house of yours, or that house you are planning to build? You can know if you will send for

A Primer about Heat

What Heat for your House?
A Primer for the man who is about to build a new house or make an old house comfortable

This primer tells in simple, understandable language just what house heat is, how it is produced and distributed, the kinds of heat available, the difference between steam and hot water, the part the boiler plays, why some kinds of heat should be avoided, where the steam-fitter comes in and, in conclusion, gives a brief, non-technical description of

Pierce Boilers & Radiators

It does this, because the boiler and the radiators are the vital parts of any heating equipment. Pierce Boilers have made good in over 200,000 homes during the past 35 years—made good in fuel saving, freedom from repairs, adaptability to conditions and in furnishing adequate, healthful, clean heat. Your steam-fitter can tell you exactly which Pierce Boiler is best suited to your home. All you need to know is that you want a Pierce Boiler and why. Our heat primer will tell you. Send for it today, it is free.

Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg. Co., 249 James St., Syracuse, N. Y. Showrooms in principal cities

You Have a RIGHT to Independence!

You have a right to independence, but you must have an *honest* purpose to *earn* it. Many have purpose, ambition and energy, but thorough direction and intelligent help must be supplied. My instruction supplies the first, and our Co-operative Bureau fulfills the second. Large numbers have availed themselves of both, succeeding to a remarkable degree. Investigate without prejudice, this opportunity to

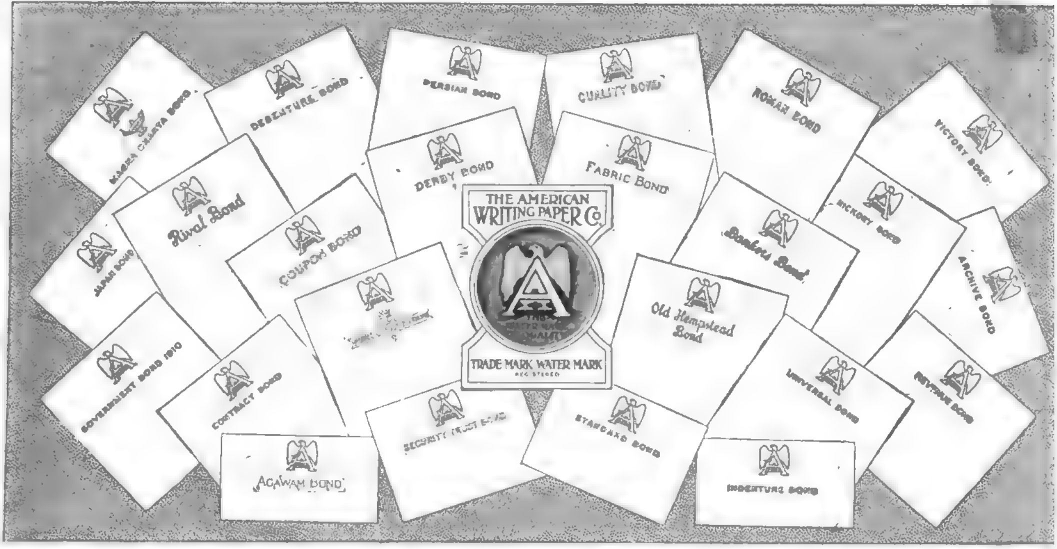
LEARN THE COLLECTION BUSINESS

and escape salaried drudgery for life. If you have an idea that the collection business as I teach it is not as safe, sure and dignified as a bank, or any other profitable business, you are mistaken, and I will prove it, if you earnestly desire to get ahead. No essential branch of business is so limitless, nor less crowded. No business may be built so large without investment of capital. I will gladly send you for the asking,

"POINTERS ON THE COLLECTION BUSINESS"

It may mean comfort for life, if not a great deal more. Write for it *now*.

W. A. SHRYER, President AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE, 29 State Street, Detroit, Mich.


Magna Charta Bond
Debenture Bond
Persian Bond
Quality Bond
Roman Bond
Victory Bond
Japan Bond
Rival Bond
Derby Bond
Fabric Bond
Hickory Bond
Coupon Bond
Bankers Bond
Archive Bond
Old Hampstead Bond
Government Bond 1910
Contract Bond
Security Trust Bond
Standard Bond
Universal Bond
Revenue Bond
Agawam Bond
Indenture Bond
THE AMERICAN WRITING PAPER Co.
TRADE MARK WATER MARK

Giving You 100% Value Plus

THERE ARE GOOD REASONS FOR THE SUPERIORITY OF "EAGLE A" WATER-MARKED PAPERS.

Bond, Linen, Ledger and Book Papers with the "Eagle A
Water-mark are made in but Twenty-nine of the Two Hundre
and Twenty like Mills in this country.

But these Twenty-nine Mills are consolidated to minimize the cost of manufacture.

The Rags consumed annually by these Twenty-nine Mills are equal to 3⅓ times the tonnage displacement of the S. S. Lusitania. The coal consumed annually would make a train of 5,000 cars 33 miles long.

And, the paper produced would give 220 sheets of regular letter size paper to every man, woman and child in this country once a year.

Do you see the saving in the buying of raw materials for so large a production, and the economy in overhead expense and supervision by this union of interests?

Do you see why this organization can make and sell paper for less than a small mill can?

These economic manufacturing conditions work to your advantage. They give you papers of 100% value plus,—"Eagle A" Papers.

LOOK FOR THE "EAGLE A" WATER-MARK. IT'S A GOOD HABIT.

Ask your Printer or Lithographer to show you samples of "Eagle A" Papers. May we suggest one that will be best adapted to your needs?

There are always things, the quality and elegance of which places them above the average—out of the ordinary, and the use of which lends prestige and added influence.

There are always people desirous of associating themselves with these things—the best of everything; appreciative people to whom quality in all things is paramount. To such

COUPON BOND

(Fac-simile Water-mark)

The De Luxe Business Paper

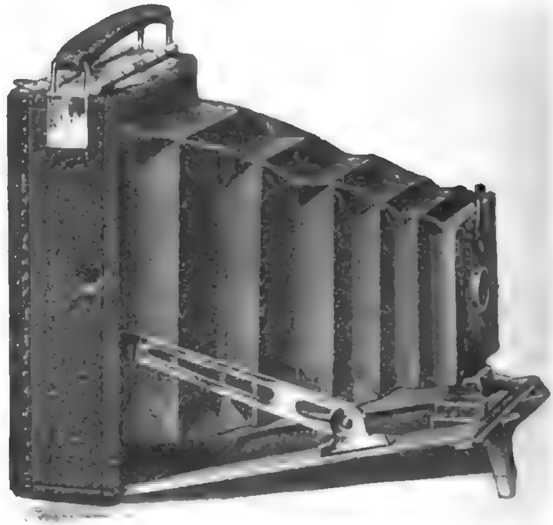
makes a strong appeal by its tone of character and refinement, its supreme quality and individuality

COUPON BOND is the consummate "Eagle A" Bond Paper made for those desiring the maximum of quality in business correspondence paper.

May we send you the portfolio of COUPON BOND specimen business forms? It will demonstrate how COUPON BOND may best serve your needs.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY *(29 Mills)* **6 Main Street, Holyoke, Mas**

The new standard for compactness in cameras



Premoette Jr.

THE smallest, lightest, daintiest little camera for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures that you ever saw.

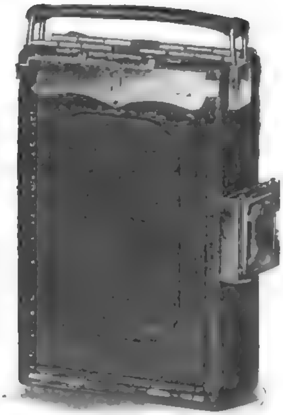
Made entirely of aluminum, it will almost slip into a vest pocket, yet it makes pictures which will compare favorably with those made with the largest cameras.

It loads in daylight, is simplicity itself in operation, and very attractive in appearance.

Fitted with carefully tested meniscus achromatic lens, automatic shutter for time and snap shot exposures, and direct view finder—a distinct innovation in so inexpensive a camera.

It costs only five dollars.

You should surely have one of these convenient little cameras to keep a record of the summer's pleasures.



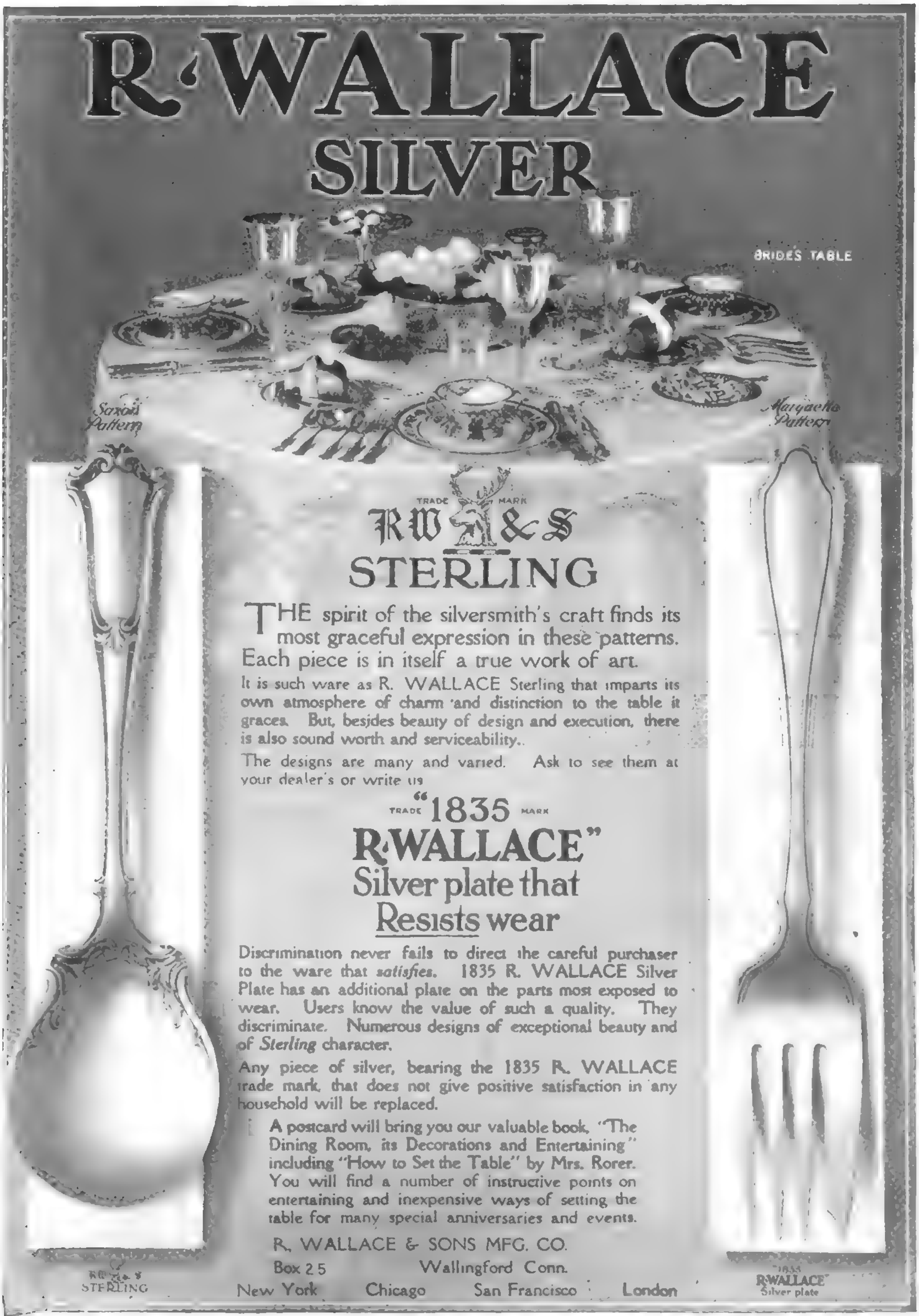
Camera closed showing direct view finder.

Our new catalogue is just off the press. It describes this camera fully, as well as 50 other styles and sizes of Premo cameras from $1.50 to $150.00. It tells all about the simple Premo Film Pack and Tank Developing System. Get a copy to-day from your dealer or write us. It's free.

IMPORTANT—In writing be sure to specify Premo catalogue.

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.


BRIDES TABLE
Saxon Pattern
Marguerite Pattern
RW&S STERLING
"1835 R.WALLACE" Silver plate

R. WALLACE SILVER

TRADE MARK
RW&S
STERLING

THE spirit of the silversmith's craft finds its most graceful expression in these patterns. Each piece is in itself a true work of art.

It is such ware as R. WALLACE Sterling that imparts its own atmosphere of charm and distinction to the table it graces. But, besides beauty of design and execution, there is also sound worth and serviceability.

The designs are many and varied. Ask to see them at your dealer's or write us

TRADE "1835 MARK
R. WALLACE"
Silver plate that
Resists wear

Discrimination never fails to direct the careful purchaser to the ware that *satisfies*. 1835 R. WALLACE Silver Plate has an additional plate on the parts most exposed to wear. Users know the value of such a quality. They discriminate. Numerous designs of exceptional beauty and of *Sterling* character.

Any piece of silver, bearing the 1835 R. WALLACE trade mark, that does not give positive satisfaction in any household will be replaced.

A postcard will bring you our valuable book, "The Dining Room, its Decorations and Entertaining" including "How to Set the Table" by Mrs. Rorer. You will find a number of instructive points on entertaining and inexpensive ways of setting the table for many special anniversaries and events.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Box 25 Wallingford Conn.
New York Chicago San Francisco London

The Nabors Triplets—Ruth Mary and Ester
Tallassee, Alabama

These bright, healthy babies are

Mellin's Food Triplets

At three weeks of age they were started on Mellin's Food. They were then so small that it hardly seemed possible that they could ever be raised to strong, healthy childhood. Mellin's Food agreed with them from the very start.

They have been fed entirely on fresh milk modified with Mellin's Food ever since, and today they are three as sturdy, healthy little girls as you will find anywhere.

What Mellin's Food has done for these babies it will do for *your* baby. If your baby is not thriving get a bottle of Mellin's Food at your Druggist—today.

We have a valuable book "The Care and Feeding of Infants," which tells just the things you ought to know about feeding and caring for your baby We shall be very glad to send you a copy of this book, free, together with a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will write us.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY - - - BOSTON, MASS.

NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
NEW YORK U.S.A.

A June Suggestion

Nabisco Sugar Wafers play an important part during the month of brides and roses.

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

served with ices, frozen puddings and beverages, add the final touch of elegance and hospitality to every repast—simple or elaborate.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—Confections of rare goodness with a coating of creamy chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Rock Island

If you haven't been to COLORADO go!

If you have—you're going again

IF you've never felt the majesty and peace of mountains, drunk deep of crystal air, known what sleep means a mile above the sea, you should go to Colorado. If you've been there you're going again. Colorado never surfeits.

And if you're travel-wise you're going via the Rock Island Lines, on the deservedly famous

ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED

—from Chicago every day in the year—

The most discriminating travelers do.

The road of Supreme Service and the Train without a peer. Transportation at its utmost of fastidious comfort.

A day's journey to remember all your days, upon a train that is a veritable surprise of luxurious appointment. A retinue of servants at your bidding. Beds not berths. Feasts, not meals.

You may be an experienced traveler, but just for the point's sake, here's something you did not guess—Victrola recitals. One of the many features that gives the *Rocky Mountain Limited* distinction in all that is supremely best in modern journeying.

Other splendidly equipped, fast trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

We have illustrated booklets that will make you wish you were in Colorado or California. Let me send them to you. L. M. Allen, Pass. Traffic Mgr., 13 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ills.

Costs More — Worth it

IN *the* FINE ART of baking—so much depends upon the flour, it is *wise* economy to pay a little more for the *extra quality* of

Guaranteed

OCCIDENT FLOUR

Every sack is *guaranteed* to give you more and better baking—whiter, lighter, tastier bread—to please you *more than any other flour* or we will refund, through your grocer, the *entire* purchase price. Send for the Occident Booklet, "Better Baking"—for North—East—West—South.

Russell-Miller
Milling Company
MINNEAPOLIS U. S. A.

RUSSELL-MILLER
INCORPORATED
OCCIDENT
NORTH DAKOTA
MILLING COMPANY
OCCIDENT
FLOUR

BEFORE YOU BUY A FOOT OF LUMBER

FOR ANY PURPOSE, big or little, indoors or out, in city or country,

Write for the proper volume of The Cypress Pocket Library. (Free)

Backed by our "All-round Helps Dept.," it is the "guide, counselor and friend" of

CYPRESS DEFIES DECAY

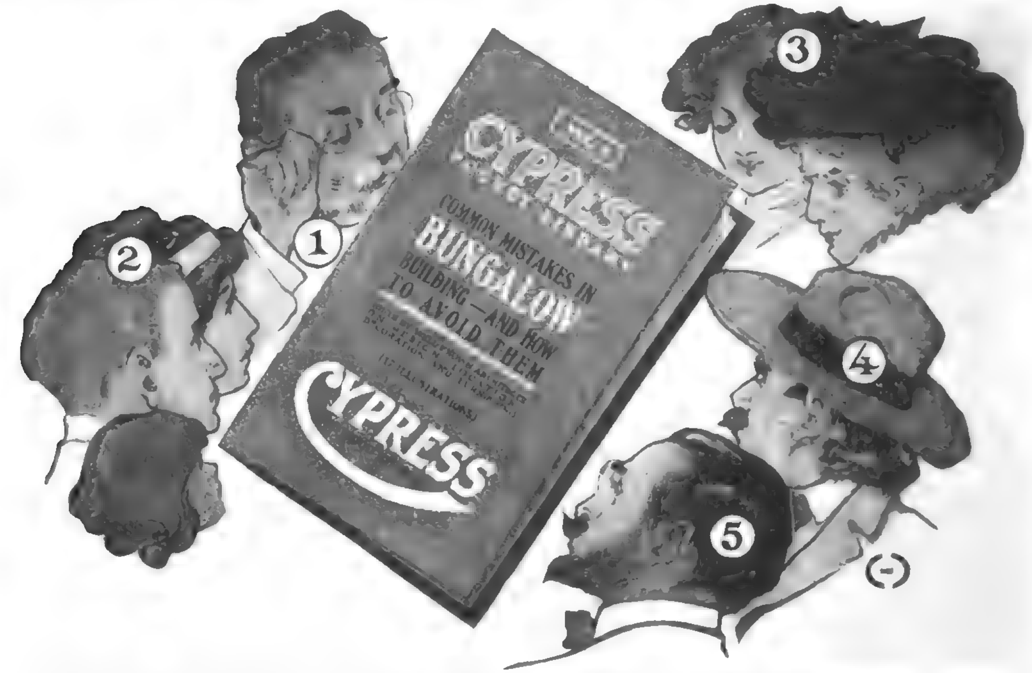
ALL THE PEOPLE WHO CARE

WHAT VALUES THEY GET for their LUMBER MONEY.

CYPRESS AVERTS REPAIR BILLS

Why not buy WOOD with the same discrimination you apply to other things?

We do not advise CYPRESS for *all* uses, but *only* where it can *prove* itself "the one best wood" for *your* use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COMMON MISTAKES IN BUNGALOW BUILDING—AND HOW TO AVOID THEM
(ILLUSTRATIONS)
CYPRESS
1
2
3
4
5

1 You don't tell your broker: "Buy $10,000 of Railway stocks!" Hardly! You tell him *what.*

2 You don't simply tell your Real Estate agent: "Buy me 'some land'!" You tell him *where.*

3 You don't tell the dry goods clerk: "I want 8 yds of *cloth!*" You say "silk," "wool," or "linen."

4 You don't merely order "200 head of live stock!" You specify Horses, Cattle, etc., *and the Breed.*

5 You don't tell the contractor: "Build me a house!—and paint it!" You dictate the *plans.* And the *colors.*

WHY NOT BUY **LUMBER** WITH EQUAL CARE? INSIST on **CYPRESS**—"THE WOOD ETERNAL."

WRITE AT ONCE for VOL. of CYPRESS PKT. LIBR. that fits your case. WE'LL REPLY AT ONCE.

THESE VOLUMES MAY BE HAD NOW:

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Mistress: (Laughing) Now how can I scold you after that! You surely have followed the advice, "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

NOTE: This incident was suggested to us for publication by a user of

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American & Spanish Women. Do you know that they have just the opposite policies when it comes to recommending a product like Pompeian? American women, like the above lady, are eager, unselfish and enthusiastic endorsers of Pompeian. But do Spanish beauties (who are large users of Pompeian) tell their friends what Pompeian has done for them? Indeed no! That would be revealing *a valuable beauty secret* to a possible rival! You must count yourself an exceptional (and may we say unfortunate!) person if Pompeian's merits and benefits have not been revealed to you by at least one enthusiastic user. Pompeian is not a "cold" or "grease" cream, is not a rouge or cosmetic, and positively can not grow hair on the face. Pompeian simply affords a natural means toward a complete cleanliness of the facial pores. And in pores "Pompeian clean" lies skin health. For a clear, fresh, youthful complexion, use Pompeian.

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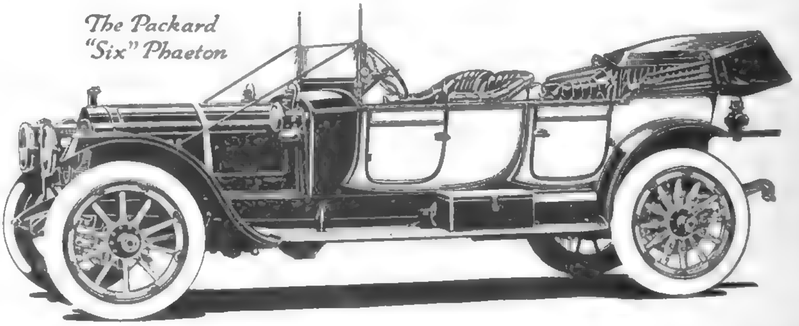

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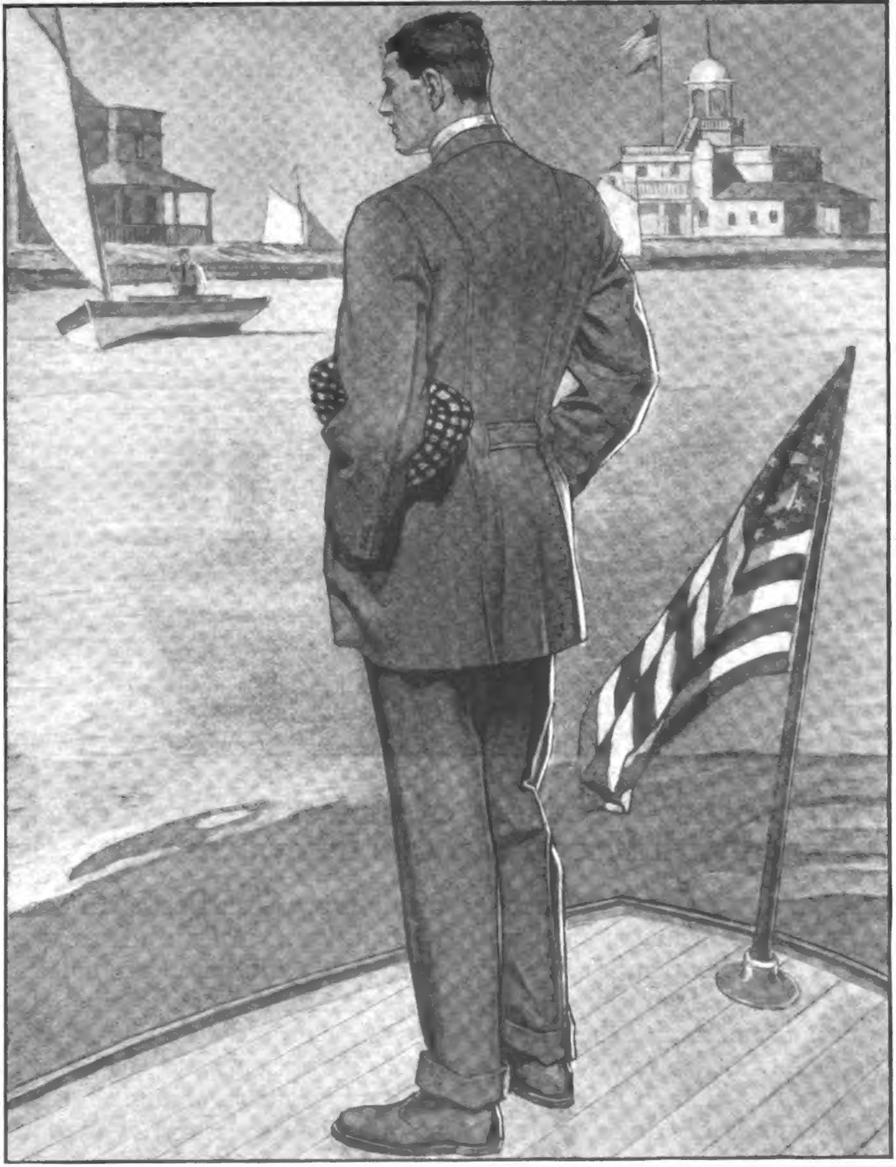

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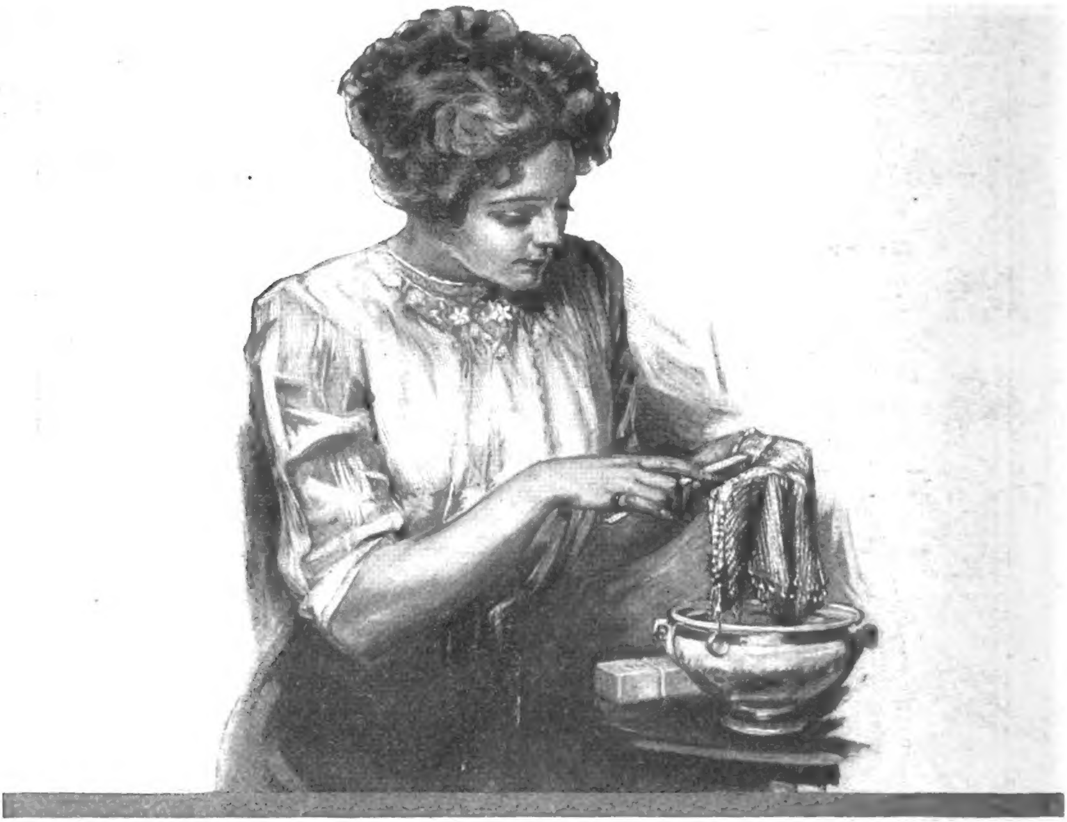

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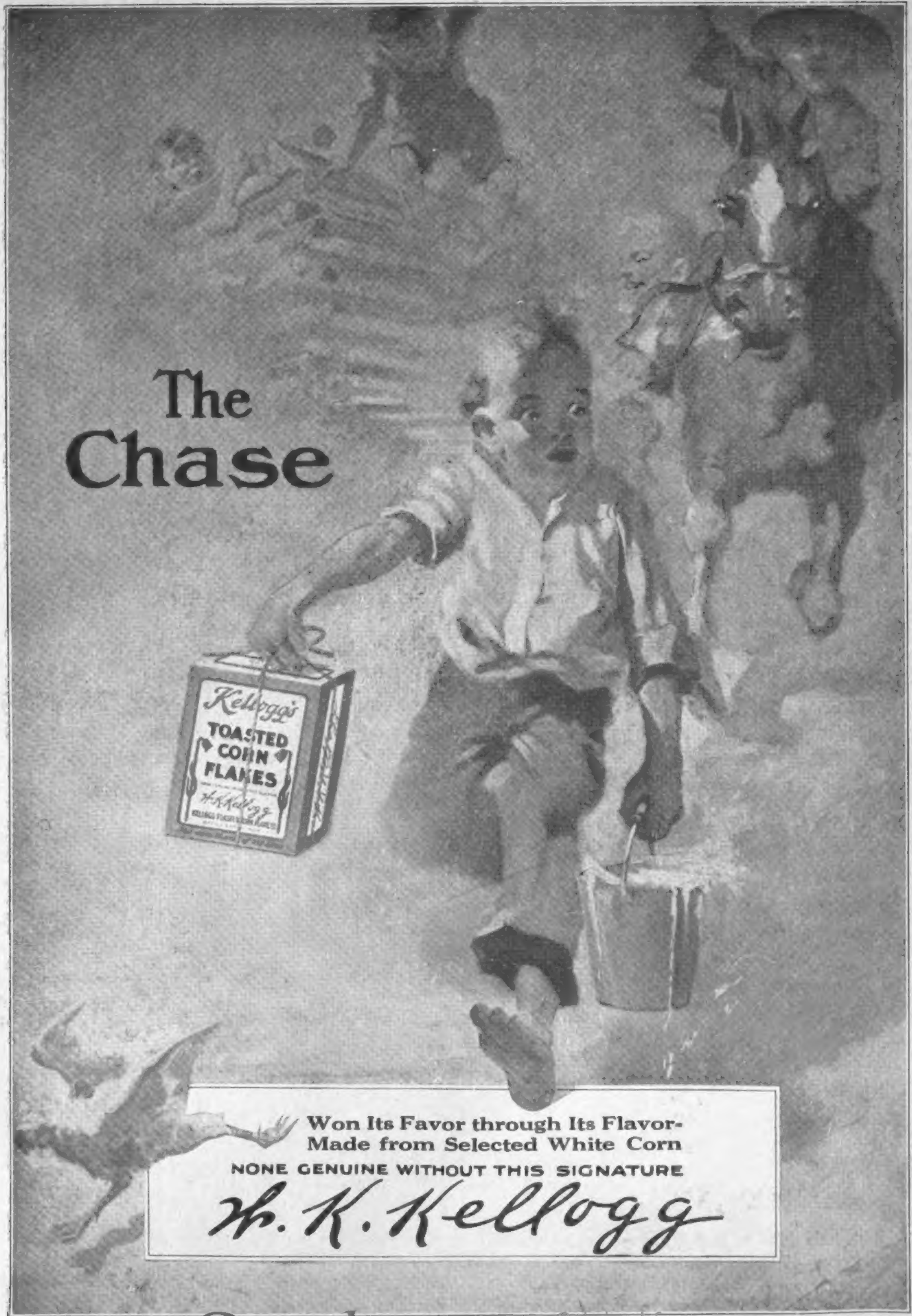
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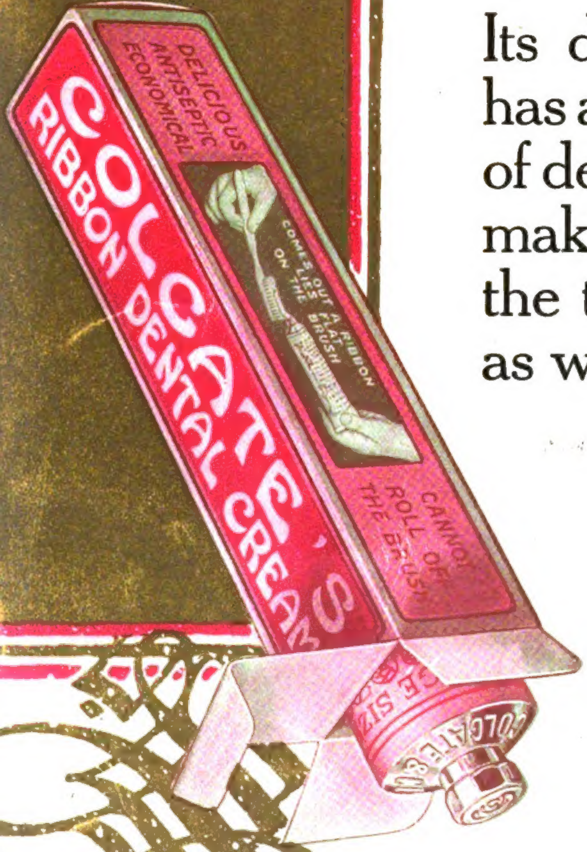
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